NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT EGYPT

G · MASPERO

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NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT EGYPT

THE COVER OF ONE OF THE BIG COFFINS IN DAVIS'S TOMB.

NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT EGYPT

BY

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

I HAVE been trying for about fifteen years to bring a science supposed to be only comprehensible to experts within the reach of ordinary men, and it would be gratifying to find that I have not wasted my time, and that through my efforts, some portion of the general public have become interested in it. I have drawn my material from everything that can be discussed with educated people without demanding anything more than a little attention : excavations, religion, travels, popular customs, literature, history, have each and all furnished me with subjects. The result is a "living picture" of the researches made in the domain of Egyptology during a period of fifteen years. I have faithfully stated the opinions of others, and have more freely expressed my own opinions than I imagined I had, before re-reading the sheets. Recent discoveries have proved some of them to be true, others are still doubtful. In the groundwork of the essays, however, I have made no changes, beyond a few modifications in the style and manner of expression.

34743

NOTE ON THE SPELLING OF THE EGYPTIAN NAMES

(Written specially for the English edition)

THE transcriptions of the Egyptian names in this volume differ so materially from those in general use in England that a word of explanation in regard to them seems advisable. For such barbarous pronunciations as Thoutmes, Ahmes, Râusormâ, I have substituted Thoutmôsis, Ahmôsis, Ousimarês, a vocalization nearer that of the ancient pronunciation. Some of the vowel sounds,[1] like those of the three names just quoted, are derived from the Greeks, or from the Egyptians of the Græco-Roman period; others are deduced by analogy with Greek transcriptions from forms the exact transliteration of which has not been preserved for us by the ancients. The reader will easily recognize the former in those where I have kept the Greek or Latin terminations *es*, *os*, or *us*, *is*, *ous*; where those terminations are wanting, the form is deduced by analogy, or determined in accordance with the rules of grammar. Thus Amenôthês (Amenhotep), Khâmois (Kha-em-uas), Harmakhis (Hor-em-Khou) are pronunciations justified by the Greek renderings; Amenemhaît (Amenemhat), Hatshopsouîtou (Hatasou, Hashepsou) are grammatical deductions. Many points are still doubtful, and some of the vowel sounds will have to be modified in the future; but they have at least the merit of testifying to an effort towards the truth, and of undeceiving the public who, on the faith of the Egyptologists, accept as legitimate, pronunciations which would have been considered monstrous by the Egyptians themselves.

An error is easily corrected when it first arises, but if it is allowed to persist it is an exceedingly difficult matter to eradicate it. No better proof can be given than the persistence of the form Hatasou for the name of the great queen who shared the throne of the Pharaohs with Thoutmôsis III. For the sake of uniformity, I have adopted the orthography and vocalization of the Græco-Roman period, in the same way as in France we use the French forms, Clovis, Clotaire, Thierry, for the Merovingian kings in order not to introduce very dissimilar words into our history books. We must, however, remember that the vocalization and pronunciation of names do not remain unchanged

[1] They should be pronounced as in French.

during the course of history. Not to mention dialect forms which would be too difficult to determine, I established a long while ago, partly by means of the Assyrian transcriptions, that many names of which the tonic syllable is vocalized in *ô*, *ôu*, in the Greek period, have the same syllable vocalized in *â* under the second Theban empire, in the vernacular of the age of the Ramses : the Amenôthes, *i. e.* the Amenhotpe of Manethon is Amanhatpe in the inscriptions of El-Amarna. The recent discovery of Hittite archives confirms that fact, for they give among others, for the Ramses Meiamoun Ousimares of the Ptolemaic age, a Ouashmarîya Riamâsha Maiamânou, which corresponds with an Egyptian pronunciation Ouasimarîya Riamasa(ou) Maiamânou. But I did not think it advisable to introduce those variants into a book intended for the general public.

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NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT EGYPT

I

THE DIPLOMATIC ARCHIVES OF EL-AMARNA IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C.—SUSA AND THE DIEULAFOYS

ABOUT the end of the fourteenth century B.C. the relations of Egypt with foreign powers were regulated by officials attached to the house of Pharaoh who always accompanied the king in his travels. Some of them are to be seen in the paintings in the Theban tombs, where they appear as dignified, solemn personages, with the large wigs and the long pleated white linen cloaks worn by people of importance. They introduced the Syrian or Kushite ambassadors, and if the strangers were not already acquainted with the etiquette proper to the audience, instructed them how to cover their faces with their hands in the presence of the king, to show their dread of him by broken exclamations, to rub their noses against the ground, and to approach the foot of the throne on their knees. They interpreted the speeches made in foreign tongues, presented the gifts, and verified the credentials. They had under them secretaries to compose the protocols, interpreters and scribes for African and Asiatic languages, translators, clerks, and archivists. Big terra-cotta jars served for portfolios in which to keep dispatches; these were carried in the

monarch's train by asses, or in a special boat, until, the business finished, they were consigned to the oblivion of a lumber-room. In 1887 the fellaheen, who act as guides to the ruins of El-Amarna, discovered several of these diplomatic jars in a corner of the palace of Amenôthês IV. They broke them, shared the contents, and sold them to the dealers in antiquities; three museums, those of Gizeh, London, and Berlin, possess nearly the whole find. MM. Abel and Winckler in Berlin, and Messrs. Bezold and Budge in London published a copy or facsimile of the documents; M. Halévy turned into French as much as he could decipher. The lacunæ are numerous, the language difficult, and the details of the negotiations often escape us; but the general sense comes out clearly enough in the parts we can read with certainty, and we can gather a distinct idea of the foreign policy of Egypt in those far-off days.

The form and aspect are very curious. Imagine tablets of clay varying in thickness and shape between the size of a cuttle-fish bone and that of a small sponge-cake. The messenger who carried many of them ran the risk of literally sinking under the weight of the state affairs of Babylon and Memphis; the return journey was much pleasanter, for the Egyptians did not use such heavy material, and Pharaoh's reply was written on papyrus. The writing is a variety of the cuneiform. Chaldæan conquerors had often invaded Syria during the preceding centuries, and had imposed their civilization on it. The peoples living between Mount Taurus and the Egyptian frontiers had adopted the Babylonian system of weights and measures; they imitated Babylonian models in arts and in industries, and adopted Babylonian fashions in dress, ornaments and hair-dressing. Probably the Phœnicians already possessed their alphabet, the source of ours, but they reserved it for their private needs; in their communica-

tions with their neighbours or with their Egyptian suzerains they preferred cuneiform writing. And not only the Semitic-speaking states practised that cumbersome method of writing, the Asiatic tribes of the Taurus and the Middle Euphrates imitated it, and some of their letters have come down to us, but they have not yet found an interpreter. The dispatches in the current language are all addressed to two Pharaohs only, Amenôthês III and his son Amenôthês IV, and they seem to cover a period of from fifteen to twenty years. A few of them emanate from very exalted monarchs, kings of the Mitanni, kings of Alasia, kings of Nineveh or of Babylon, who address the King of Egypt as an equal, and, according to etiquette, call him *brother*. The larger number of his correspondents are of lower rank, sheikhs, emirs, governors of towns who recommend themselves to the kindness of "their lord, their god, their sun." The formulas gush forth from their stylets, and many of their missives are merely strings of polite phrases in which no fact of importance is to be distinguished. They all make anxious inquiry about the master's health, and he expands in kind wishes for the ladies of the harem, the royal children, the nobles, the infantry, the cavalry, in fact for the whole nation. With such courteous people Pharaoh could not have been behindhand in compliments, but we do not know in what terms he couched them. His replies are still hidden, awaiting the blessed stroke of the pick-axe that shall restore them to the light of day.

Women were often concerned in these diplomatic relations. The unlimited polygamy which then flourished played a large part in political combinations. Each sovereign possessed numerous sisters, daughters or nieces of whom he disposed at will, and however full his harem might be, he could always find a place

for the stranger who brought him a new alliance. Every time an Egyptian army invaded Syria, its successes brought as many recruits to Pharaoh's harem as towns taken or petty kings subdued. The princesses were reckoned in the ransom of their fathers or brothers, and were a pledge for the loyalty of the family, but their position at court was somewhat precarious; for one who was privileged to receive the title of queen, a hundred or more never advanced beyond the position of secondary wife or of mere concubine. The highest rank belonged to the daughters of the "solar" blood of Egypt, heirs like their brothers, and who often had rights superior to theirs over the crown; the strangers came afterwards, and only when Egyptians failed. The kings of Babylon or of the Mitanni, who knew the laws of the neighbouring countries, might be reluctant to accept for their daughters a servitude which humiliated them and their relatives, but the advantages of an alliance with Pharaoh were so considerable that in the end they overcame their repugnance, and one after the other sacrificed all the princesses at their disposal. They would have liked to receive in exchange, if not a daughter or a sister, at least a distant relative of their powerful ally. But Amenôthês III had the pride of his race, and replied to his *brother* of Babylon that "no Egyptian lady had ever been given to a foreign vassal." Once arrived at Thebes the Asiatics were lost to their own people; the doors of the women's apartments closed behind them, and no one ever knew what became of them. If a father or brother made inquiries, and if he demanded a guarantee of their existence, Pharaoh sometimes ordered that the ambassador charged with the inquiry should be admitted to the private part of the palace. The poor man was greatly embarrassed; he was introduced to a lady, richly dressed, and with painted face, who declared herself to

be she whom he sought, but he had no means of proving that she spoke the truth. The brides brought with them a train of servants, slaves, and scribes, a trousseau, furniture, jewels, and gold and silver treasure which assured their maintenance. It was the custom for the son-in-law to give his father-in-law a present in proportion to the value of the dowry, and he acquitted himself of this expensive obligation, but without enthusiasm. It was a case for endless recrimination; whatever was paid him, the Syrian declared that it was not equivalent to his daughter. Sometimes he refused to accept the gift; more often he claimed a supplement by grumbling letters, or he pointed out with zest the contrast between Egyptian parsimony and his own generosity.

Side by side with the documents that reveal these little-known sides of the sovereign's private life, others show us the political situation in those parts of Syria that were under his influence. The Egyptians never possessed a regular empire in Asia, divided into provinces, and administered by a governor directly appointed by them. They occupied a few scattered fortresses on the strategic routes, but the rest remained in the hands of the native nobles who had held them at the moment of the invasion. These surrendered after a short resistance, paid an annual tribute in precious metals or in the products of local industry, and undertook to fight the enemies of their suzerain whosoever they might be. With that exception they continued their former way of life, keeping their religion, their laws, their customs; they made alliances with or fought each other, they pillaged towns, laid waste fields, plundered caravans, and robbed or murdered Pharaoh's messengers. Pharaoh interfered in their affairs as little as possible, but they harassed him unceasingly with their grievances and recriminations.

The El-Amarna find contains about fifty of these terra-

cotta documents relating to a quarrel between Rib-Adda, a noble of Byblos, and a certain Abdashirta, into which other nobles of the Phœnician coast and of Cœlo-Syria were drawn. Both factions implored the unfortunate Amenôthês IV to intervene in their favour, and so we have now and again the two opposite versions of the same event. They mutually accuse each other of treason, of cheating, of murder; they beg the aid of troops, of ten, twenty, fifty archers, and imply that their adversary is openly or secretly in connivance with Pharaoh's enemies, preferably with the Khatis. The intrigues and disputes in this province offer a faithful picture of what was happening elsewhere. Fighting was going on from one end of the territory to the other, and peace no more reigned among the vassals of the king of Egypt than it did among the nobles of mediæval France in the eleventh century. It is to be noted that a large number of the names mentioned in the Old Testament or by classical geographers are mentioned in these inscriptions, Tyre, Sidon, Berytes, Accho, Damascus, Gaza, even Jerusalem. I need scarcely emphasize what deep interest this authentic collection of letters written by inhabitants of Canaan more than a century before the entry of the Hebrews into the Promised Land possesses in relation to biblical criticism.

All who have admired the archers of Susa in the Louvre will be glad to see them again in the coloured plates with which M. Dujardin has adorned M. Dieulafoy's work.[1] Never before have the cold and brilliant tones of enamelled brick been reproduced with such exactness and fidelity. Doubtless the impression of semi-latent life, which is felt in presence of the originals, is not felt in looking at the copies; no artifice, however perfect, could reproduce it. It is due to the incessant

[1] M. Dieulafoy: *L'Acropole de Suze*, Paris, 1893.

play of light on the prominence of the reliefs, and to the thickness of the enamels; and the spectator continually increases the illusion by the modifications of the light he himself unconsciously produces with each of his movements. When, however, the picture is looked at at one fixed point, the light does not shift; directly the light becomes still the appearance of life is lost.

M. Dieulafoy has related elsewhere the adventures of the mission to which France owes the most beautiful works of ancient Persian civilization. He is now attempting to utilize the materials he has brought back, and by their means to reconstruct a history of the Susian acropolis. The Greeks regarded Susa as the perfect type of those Asiatic capitals by the side of which the cities of Hellas seemed insignificant villages. Its name alone awoke even in the most unimaginative minds an idea of almost superhuman grandeur and beauty: palaces panelled with cedar and gold, supported on gigantic columns; gardens as big as provinces, in which the deer might be hunted for whole days without leaving the enclosure; mysterious temples in which the sacred fire was never extinguished; troops of women and of eunuchs; the *Immortals* with their priceless robes and weapons; a horde of nobles, friends, relatives, and alone, apart from the crowd, the Great King, the king of kings, who, with his nod, could set the world in an uproar, and precipitate Asia upon divided Greece. The past might be guessed from what was seen in the present; its masters had always ruled over a powerful empire, the oldest known after Egypt and Babylon. The citadel was situated on a lofty mound of rubbish between two of the numerous arms which the Oulaï hollows out in the black earth. An amphitheatre of snow mountains was vaguely outlined behind it from east to north; in the west the alluvial plains were spread out, and the view extended over fields,

rivers, and woods as far as the marshes that divide Elam from Chaldæa. Whether the enemy descended from the tableland of Iran or came up from the shallows of the Euphrates, Susa could perceive his approach from afar, and had more time than was needed to prepare a warm welcome for him.

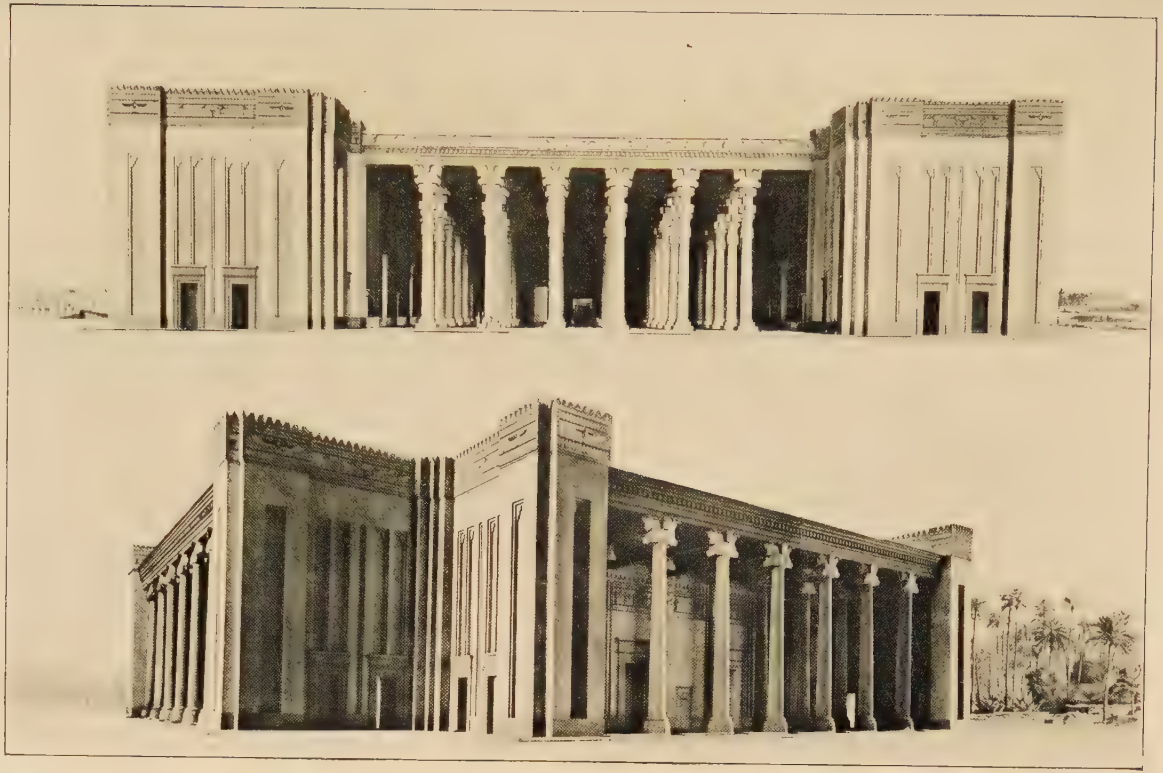
M. Dieulafoy discovered only the ruins of the old fortress which fell under the blows of the Assyrians; but from them he has been able to make out almost the whole plan of the Persian fortress. He patiently followed the traces of the walls on the ground, he cleared away the rubbish from those portions which seemed to offer some interesting peculiarity of construction, and succeeded in reconstructing in imagination the whole of the ramparts, towers, ditches, and gates which protected the king's palace. To have a subject so difficult as archaic fortification treated by an expert who combines technical knowledge with a true feeling for antiquity, is rare good fortune both for archæologists and historians. M. Dieulafoy rapidly reviewed Egypt, Babylonia, Syria, and Assyria; he examined what each of the great oriental nations invented for attack and defence, and the conclusions to which this inquiry has led him must considerably modify current opinion. The Egyptian citadels are conceived for the most part on a plan of the simplest regularity. The reason is, I think, to do with the nature of the ground rather than with the engineers' lack of skill. The inundation which recurs almost on a fixed day, and transforms the cities into so many islands scattered unevenly over the surface of an immense lake, makes the approaches very difficult during several months of the year. It was an advantage for the inhabitants, but it imposed plans of severe simplicity. It was necessary that the water should flow along the walls without meeting any obstacle which should check

its impetuosity. The slightest excrescence would have caused eddies likely to menace the solidity of the place; the river would slowly but surely have worn away the ramparts, as it wears away the promontories which jut out beyond the line of the banks, and one fine day would have carried them away. Therefore the greater number of Egyptian citadels form a parallelogram of thick, compact, rectilineal walls, without towers or other excrescences. The Chaldæans, who, like the Egyptians, inhabited lands subject to annual inundations, seem to have protected their towns in a similar manner. As far as we can tell up to the present time, they were regular enclosures of a sufficient thickness to resist the battering-ram and sapping, but almost smooth on the outer side, or furnished with towers that were little higher than the ramparts. To find fortifications of a more ingenious conception, and more in keeping with our customs, we must go to countries where the rivers do not overflow, to Canaan or to Assyria.

M. Dieulafoy has very cleverly restored the aspect of the Ninevite and Babylonian citadels by consulting the pictures on the monuments; he then verified the results obtained on the ground itself, comparing them with certain facts with which the excavations at Susa had furnished him. The large Susian towns were surrounded with a triple fence, the arrangement of which singularly recalls the plans adopted by the Byzantine emperors at Constantinople. To attack them was a formidable enterprise, and needed much time, patience, and tenacity, many men and many engines of war. The walls were too high for scaling, and the engineers of that time were ignorant of the art of undermining the foundations; they had to demolish and pull down the ramparts by blows of the battering-ram, or by means of metal hooks, to break or burn the gates, and to carry on all their operations amid a hail of arrows, stones,

and heavy beams. The contour of the building was wonderfully adapted to allow the defenders to kill as many of the enemy as possible; even when the breach was opened and the town occupied, all was not lost, for the keep offered them a safe shelter whence they could make a long resistance while waiting their deliverance by a succouring army. The fortresses of Susa, after braving the efforts of the Assyrians, defied those of the Greeks. Treason delivered them to Alexander, but none of the generals who attacked them during the wars which followed, succeeded in entering them by force, although the garrisons consisted of only a handful of men. Abandoned by the Parthians and the Sassanides, they were mere heaps of ruins when the Arabs invaded the country and converted it to Islamism. The millions of unbaked bricks of which they were built, decomposed by the sun and half liquefied by the rain, gradually became amalgamated, and form now a compact mass, which at first yields no trace of the work of human hands; only those who have prosecuted their researches under similar conditions will realize the patience and sagacity required to ascertain the thickness of the beds of brick, the direction of the face, the perspective and intersection of the walls.

Who does not remember the ingenious reconstructions of the palaces in the Susian Acropolis by M. and Madame Dieulafoy at the French exhibition of 1889? In the book before me they fill several skilfully engraved plates. They were partly audience chambers in which the Great King deigned to reveal himself to the nobles of the court and to foreign ambassadors on days of solemn festival. The restoration is doubtful in more than one place, and further excavations may extract information from the earth which will give the problem a different aspect. But many points are established with sufficient certainty to enable us to judge from the



THE AUDIENCE CHAMBERS OF THE OLD PALACE AT SUSA.

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work of M. Dieulafoy what Persian architecture was. There is only one type which properly belongs to it, that of crouching bulls, joined in couples by the middle of the body and surmounting the capitals of the columns; the rest is borrowed from diverse peoples, from Assyria and Babylonia, from Egypt, from Asia Minor, from Greece. It must, however, be admitted that Persian architects understood how to construct grand and original buildings out of those differing elements.

M. Dieulafoy has briefly indicated the sources, and his comparisons between the coloured bas-reliefs of Susa, and various Asiatic or Greek works of a semi-archaic style are most ingenious. Just as nobles and princes belonging to all the nations that Cyrus or Darius had conquered, were to be seen at the court, workmen and artists of every nationality crowded the scaffoldings; each worked in his own fashion, and derived something from or lent something to his neighbour, the Susian to the Egyptian, and he in his turn to the Greek or the Assyrian. The lotus of the Nile was associated with types of animals from the banks of the Euphrates, and the *Immortals* of the royal guard were draped like the figures on the Lycian reliefs. Persian art was as composite as the Persian Empire, and the loans that it made right and left had no more time to commingle into one harmonious whole than the various nationalities had to combine themselves into one people.

II

THE OLDEST KNOWN EXPLORERS OF THE AFRICAN DESERT

THE most ancient explorers of Africa have recently risen from their graves. They are Egyptians, who belong to one of the most powerful families of the country, to that of the lords of Assouân and Elephantiné. They lived somewhere about the year 3500 B.C. —two or three centuries are of no consequence in dealing with dates in the history of ancient Eastern empires. I cannot say that these explorers penetrated far into the interior of the Dark Continent, but their expeditions were long, fatiguing, dangerous, profitable. They inspired them with so much pride, and brought them so many good things, that they desired to preserve their memory for posterity, and engraved the narrative in their tombs. In 1892 Schiaparelli copied and published the memoirs of one of them, named Hirkhouf.[1] De Morgan and Bouriant discovered several others[2] in 1893, equally as illustrious in their day, and as unknown in ours, as Hirkhouf. The inscriptions are mutilated in varying degrees, and what remains often serves only to make us regret what is lost; they prove, however, that the Egyptians who are always represented as home-keeping and hostile to travelling possessed active minds and a spirit of enterprise.

[1] E. Schiaparelli: "Una tomba egiziana inedita della VI[a] dinastia, con inscrizioni storiche e geografiche," Rome, 1892. (Extract from the Memoirs of the *Reale Accademia dei Lincei*, Ser. 4[a], at Vol. x, Pt. 1.)

[2] Cf. *De la frontière de Nubie à Kom-Ombo*, 1893, pp. 143–599.

THE SITE OF THE CITY OF ELEPHANTINÉ, SEEN FROM ASSOUÂN.

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Elephantiné played the same part in ancient times as Assouân does in modern times; it was the most frequented commercial market of the Soudan. It filled a small portion of a little island, supported on several blocks of granite, which had been successively joined to each other by banks of sand, and over which the Nile had spread a thick covering of mud. Acacias, mulberry-trees, date-trees, and dôm-palms, either as hedges bordering the paths, or as a screen in front of the river, or in clumps in the middle of the fields, provided shade. Half-a-dozen norias, arranged like a battery along the river-banks, pumped up the water day and night, with their incessant, monotonous grinding noise. The inhabitants did not waste an inch of their narrow domain; they managed to sow everywhere little patches of millet and barley, clover and vegetables. A few buffaloes and cows fed discreetly in the corners, innumerable chickens and pigeons roved around marauding. The ancient town was situated to the south, on a high granite plateau, out of the way of the inundation. The ruins are some 872 yards in extent, and are grouped round a ruined temple, the oldest parts of which do not go further back than the sixteenth century B.C. The town was surrounded by a high wall, and a conduit house built of dried bricks, situated on the south-east of a neighbouring island, allowed it to open or close the outlet of the cataract at will. On the east, but separated by a channel about 100 yards wide, stood Syene on the side of the hill, like a suburb of Elephantiné. Marshy pasture land covered the actual site of Assouân, and there were gardens, vines which produced a wine famous throughout the valley, and a forest of date-trees and acacias running northwards along the edge of the water. The bazaars and streets of the twin cities must have presented at that period quite an interesting variety of types and costumes: Nubians, Soudanese

negroes, and perhaps Arabs, rubbed shoulders with Libyans and the Egyptians of the Delta. On the other side of the river, the left bank, vast cemeteries offered one asylum to the diverse races. The tombs of the princes occupied an irregular line on the side of the steep hill which dominates the entrance of the port. A roughly constructed flight of steps of unhewn stone led from the bank to the entrance of the hypogeum. The mummy, after slowly climbing the ascent on the shoulders of its bearers, paused for a moment on the platform at the door of the chapel. The decoration did not admit of much variety; it was almost entirely displayed on the outer side of the walls which enclose the bay, and which is distinctly seen from the streets of Elephantiné. A long inscription covers the lintel and the uprights, and the portrait of the dead man stands right and left, as if to guard safely his eternal home.

Mekhou is the first of the nobles whose adventures are known to us. He lived under Pioupi II, who is the Pharaoh before the last of the VIth Dynasty.[1] His cousin Hirkhouf made three successive journeys during the reign of Metesouphis I, Pioupi II's predecessor. Metesouphis I was still quite young when he came to Elephantiné in the fifth year of his reign. There the chief nomad races of the desert, the Ouaouaîtou, the Mazaîou, the people of Iritît, paid him homage, and their submission doubtless encouraged him to send an expedition into the district, as little visited then as it is to-day, that lies along the left bank of the Nile as far as Dêrr. His choice fell on Irouî, Hirkhouf's father, and on Hirkhouf himself. "His Majesty sent me with my father, Irouî, to the land of Amami to open up the road to that country; I accomplished it in seven months, and brought back all kinds of commodities, for which I was

[1] See inscription of Mekhou in J. de Morgan: *De la frontière de l'Egypt à Kom-Ombo*, p. 147.

highly praised."[1] This was only, so to speak, a trial trip, in which he served his apprenticeship under his father's tuition. He soon set out again, and this time alone. "I set out by the Elephantiné route; I travelled in the land of Iritît, then in the land of Mâkhir, then in Dar-risi, which belongs to Iritît, for the space of eight months; I travelled there, and brought back great store of commodities of all kinds, such as had never before been brought into Egypt. I travelled through the territories of the Prince of Sitou, which belongs to the people of Iritît. I traversed those regions, a prowess accomplished by none of the chiefs of caravans who had gone before me to the land of Amami."[2] Returned home, the king did not allow him to remain long inactive. "His Majesty sent me a third time to the land of Amami; I left Elephantiné by the road of the oasis, and found the Prince of Amami about to march towards the country of the Timihou, to make war on them, at the western corner of the sky. I accompanied him against the Timihou, and helped him to conquer them so thoroughly that he paid homage to all the gods of Pharaoh. I then won over the Prince of Amami, and traversed Amami from the country of Iritît to the borders of Sitou. I found the Prince of Iritît, Sitou, and the people of Ouaouit living in peace. I travelled with 300 asses laden with incense, ebony, ivory, rhinoceros skins, leopard skins, and all sorts of excellent commodities."[3] Egyptian soldiers escorted him, as well as auxiliaries from Amami, and the sheikhs of Iritît had to furnish him with asses, oxen, and the provisions needed to maintain the little army. When he reached the frontiers of Egypt, Pharaoh sent "the Lord Ouni to meet him with a boat laden with confectionery, good things, and

[1] Inscription of Hirkhouf, B, I. 4–5. [2] *Ibid.*, B, I. 5–10.
[3] *Ibid.*, B, I. 10–14, and C, I. 1–5.

beer"[1] to comfort him after the privations he had endured in the course of his travels.

Hirkhouf cared nothing for oratorical developments; he said what he had to say, baldly, never suspecting that more could be desired of him than the names of the peoples among whom he travelled, and a brief list of the articles he brought back. His bare information must be supplemented by the testimony of more recent adventurers acting under similar conditions. Like the Arab travellers of the Middle Ages, the Egyptians of the Ancient Empire traversed the world for the sake of trade; they set out on their discoveries with a pack of trumpery wares, and returned from them with bales of valuable merchandise. It will perhaps be asked why the rulers of Elephantiné, who had considerable troops at their disposal, did not resort to brute force to cut a way through the Nubian tribes. They did not hesitate on occasion to send bands of soldiers to the right or left of the Valley of the Nile, to the Red Sea, or to the oases of the Libyan desert; indeed, their incursions into those regions brought them oxen, slaves, wood, coal, a few ounces of gold, a few packets of amethysts, or of green felspar, used for jewellery; they always gained something thereby, and the royal treasury disdained no contribution, however small. But their armies never went very far; directly they desired to carry their depredations to any great distance, the Nubian mountains stopped their foot soldiers, and the rapids of the second cataract offered an almost insuperable obstacle to their boats. They were obliged to lay down their arms, and to become perforce peaceful traders; their caravans could then traverse in safety routes from which their soldiers would not have escaped unharmed. And Hirkhouf, or Mekhou, had to act by the king's decree. The objects chosen for barter were those that had most value in

[1] Inscription of Hirkhouf, C, I. 8–9.

small compass and were of light weight: small glass wares, jewellery, coarse cutlery, strong perfumes, gaudy stuffs which, fifty centuries later, still have charm for the natives of Africa. They paid for these costly treasures in gold dust or bullion, ostrich feathers, lion or leopard skins, elephants' teeth, cowries, blocks of ebony wood, incense, myrrh, gum arabic. Monkeys, especially baboons, were greatly esteemed in Egypt. They amused the nobles who chained them to their chairs on days of solemn festival; the traders willingly undertook to try and bring them back alive. The way was exhausting, the journey interminable; the asses, the sole beasts of burden possessed or used in those regions, could only manage short stages, and it took many months to cover distances that a caravan of camels accomplishes in a few weeks. The routes they chose were those in which wells or springs occur at not too distant intervals, and the necessity of often watering the asses, and the impossibility of carrying a large provision of water, compelled the explorer to take tortuous or complicated routes. It is thus easy to understand that Hirkhouf and his contemporaries did not penetrate very far into the mystery of Africa. The countries that they were so proud of having visited were not so very distant from Egypt, Amami and Iritît in the desert, south-west of Elephantiné, between the first and second cataract; the Timihou, situated *towards the western corner of the sky*, were the Berbers who peopled the oases. In short, the nobles of Elephantiné exerted themselves under the Pharaohs of the VIth Dynasty to discover Nubia and the Libyan desert.

The knowledge gained was scarcely more than the names of races, mingled with marvellous tales or mythological legends. The Nile had its source in a divine river which enveloped the sky, and on which the Boat of the Sun continually sailed, the river-ocean of Greek tradition; having reached the southern regions of the

firmament, an arm was detached, and fell on the earth in a tumultuous cascade. The point where it touched our world was first placed at the first cataract, and then, as geographical knowledge widened, it was put further south. It is obvious that its neighbourhood should be inhabited by special races, intermediary between men and gods. All the travellers who approached it drew attention to the existence of an *Island of Doubles*, where a serpent with a human voice reigned over the *doubles* of the dead, and of a land of *Manes*, the name of which sufficiently indicates its nature. The last of the countries similar to Egypt was Pouanît, the land of gold and incense, which extended along the coast of the Red Sea. The traders who frequented it purchased objects or creatures hailing from the fabulous regions of the extreme south; what they sought most and found least was a particular kind of pygmy, whose name, *Danga*, curiously resembles that of several African tribes. The first *Danga* was brought into Egypt a little less than a century before Hirkhouf, under Pharaoh Assi, of the Vth Dynasty. The pygmy had been welcomed at court as a sort of buffoon, useful for charming away the sovereign's *ennui* by his savage cries and gestures, and, above all, by a sort of ballet that he performed alone admirably, called the *Dance of the god*.[1] The god whose dance he imitated was himself a dwarf, with a big head covered with long hair, a bearded face, and enormous limbs, and clothed in a leopard skin. He was named Bîsou, and came originally from the ports of Pouanît, early becoming naturalized in Egypt. Bîsou, both jovial and grim, both warrior and musician, expressed his variations of temper in warlike mimicry with sword and shield, or in joyous movements to the tune of the little

[1] Inscription of Hirkhouf, D, l. 6–9. The *Danga* reminds us of the Satyrs who, according to Diodorus (I. 18), were brought to Osiris in Ethiopia, and whom he attached to his army.

triangular harp of the desert tribes, on which he accompanied himself.

The *Danga* of the time of Assi had so greatly astonished the courtiers by his agility, that ever since they had tried to procure a similar buffoon; but the species was rare, and years passed without any success in replacing him. The admiration which he had inspired produced unexpected results. Souls, even those of the Pharaohs themselves, could not penetrate into the paradise of Osiris except by crossing an arm of the sea which divided it from the land of the living. A magic ferry-boat undertook the service on certain days, but the ferryman did not admit all and sundry of the would-be passengers: they had to prove their right to embark, and to answer a hundred captious questions on transcendental theology before he consented to ferry them across. A prayer, doubtless composed a short while after the reign of Assi, when the memory of the *Danga* was still fresh, shows us the ferry-boat at its post awaiting the *Manes*. Suddenly a noise is heard among the gods and the souls on the bank; the *Danga* arrives, and he must be taken without delay to Pharaoh Osiris, who has sought him in vain until now, and who expects great pleasure from his dancing. The ferryman immediately loses his head, takes on board the soul which gives itself out to be the *Danga*, pilots it without asking a single question to the port of paradise, and puts it ashore at the steps leading to the tribunal of Osiris, where it will represent the qualities of the *Danga* it so cleverly usurped.[1]

The ideal thing for an Egyptian explorer entrusted with an official mission was to come across a *Danga*, and to transport it alive into Egypt. Hirkhouf was more fortunate than many others; during his third journey he purchased one that the hazards of trade had brought

[1] Papi I, i. 400–404; Mirinrî i., 570–571; cf. Maspero: *Études de Mythologie et d'Archéologie Egyptiennes*, Vol. ii, pp. 429–443.

to the land of Amami, and which came originally from the *Land of Manes*. The emotions of the court were greatly stirred at the good news, for Assi's *Danga* was the last that had been seen there, and the strange plaything was only known by tradition. Metesouphis, who had sent Hirkhouf on his travels, had just died after a reign of ten years; he took his rest in one of the pyramids of Sakkarah, whence he was not to come forth until 1881, to exhibit himself to admiring tourists in one of the glass cases in the Boulak museum, and to show us what the mummy of a king was like in 3500 B.C. His youngest brother, Pioupi II, succeeded him, when he was about twenty years old, and the joy with which he welcomed the messenger who announced the capture of the *Danga* may well be imagined. The council of ministers was assembled, the king dispatched a scroll in which he overwhelmed Hirkhouf with compliments, and ordered him to bring his prisoner without delay. The royal missive was later engraved in the tomb of the traveller opposite Elephantiné! Pioupi II wished to give his faithful subject a reward so that in times to come, when speaking of the great honours of which such or such a personage had been the recipient, it might still be said, "They did for him what his Majesty did for Hirkhouf when he returned from his travels in Amami with the *Danga!*" The pygmies were so wild, and fear of losing them so great, that the government itself formulated the precautions to be taken against their escape. "When he is with you in the boat, arrange to place watchful persons on each side of the boat, so that he may not fall into the water; arrange that watchful persons shall sleep at night with him in his bed, and that they shall be changed ten times each night." A boat of the royal fleet was put at Hirkhouf's disposal, and all the civil, military, and religious officials of the kingdom were ordered to furnish him with provisions

THE PIGMY KHNOUMHOTPOU IN THE MUSEUM AT CAIRO.

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on his way.[1] The sands of Sakkarah, which preserved the mummy of Metesouphis for us, still hide, perhaps, that of the poor creature who so greatly amused his successor. The Cairo museum possesses the embalmed body of one of the favourite gazelles of Queen Moutemhaît; why should it not be enriched one day by that of the pygmy favourite of Pioupi II? Nothing is lost in Egypt, and research there restores not only, as elsewhere, the narrative of events, but also the persons of those who took part in them; both the materials and the heroes of history are disinterred from under the ruins.

Expeditions like those of Hirkhouf were frequent, and produced more lasting results than the capture of a dancing pygmy, and a sovereign's favour for a traveller. The peoples frequented by the traders of Elephantiné, through hearing of Egypt, its industry, its wealth, its armies, ended by conceiving for her an admiration somewhat mingled with fear; they learned to consider her a superior power, and the Pharaoh a god whom no one dared resist. When, later, an army commanded by the Pharaoh himself came against them, they were prepared to submit; once subdued, they rapidly adopted the manners, costume, religion, and language of their conquerors. The caravans of explorers did the pioneer work; the soldiers followed them, and formed the great Egypt which, stretching from Khartoum to the sea, ruled the eastern world for more than six centuries. We have seen the same order of events reproduced long after in neighbouring regions in the case of European travellers and traders.

[1] Inscription of Hirkhouf, D, I. 1-25.

III

THE TOMBS OF THEBES

Tourists in Egypt who spend at Thebes the three or four days arranged by the promoters of rapid travel, see at least one of the tombs hollowed out in the hills on the left bank of the river. For this excursion the official itinerary allows three or four hours of an afternoon already well filled with an expedition through the Valley of the Kings, and a luncheon at Deîr El-Baharî. Usually Hypogeum No. 33 is visited, that of Rakhmirîya, and if only the paintings could be distinguished it would be one of the most interesting; but unfortunately the lower records, the only ones sufficiently lighted by the flame of the candles or of the smoky torches, have been greatly damaged by the generations of fellaheen who turned these mortuary chapels into dwelling-rooms. Travellers come away with an impression of splashes of colour, spread, as it were, by chance, over dirty walls, diversified here and there by columns of damaged hieroglyphics. The lamentable spectacle usually quenches their curiosity, and most of them refuse to enter the two or three other grottoes of a similar kind recommended to them by their dragoman. Those who persevere find elsewhere fresher tones, clearer pictures, and scenes more easily recognizable, but there are everywhere enormous lacunæ which hinder them from imagining what a completely finished hypogeum was like, or from understanding the decoration. In order to make it intelligible as a whole, it would be necessary to transcribe what

remains in each, and, putting the fragments together, to reconstruct, piece by piece, the three or four types of decoration most common in the immense necropolis. The work not only demands time, patience, and self-denial, but also resistance to fatigue and discouragement. The members of the Cairo Mission undertook the task, some with real enthusiasm, others with praiseworthy resignation; the twenty odd tombs they have so far copied are published, and the enormous service rendered to science can be judged from this small sample.[1]

Every one wished to have a residence of his own in the hill of Thebes. The land of the dead, like the land of the living, belonged to the king and the gods, and a plot of ground there had to be acquired for money in the same way as the site of a garden, a meadow, or a corn-field. The king sometimes granted a well-situated plot to his servants. If he desired to reward one of them handsomely, he bestowed on him a slice of the hill, or had a chapel, corridors, a vault, indeed the whole dwelling required for a mummy, hewn out at his own expense. The inscriptions in such a case told how such a one received his sepulchre by the gracious command of Pharaoh, and that fact gave him a title of honour with posterity. The others applied to the gods, that is, to the temples, to negociate the purchase of an *Eternal Home*, and doubtless paid a high price. The ground procured, they had no need to trouble about the architect who should utilize it; it is almost certain that most of the syringes were prepared in advance and already hollowed out or even partly decorated at the time of purchase. The temples had companies of quarry-men, master-masons, designers, sculptors, painters who regularly worked for them, and whom they placed at the

[1] Memoirs published by the members of the French Archæological Mission in Cairo: Vol. v, *Tombeaux Thébaiens*, published by MM. Virey, Bénédite, Bouriant, Boussac, Maspero.

disposal of their customers. The ordinary tombs were planned in one way at the same epoch : a straight façade cut out in the rock so as to allow of a little platform in front, a low door, sometimes entirely bare, sometimes flanked on either side by a figure representing the proprietor, and a few columns of hieroglyphics recording his titles; beyond, a narrow oblong chamber parallel to the façade; then, opposite the door, a corridor perpendicular to the chamber, or a second chamber terminated by a niche containing one or two statues, often sculptured in the rock itself. That was the exterior chapel where the relatives came to bring the votive offerings to their dead on days fixed by the ritual. It was closed by a wooden door, which offered slight protection against malefactors or the curious. The vault proper was better guarded; it was reached either by steep galleries which penetrated far into the mountain, or by shafts hidden in the ground of one of the rooms or of the platform, in most unexpected places and easy of concealment. The grants of land were crowded together, following the strata of the rock. Here might be seen groups of five or six; there, twenty or thirty in file; isolated grants were rare, at least in the centre, at Assasif, Chekh-Abd-el-Gournah, or Gournet-Mourraî. The hills, perforated in every direction, seem to be gigantic hives, the honeycomb of which suddenly upset in confusion and exposed to the light of day, brings the half-opened cells to view. In certain spots the galleries are so close together that the rock wall which divides them measures only something between twenty-four inches and eight inches. The Copt monks, who inhabited them from the fifth century onwards, pierced or suppressed the partition walls in order to facilitate communication between the hermitages. Earthquakes have cracked the party-walls, the weight of the upper strata has crushed them, and the ceiling has fallen in. Near Assasif a whole hill has thus

given way, and several portions of Cheîkh-Abd-el-Gournah appear to be only awaiting a pretext to subside, through the destruction wrought by the careless work of men and the imperceptible wear and tear of time.

As soon as the chambers were rough hewn by the masons, the sculptors and painters appeared on the scene. The hill of Thebes, unlike that of Memphis, is not of a compact and smooth consistency which lends itself to the chisel. The limestone, even in places where the quality is good, has been split and broken in the geological ages, and the cracks are filled up with infiltrations of black or red earth; it often looks like a cake of puff-paste impregnated with chocolate and encrusted with enormous raisins of flint. It needed some skill to manipulate and fill in the cracks and depressions of the material in order to form a smooth surface on which the sculptor could work his reliefs; a great amount of trouble and labour produced only a poor result because the coatings and slabs of limestone with which the wall was patched soon gave way and the holes showed through the decoration. Therefore painting was often substituted for what sculpture could only accomplish with difficulty. To render the surface paintable, it was merely necessary to spread a rough layer of black clay or of common earth mixed with straw over the floor and wall, and then to give it a coat of milk of lime, or of white colour. Whether sculptured or painted the decoration never greatly varied. The artists to whom it was entrusted possessed two or three series of pictures, the combination of which formed the ideal decoration, as it were, of the tomb. The first series comprised scenes from the private or public life of the dead man, as well as the representation of the crafts needed to keep up a great house; the second series showed the funeral rites from the time the corpse became a mummy until the moment when the gods of the other world, Anubis the

jackal and Amentît the mistress of the west, took possession of the mummy wreathed in flowers. Some showed the ceremonies performed on the statue to accustom it to receive the offerings and nourish the soul; others presented to the spectators the different destinies of the human remains, its journeyings through the regions of darkness, its struggles against infernal monsters, its happiness in the paradise of Osiris or on the Boat of the Sun. Such decoration in its entirety would have required miles of wall space; therefore only fragments of it are to be found. The Pharaohs, even, flinched at the expense, and contented themselves with the most important parts. Rich men obtained some hundreds of yards, and as the ladder of fortune was descended, the space became restricted. The ordinary tomb would comprise only a sort of epitome, always conceived in the same terms unless the customer or his family expressed a desire for the substitution of some particular conception, or some particular picture. There is not the slightest difficulty in reconstructing the tomb even in the smallest details: the plates published by the members of the Cairo Mission would enable a mason and a painter accustomed to deal with buildings to erect it, if they so desired, in a corner of Paris exactly as it was.

The choice of subjects was not left, however, to the caprice of the undertakers or their employers; it corresponded to the needs of the Theban soul and to the prevailing idea of posthumous existence. The soul was nourished on votive offerings and absorbed their substance at first in reality, and then, when the rapidity with which new generations forgot the old ones was perceived, in symbol. The limestone or wooden figure of an animal or of a loaf of bread, the drawing of the same animal or loaf traced on the wall of the hypogeum, and endowed by the prayers of consecration with a sort

of mysterious vitality, represented for the shade, the soul, the *double* dwelling in the bottom of the vault, the living animal or the kneaded and baked wheaten loaf. The designer had then to choose from his sketch-books one of the many motives dealing with alimentation. Did the dead man desire bread? The artist would sketch the field and the canals by which it was irrigated, the oxen drawing the plough and the sower scattering the seed; then the harvest, and the reapers, scythe in hand, cutting the corn, the threshing of the ears, the grain stored in the granary. The vines were represented on a panel of the wall at the side, with the gathering of the grapes, the wine-pressing and the pouring of the unfermented liquor into jars. The dead man assisted in these labours in company with his wife, dressed in new clothes and wearing a new wig as on the days of his earthly harvests; everything represented in the fresco belonged to him, and his soul, in contemplating the representation of the objects, secured their effective possession. The soul composed its bill of fare from the pictures with which the tomb was painted, and by virtue of formulas, the images became materialized to provide it with food, and yet were never destroyed nor diminished. Elsewhere might be represented the hunting of the river fowl or of the desert animals, fishing in the marshes, all the pleasures which, loved of the Egyptian, not only afforded him distraction from the toils of existence, but were also profitable; the fish were split open, cured, and preserved in his presence in the picture, and formed a reserve to which he could turn when he was tired of game or meat. The left wall of the chapel sufficed to contain these rural episodes. On the right the master of the tomb was seated with his wife, and received from the hands of his children the meal prepared from the produce of his labours and of his excursions into the desert. The provisions were spread before

him in bowls, in rush baskets, on small tables, on terra-cotta dishes, on mats of esparto grass; nothing that is eaten in Egypt was wanting: grapes, figs, cucumbers, water-melons, the onions that the Hebrews regretted at Sinai, weakly cabbages, chickens, gazelles' legs, calves' heads, cutlets, and scattered among them many different kinds of bread and cakes. Meanwhile half-naked dancing girls turned and twisted on the wall in their amorous dances, like the almehs of our day; flutes trilled, tambourines boomed, the harpist invited the dead master and the survivors to "spend a happy day," for nothing endures in this world, and "bodies are born only to live while the gods decree. The sun rises in the morning and sets in the evening, men procreate and women bear children," and generations pass away one after the other without keeping any of the worldly goods they possessed. "Forgetting all ills, oh Nofirhotpou, wise priest with pure hands, think only of the happiness of the day when thou shalt reach the land which loves silence, and that notwithstanding, the heart of the son who loves thee shall not cease to beat! . . . Obey thy desires, and seek thy happiness so long as thou remainest on the earth, wear not thy heart in repining until the day comes when the impassive god hearkens not to those who implore from him a longer period of life. The lamentations of his friends do not help a man to be consoled in the tomb. Spend a happy day and enjoy it to thy utmost. For, verily, no man carries his possessions with him when he dies; verily, no one who has departed this life has ever returned." [1]

The most characteristic example of this type is in the tomb of Nakhouîti;[2] there is nothing more delicate, more

[1] G. Bénédite: "Le Tombeau de Nofirhotpou," *Mémoires*, V, 529-599.

[2] G. Maspero: "Le Tombeau de Nakhouîti," *Mémoires*, V, 469-585.

One of the Walls in the Tomb of Nakhouîti.

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elegant, more coquettish, even, nothing that savours less of the charnel-house than this little chamber with its variegated ceiling and its walls covered with graceful little figures, picked out in bright colours. It is to be regretted that it cannot be reproduced in colour, and that we must be contented with a black-and-white print of the whole and with photographs of the principal scenes. The other tombs described in the volume belonged to persons of high rank, chief ministers of Pharaoh, nobles of Thebes, one of them lord of Aphroditêspolis the Little, between Siout and Abydos.[1] They have suffered terribly, and what has been saved of the inscriptions is extremely confused. Rakhmirîya, who lived under Thoutmôsis III, before the fifteenth century B.C., was pleased to transmit to us, in long orations the most circumstantial information about his administrative career; had the inscriptions come down to us intact we should know how justice was administered at Thebes, but, as always, the lacunæ in the text occur at the most interesting places, and we remain in ignorance.[2] Mankhopirrîya, Harmhabi, and several others exercised functions at the War Office, and presided, each in one district, at the recruiting of the troops. On the walls of their tombs bands of conscripts may be seen to arrive, give their names to the scribes ordered to register them, take their rations and their arms for the campaign; further on, chariots are being made and the horses harnessed to them. But unhappily, the design is rubbed in places, or intelligent tourists have carried off a piece of the picture, and a half-dozen similar tombs would have to be cleared from rubbish and described in order to complete our knowledge of Egyptian military procedure.[3]

[1] G. Maspero: "Le Tombeau de Montouhikhopshouf," *Mémoires*, V, 433-468.

[2] Philippe Virey: "Le Tombeau de Rekhmarâ," *Mémoires*, V, 1-195.

[3] U. Bouriant: "Le Tombeau d'Harmhabi," *Mémoires*, V, 419 *et seq.*

Elsewhere, Nofirhotpou, having deserved well of Pharaoh, is summoned to receive from his Majesty's hands the decoration of the Gold Collar. One fine morning at the conclusion of the service of Amon in the temple of Karnak, the king summons him, and from the daïs addresses a well-turned compliment to him while a couple of chamberlains fasten the collar round the fortunate personage's neck: he had desired the scene to be pictorially recorded in his tomb in order that posterity might not ignore what a great man he was, and thus we may learn how the *son of the Sun* conferred honours on his servants.[1] To each of them occurred the excellent idea of choosing for his last dwelling-place a different type of decoration, and thanks to that fact we learn the detail of the ceremonies which accompany either the laying in the tomb or the annual sacrifices. We perceive in them a singularity and a barbarity strange in so civilized a people as the Egyptians. A widespread belief compelled the souls to leave the valley of the Nile by a fixed road to the west of Abydos. A *chasm*, a gorge occurred in the Libyan mountains by which they passed first to the Great Oasis, which was one of their primitive abiding-places,[2] and then to the slopes of the western mountain, to the point where the Boat of the Sun penetrates the caves of darkness. They all performed this lugubrious pilgrimage; they went from their town, that is from their tomb, to the entrance of the chasm, and thence into the other world with their train of servants, herds, and provisions. The journey was made by water, and to render it easier the Egyptians often placed properly equipped little boats of painted wood beside the coffin, and various little figures

[1] G. Bénédite: "Le Tombeau de Nofirhotpou," *Mémoires*, V, 496-501, and Pt. V.

[2] G. Maspero: *Mélanges de Mythologie et d'Archéologie*, II, 421-427.

representing the defunct and his family. Every year on the solemn festivals of the dead, especially on that of the Ouagaît, there was dispatched to every one in the *other world* a fresh provision of corn, beasts, and servants. On the eve of this Egyptian All Saints' Day, one of the miniature boats was equipped, the sails were hoisted, and after prayers had been said over it, it set out for Abydos, which it soon reached with its cargo, and with the news of what had happened in the family during the year.[1]

All the rites were not equally innocent. A series of mysterious episodes, which may be traced in the finished portions of the hypogeum of Montouhikhopshouf, a noble of Aphroditêspolis the Little, relates to human sacrifice. The victims may be seen carried on a sledge, then strangled, and perhaps afterwards burnt with the oxen, the cakes, and the other votive offerings in a fire lighted opposite the tomb. Was it an actual fact or merely an imaginary episode? It is certain that in early times the throats of the prince's or noble's favourites were cut on the day of the funeral so that they might serve their master in the *House of Eternity* as they had in his earthly house; later, real people were replaced by different kinds of statues and statuettes, the best known of which are the stone, wooden, or enamelled earthen dolls, hundreds of which are in our museums. Scenes copied from several tombs lead us to think that at the historical epoch human sacrifice was only a pretence practised on a statue or on a special person, the *tikanou* who played his part in the funerals of the rich, and was strangled several times a year without coming to much harm. But it is possible that relatives, more grieved than others, wished, perhaps, to bestow on him they mourned the satisfaction of taking away with him to the next world

[1] G. Maspero: *Études Egyptiennes*, I, pp. 132–399; cf. G. Bénédite: "Le Tombeau de Nofirhotpou," *Mémoires*, V, pp. 520–21, and pl. III.

the souls of slaves who had been actually killed.[1] The Pharaohs murdered the hostile princes they took in war before the god Amon, and they commemorated the execution accomplished with their own hands, to the chanting of the priests, on the walls of the temples and the faces of the pylons. Human sacrifice was an exception in their life, but they performed it without more scruple than the Roman generals who later concluded the ceremonies of the triumph with the death of the chiefs they had marched through the city. Egypt, even that of the Thoutmôsis and Ramses, was still too close to barbarism for the bloody ceremonials to have entirely disappeared. Time and the advance of civilization had banished them from everyday life, but they remained within the law, and no blame would attach to any one who restored them.

[1] G. Maspero: "Le Tombeau de Montouhikhopshouf," *Mémoires*, V, 452–456.

IV

NAVILLE AND BUBASTIS

For fourteen years Naville has most thoroughly scoured Egypt partly for his own pleasure and instruction, partly for an English Archæological Society, the Egypt Exploration Fund. He has made some of the most important discoveries of these last years,[1] and has published half-a-dozen volumes which will always be models for an explorer's book. The progress of operations is described with absolute clearness and honesty, the results of other explorers are noted at their *full* value, new historical or archæological facts are briefly, boldly, and sincerely set forth. Let us add that he has in his own family an admirable draughtsman who transcribes the texts and monuments with a faithful and vigorous hand. Students have not been slow to appreciate this rare combination of qualities, and they give Naville a very high place among Egyptologists. The general public, less sensible of merits that are not loudly proclaimed, has ended by recognizing the full worth of a man who cares more to do his work well than to draw attention to it. The name of Naville carries weight with the public.

One of the characteristics of the man is his eagerness to prosecute apparently barren labours that skilled experts prefer to avoid. In Egypt, as in all ancient lands, there are sites on which some important find is sure to be made, provided that excavations are carried

[1] This was written in 1894 (Tr. note).

on for a long enough time or that there is enough money to ensure the employment of a large number of workmen. An explorer must be either awkward or unlucky to dig unsuccessfully at Thebes or in the neighbourhood of Memphis. Such a mass of objects have been buried there from century to century that a notable proportion has perforce escaped the depredations of ancient and modern thieves: the number of chances of coming upon still intact remains in digging at hazard a fixed number of holes, might be calculated almost to a certainty. Other localities are reputed to be very poor, and attract less attention. What traveller would of his own free will stay at Tell-Bastah? and how many of the thousands of tourists who traverse the valley of the Nile suspect the existence of Henassieh? Bubastis and Heracleopolis Magna were, however, powerful cities, and they supplied reigning dynasties to the Egypt of the Pharaohs: but the masters of the country wrought such destruction on them that their monuments are in fragments, or scarcely visible above the surface of the ground. The few Europeans who visit them perceive huge mounds, out of which a few pieces of walls are sticking, scattered stones, stumps of columns, and the multitude of variegated fragments that inundate the sites of ancient cities. The aspect is not inviting; it offers scarcely any likelihood of furnishing a complete building, intact statues, or one of the triumphant inscriptions that narrate the whole life of a king or the events of an obscure epoch. To derive any profit we need all kinds of solid virtues such as most of us acquire but slowly; in order to find our way about the *débris* accumulated by a hundred successive generations we require great skill in reading the ground, perseverance, tact, and intimate acquaintance with history and archæology.

Naville has, as it were, made a speciality of these discouraging localities, and has forced them to reveal to

THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF BASTÎT AT BUBASTIS DURING NAVILLE'S EXCAVATIONS.
(From Naville's "Bubastis." By kind permission of the Egypt Exploration Fund.)

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him what they had hitherto concealed. He has attacked one after the other, the Wady Toumîlât,[1] Saft-el-Hineh, the land of Goshen,[2] and has found, one after the other, the Pithom of the Bible, the Onias of the Maccabees,[3] the Heroöpolis of the Roman itineraries, the fortresses that the Ptolemies placed at intervals along the Salt Lakes then in communication with the Red Sea. Tell-Bastah and Henassieh are the two last heaps of ruins that he explored in the Delta and in Middle Egypt before moving his workshop to Thebes, to the celebrated temple of Deîr El-Baharî.

When Herodotus visited it, Bubastis presented a paradoxical appearance. It had been continually built and rebuilt on a very contracted site, and had gradually been raised up while the temple remained at its primitive level: it was, so to speak, at the bottom of an oblong basin, the houses running round the rim.[4] The cat goddess who was worshipped there held festivals of a proverbial gaiety, to which people came from all parts of the valley. Pilgrims, both men and women, crowded the boats, and the way was one perpetual masquerade. Each time they came alongside the quay, the women disembarked with a loud noise of castanets and flutes, and went to arouse the matrons of the place, frolicking about and tucking up their skirts in eager rivalry. To strangers the function did not seem to differ much from other Egyptian celebrations, a procession with hymns and sacrifices. But during the few preceding or following days, Bubastis was the scene of extraordinary

[1] E. Naville: *The Store-City of Pithom and the Route of the Exodus*, 1883–1884, London. The book reached its fourth edition in twenty years, an unusual success for a purely archæological work.

[2] E. Naville: *Goshen and the Shrine of Saft-el-Hineh*, 1886–1887, London. This book is in its second edition.

[3] E. Naville and Ll. Griffith: *The City of Onias and the Mound of the Jews*, 1888–1889, London.

[4] Herodotus, II. cxxxviii.

rejoicings. "The gods of heaven rejoiced, the ancestors diverted themselves, those who were present became drunk with wine, their heads were crowned with flowers, the populace ran gaily to and fro, their heads streaming with perfume, in honour of the goddess; the children gambolled from sunrise to sunset."[1] The inhabitants proudly reckoned that more wine was drunk in a single day than during the whole of the rest of the year.[2] The fair has emigrated to the neighbouring city of Tantah, where the Mahommedan Egyptians offer the sheikh Sidi-Ahmed-El-Bedaouî the same homage of prayer and disorder as their pagan ancestors gave to Bastît, the cat goddess. The town, wholly deserted, corresponds very well to the description Herodotus gave of it: the ruins of the houses crown a hollow at the bottom of which a few heaps of stones mark what remains of the temple. The aspect is so uninviting that Mariette, after working there a few days, despaired of finding anything to reward him for his pains. For a long series of years Tell-Bastah was abandoned to the mercy of *sebakh*[3] diggers, who occasionally came upon scarabs, enamelled earthen figures, jewellery, and, lastly, the thousands of bronze cats which appeared on the market from 1880 to 1890. Such excavations convinced Naville that deeper down more ancient *débris* would be found than had been hitherto believed; he resolutely set to work, and two laborious campaigns sufficed to lay bare the levellings of the temple.

At first sight it did not seem to offer much: not a wall, a column, or a statue was intact. Everywhere there lay enormous stones worked on each face with cartouches, emblems, mutilated figures, broken portions of

[1] Dümichen: *Bauurkunden der Tempelanlagen von Dandera*, p. 21.
[2] Herodotus, II. lx.
[3] The saline dust of decomposing bricks used by the fellaheen as manure.

texts. The materials had been employed over and over again in those far-off times, and the face, already inscribed, was turned round so that new kings might be commemorated on the other side. It was easy to see that the temple had been rebuilt by Cheops and Chephrên, the most illustrious Pharaohs of the IVth Dynasty; that those of the XIIth had enlarged and restored it; that, half-destroyed in the times of the Shepherd Kings, the conquerors of the XIXth Dynasty had lavishly repaired it, and lastly, the XXIInd Dynasty, native to the place, greatly extended the buildings. But when its history was thus determined, what means was there of reconstructing the different buildings in imagination and of piecing together the decoration that covered their surfaces? Naville turned the blocks strewn over the ground on all sides, and copied them in detail; then he put all the copies together, and with patience succeeded in combining the fragments so as to restore figures, scenes, inscriptions, sometimes whole panels. It is necessary to have oneself undertaken a similar task to understand the great effort and the amount of work that the two years of his life at Bubastis cost him. Two volumes contain the definite result: the first gives the general description of the temple;[1] the second the theoretical reconstruction of a courtyard and of a monumental door on which festivals of a particular kind were represented.[2] The work is so far unique in Egyptology; the material is so vast, and the workmen so few, that temples as ruined and defaced as that of Bubastis have nearly always been neglected. Buildings are preferred which are more easily attacked and the ruins of which preserve a continuous context. But the fellaheen break the stones in order to make them

[1] *Bubastis*, 1889–1890, with fifty-four plates and plans.
[2] *The Festival Hall of Osorkon II in the Great Temple of Bubastis*, with thirty-nine plates.

into lime or to sell the pieces to tourists. Many monuments valuable for history and art have thus disappeared which might have been saved if all students of Egyptology had displayed a perseverance equal to that of Naville.

Nothing is more curious than the restored *Festival-Hall*. It was built by Osorkon II about the middle of the ninth century B.C., and commemorated, if not the anniversary of his accession, that of his deification. It represents the sovereign and the priests of Amon, and the priesthood of the Egyptian towns, and the numerous actors who took part in the greater ceremonies, nobles, soldiers, slaves, men and women of the people. Osorkon II comes out of his palace to go to the temple, he enters the sanctuary, and sees his father Amon face to face, who assures him of his paternal love, blesses him, embraces him, introduces him to the immortals. The sovereign, about to become a god in his turn, receives the homage of his brother gods, and the prayers of mortals. The procession moves on, accompanied by the plaudits of the crowd; here the soldiers execute war-dances; there dwarfs or negroes make countless grimaces, contort themselves in endless ways while the spectators encourage them by their cries. The procession returns to the palace with as much pomp as it set out, and while Osorkon, fatigued but deified, gives a banquet to the persons of the court, the town continues its diversions far into the night. It is not the fair of which Herodotus writes, the preparations for which he has so well described, but we cannot help thinking that the spectacle of which the Greek traveller caught a glimpse must have closely resembled the varied episodes of that which we can follow on the walls of the pylon designed by Madame Naville. The Egypt that its mummies lead us to regard as morose and gloomy was one of the gayest countries of antiquity. The fellaheen, then

as now, possessed a spirit of irony and quickness of repartee; they laughed easily, and rapidly forgot the griefs and annoyances of daily life. It did not take much to amuse them, and like children they were easily pleased with little things.

The religious fervour and the acclamations with which they saluted the statues and the sacred sarcophagi that defiled before them, did not prevent them from observing and appreciating the grotesque incidents which invariably occur even in the best ordered ceremonials: a slip of one of those carrying the offerings, or the contortions of the negro dancers were received with great shouts of laughter and all sorts of buffoonery, which the legends, engraved above the groups, record for our edification. No one feared to take liberties with a divinity in whom faith was so strong; no one felt obliged to pull a long face, or to assume an unnatural seriousness in order to testify his reverence: it was not considered a slight to the gods to laugh in their presence or during their public processions.

Has Heracleopolis really left fewer traces than Bubastis? It would be unwise to say so. Immense mounds are scattered over the site it occupied, on which stand the different villages that form the modern city of Henassieh. A row of big columns, which belonged to a Roman or Byzantine basilica, can just be seen above the ground; but besides those only quite unimportant lines of brick walls. The area is so large that many thousand pounds would be required to excavate it wholly; the monuments might be concealed for months or years, and the explorer's patience would be exhausted before he had reached the end of his excavations. Naville only made a few slight excavations on the site, but the little he did deserves to be mentioned. What interests us in Heracleopolis is that it served as the capital of Egypt during the first half of what is called

the Middle Empire. Two dynasties, the IXth and the Xth, came from it, and the first of the great Theban Dynasties, the XIIth and XIIIth, resided within its walls or at the entrance of Fayoum on its territory. Those Pharaohs embellished it with important buildings, and the inscriptions tell us that they brought the granite or basalt needed by the architects from the desert situated between the Nile and the Red Sea. There was then a chance of finding some traces of those princes and their works amid the ruins, and Naville actually disinterred several fine architraves, the inscriptions of which contain the name of Ousirtasen II. Unfortunately, Heracleopolis suffered greatly during the civil wars, and its temples were repeatedly pulled down and destroyed. Ramses II gave to Arsaphes, the greatest of them, the form it kept until the introduction of Christianity. He utilized the columns cut by his predecessors of the XIIth Dynasty, and his name is almost the only one in the inscriptions copied by Naville.[1] The vestibule remains; the chambers and the sanctuary have almost completely disappeared. The old Pharaohs preferred the fine white limestone that lends itself so admirably to sculpture, but which furnishes inimitable lime-wash. The Copts and then the Arabs demolished and calcined piece by piece everything built of limestone. The history inscribed on the walls vanished in smoke, or was spread in whitewash on the fellaheen's huts.

Naville has since spent two years in the valley of Deîr El-Baharî. He recently sent photographs showing the point reached in his task to the Academy of Inscriptions, of which he is a correspondent. This time it is not a matter of piecing fragments together, but of clearing

[1] E. Naville: *Ahnas el Medineh (Heracleopolis Magna), with Chapters on Mendes, the Nome of Thoth and Leontopolis*, London, 1891–1892.

away the rubbish from an edifice which is almost intact, an undertaking similar to the clearing of Abydos, Denderah, Louxor and Edfou. The early kings of the XVIIIth Dynasty chose the bottom of the amphitheatre in which to build a funerary chapel. Thoutmôsis I began it, Thoutmôsis II continued it, the Queen Hatshopsouîtou and Thoutmôsis III finished it. It was a temple with several tiers of terraces resting against the sides of the hill. The porticoes are supported by columns with sixteen angles, topped with a simple abacus of a beauty of proportion and an elegance of curve unusual even in the best periods of Egyptian art. The sculptures with which the walls are covered equal the finest bas-reliefs of the temple of Setouî I, and are perhaps even of a freer and firmer sweep. It is too soon as yet to judge the aspect that the monument will present when Naville has finished removing the sand which buries it in places up to the architrave, and hides the approaches. But as much as is already visible possesses a beauty and a charm usually lacking in the Egypt of the Pharaohs.

V

SYRIA FROM THE EIGHTEENTH TO THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. AS IT APPEARS IN THE EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS

THE geography of the "monuments" leaves a wide vacuum between Assyria and Egypt. The prosperous, turbulent races of Phœnicia, Philistia, Canaan, Amorrhea, Northern Syria, and Cilicia had no liking for spacious buildings, and deemed it useless to adorn their temples and palaces with the profusion of inscriptions and bas-reliefs that make the ruins of Nineveh and Thebes a sort of paradise for the archæologist. They wrote little on stone, they sculptured still less, and if they had always been strong enough to preserve their independence we should know little of their history or even of their names. But they were intelligent enough to let themselves be often beaten, and to provide the Pharaohs and the Assyrian kings with matter for numerous victories; their defeats are recorded on both sides of the isthmus, all details are described, and the flight of their armies or the taking of their fortresses is painted on the walls. The praiseworthy zeal of the sovereigns in celebrating their own glory enables us to know the physiognomy, the costume, the ornaments, the worship, and the manners of these conquered peoples with sufficient accuracy. Every modern student has derived subjects for articles from these pictures of battles and warlike prowess, best suited to their particular tastes or aptitudes. Some have given us the

political history of Egypt, others an illustrated commentary of biblical narratives, others again a supplement to the prevailing ideas on the beginnings of Greek civilization, and Max Müller the geography of Western Asia and of Europe chiefly between the eighteenth and tenth centuries B.C.[1]

The Max Müller of whom I speak is not the celebrated Oxford philologist, converted to Egyptology in his old age. The name Müller is very common in Germany, and the prefix Max has become so distinguished that many a Müller bestows it on his son as an earnest of future fame and prosperity. Our Max Müller, still a young man, is a native of Nüremberg, but he emigrated a few years ago to the University of Philadelphia. He has contributed learned articles to our reviews, and although his criticism is sometimes extravagant, it is always full of new ideas and original observation. In this work, the first destined for the public, he has put together ideals supplied by the Egyptian inscriptions about the European or Asiatic races with whom the Pharaohs came in contact. The work has been criticized elsewhere.[2] What must be noted here and unreservedly praised is the number of references he has collected, their clever, not to say happy, treatment, the complete picture of the Syrian countries he has succeeded in deriving from them. Experts will shake their heads at certain passages, but the whole is so cleverly and successfully arranged that for a long while it will be an indispensable document for historians and prove a sure assistance in their studies. The number of hieroglyphic characters, and the strange shapes assumed by the ancient names when they are

[1] W. Max Müller: *Asien und Europa nach altægyptischen Denkmælern, mit einem Vorwort von G. Ebers, mit zahlreichen Abbildungen in Zincotypie und einer Karte.* Leipzig, 1893.

[2] *Revue Critique*, 1894, I. pp. 501–505.

transcribed in Roman letters, will put off many readers; it is an almost inevitable inconvenience in most works about the ancient lands of the East; but those who can overcome their fear will be rewarded for their courage by the information that they will gain.

The whole of Syria was then under Chaldæan influence. Between 3000 and 4000 B.C. Babylon had several times directly exercised her authority. Her kings had led triumphant expeditions there, and planted there the manners of the nations of the Euphrates. Her merchants visited it in larger numbers than did those of Egypt, and sold there to advantage their jewels, arms, and stuffs. The infiltration of Chaldæan customs was so thorough that about 1600 B.C., when the Pharaohs invaded it, the Phœnician and Canaanitish cities must for the most part have looked to the travellers like provincial towns of Chaldæa, Ourou, Nipour, or Sippara. The inhabitants wore the heavily-embroidered and motley-coloured robes of the Babylonians, and the long hair and curled or waved beard in the fashion prevailing in the plains of the Euphrates; they adopted the cuneiform alphabet, and wrote it with metal or bone stylets on slabs of clay like the Chaldæan scribes. Not only were private affairs thus discussed, but also affairs of State; so that when the Pharaohs had conquered the countries of Libya they were able to procure interpreters and secretaries who could decipher the cuneiform, and so assist with the diplomatic correspondence.[1] They were not exigent with regard to the use of hieroglyphics when a request or notice was addressed to them from Damascus or Jerusalem; so long as the tribute was punctually paid in metal free from alloy they did not care whether the dispatch announcing its coming was written in one character or another. They did nothing to change the

[1] Cf. Chapter I.

taste or habits of the Syrian peoples, and were quite willing that they should model their way of life on that of their ancient masters. If after a time certain tendencies to imitate Egypt are observed in their industries and fashions, the change is caused not by force, but by an entirely voluntary spirit of initiative. The Egyptian models had at least the merit of novelty, and their elegance caused them to be gladly accepted as soon as they were seen to be the more numerous. They never entirely superseded the others, and both the art and the civilization of those lands, notwithstanding the individuality which belonged to their position, occupied a middle place between Egypt and Chaldæa.

The land was divided into small isolated states continually at war with each other for the purpose of conquering or preserving the lordship of a few acres of wheat in the plain, or a few wooded ravines in the hills. The caravans or the armies traversed at least a kingdom a day, sometimes even several kingdoms between two halting-places. The King of Mageddo could see from his own capital that of the King of Taanach, who, before reaching the horizon, would come up to the frontiers of the empires of Apour or Shounem. All these kingdoms were strongly fortified, and possessed walled enclosures large enough to shelter the inhabitants of the villages dependent on them at the first alarm of war. Most of them were perched on isolated hills, or on spurs of the mountains, attached to the principal chain by a sort of narrow embankment. Their walls followed the contours of the ground, and were drawn up on two or three lines to the most accessible points. They were built of stone, flanked by high embattled towers, fortified with a keep in which the governor and the rest of the garrison took refuge after the city itself had been taken by storm. Sometimes these enclosures were taken by means of scaling ladders, or by breaking down and

burning the gates, but mostly they had to be blockaded, and reduced by famine. Whether dwellers in the cities or in the country, the temperament of the Syrians was violent and hard even to cruelty; they were fond of cutting off their prisoners' hands and feet, and they massacred them in cold blood after the fight. Their war equipment was as perfect as that of the Egyptians, and consisted of shield, pike, javelins, bow and arrows, axes, swords, poniards, a pointed helmet, and often a long padded coat which did duty for a cuirass; their chariots were heavy, and carried three men, the soldier, the shield-bearer, the driver, while the Egyptian chariots only carried two men, the soldier and the shield-bearer, who acted also as driver. They yielded easily to Pharaoh's soldiers, but more from lack of discipline than lack of courage. As one of their small armies was unable to stand against the large armies of Egypt, in order to send considerable troops into the field they sometimes combined, but unaccustomed to work together they quickly fell into confusion under the concerted movements and heavy charges of their adversaries. They only began to gain important advantages after two centuries of subjection, when the Hittites united all the countries of the north under their dominion, and opposed Ramses II with compact troops accustomed to fight under the command of one general.

The names of the nations and the towns are scattered through the inscriptions in which the episodes of conquest are narrated, but they are found recorded together in interminable lists on the walls of the Theban pylons. The kings were accustomed to bring away files of prisoners yoked together with a rope, and they seem to have dragged them behind their chariots. The poor wretches, after they had taken part in the triumphal procession on the day of the sovereign's return, were for the most part condemned to slavery; some of

the most noble of them, however, were led by the conqueror before the image of his father, Amonrâ, and sacrificed to the god with blows of the club.[1] They were engraved in a conspicuous place in the temple, but as the whole of them would have taken too much space, abbreviated groups were substituted in which the name of each was combined with his idealized portrait. The body became a sort of indented ellipse in which the name was engraved; shoulders rose above it, and two arms bound behind jutted out from them, and above was a human head, a Semite head for the Asiatics, a negro head for the tribes of the Upper Nile. They were arranged in a fairly regular order, nearly always similar, and we can often successfully identify them with Hebrew, Greek, or Arab places. Many commemorate obscure towns; a few inform us of the existence at that time of cities famous in classical ages. They are chiefly those of Palestine: Gaza, Ascalon, Joppa, Mageddo, Taanach, Accho, and a hundred besides among which it is strange not to find Jerusalem; it flourished, however, and the dispatches of its kings tell us that it was called Ourousalîm. Damascus is there under the form Dimaskou, with Hamath and a fortress then celebrated, Qodshou on the Orontes; towns in Northern Syria may be counted by tens: Khaloupou-Alep, Karchemis at the ford of the Euphrates, Nirab, Dour-Banat, which is the *Castrum puellarum* of our Crusades, Ourima, Dolikhê. Phœnicia proper does not appear in these triumphal lists, and only the most northerly of its towns, Arad and Simyra, are thereon inscribed. Byblos, Sidon, Sarepta, and Tyre were inhabited by cautious traders who felt themselves powerless to resist Pharaoh's archers and sailors; they reckoned that in paying tribute they would have the advantage of trading without hindrance

[1] Cf. Chapter III.

with their would-be masters, and that by these pacific measures they would gain the money for their annual tribute. They were never beaten because they never resisted; but other documents mention their country. Tyre, for instance, was already embarked in the open sea on her island, although she had as yet no springs nor cisterns from which to drink, and had to import water from the mainland.

She had reasons for her prudence. She had already begun her voyages of discovery and her colonization of the eastern coasts of the Mediterranean. She had established herself in the large island of Cyprus, then called Asi (Asia), which provided her with wood for her ships, with copper and bronze for her metal-workers. By degrees she had gained Crete, the islands of the Archipelago, continental Greece, possibly the shores of the Propontis and of the Black Sea. She found there races of a different origin and of a lower civilization than that of the east, but not, as is sometimes thought, savage races. She brought them the product of Asiatic industries, and received from them in exchange the primitive materials used by her in her factories: alum, colours, purple dye, gold, silver, bronze, rude vases and ornaments, which pleased the educated taste of Egypt or Syria, just as European women prize and wear African or Asiatic jewellery. Her sailors occupied small islands, and built factories on well-situated promontories, where they felt themselves protected from the aborigines. It is probable that like the Carthaginians at a later period they carefully concealed the position of the lands they discovered, and only spoke of them in a vague way. They were the *Islands of the sea*, the *Countries of the sea*, and the Egyptians named them in the same way, *Islands of the Very Green*, *Countries of the Very Green*, the *Very Green* being our Mediterranean. It would be erroneous, however, to suppose that they

were content to speak of them according to what they heard from their Phœnician vassals, and that they never attempted to approach them directly. They had no dread of the sea, as is so often stated, but each powerful Dynasty by which they were ruled was careful to create a navy on a war basis to protect the mouths of the Nile, or to encourage the development of the mercantile marine which coasted between the ports of the Delta and those of the Syrian shore. The pictures at Deîr El-Baharî present a few ships of the royal navy of Thoutmôsis III. It would count for little with us, but it must not be forgotten that Egypt was at that time the most formidable power in the world, and her fleet stood for the best that could be furnished by the shipbuilder's yards of any country. Her voyages into the country of the Somali in search of incense testify to the skill of her pilots; and what they accomplished without disaster in the south, they could certainly have undertaken in the less perilous regions of the north.

We are not fortunate enough to possess a detailed and illustrated narrative of any of these explorations, but we have a direct proof that they repeatedly took place. The Pharaohs kept *royal envoys* in Syria, persons of rank chosen from the most intelligent or noblest of those immediately about them. The names of some of them have come down to us, but the one about whom we have most information lived in the reign of Amenôthês IV. He is one Doudou, whose tomb still exists in the hills of El-Amarna, and who is often mentioned in the dispatches exchanged between the sovereign and his Asiatic vassals. Doudou represented Pharaoh in Syria, he travelled through the country, hearing complaints, redressing wrongs, trying to restore order wherever some chief was making a disturbance; the post of *royal messenger* exacted that the holder of it should go in person to the provinces, the government of which was

entrusted to him. Among those *messengers* whose monuments have survived, several bear in addition the title *administrators of the northern countries*, and added to the mention of that charge are a certain number of flattering epithets destined to enumerate the countries over which they exercised the supremacy of Egypt. Thoutii, one of the most celebrated of them, the hero of a popular tale, said of himself that he owed the favour of his master, Thoutmôsis III, to the zeal with which he performed his mission "to every foreign land," "to the Islands of the Very Green"; he had filled the treasury with lapis-lazuli and gold and silver from those far-off regions.[1] Did an Egyptian vessel or a Phœnician squadron take him there? We do not know, but Rakhmirîya, one of his contemporaries, had the people of these islands painted in his tomb, and elsewhere, the galleys which took them to Thebes may be seen; the model is entirely Egyptian, and they are manned by pure-bred Egyptians. For my part I see no reason to doubt that more than one Egyptian visited Greece in the middle of the XVIIIth Dynasty. The Phœnicians, who were themselves dependent on the Theban king, owned many islands, and in sending a *messenger* to the vassals or subjects of his vassals, he was using a right of which no one in the world would then have contested the legitimacy. There is a long-standing prejudice which prevents some students from admitting that these ancient relations, of which the Greeks of the classical era had not entirely lost the remembrance, ever existed except in the imagination of Egyptologists, but everything and anything may be expected of Egypt; I am certain that when its monuments are better known, inscriptions or pictures will be found that will remove all doubt even from the most prejudiced minds.

[1] Devéria: *Mémoires et Fragments*, I. pp. 35–53; partly from his own researches, partly from those of Birch.

Pharaoh Thoutmôsis III., from a Statue in the Museum at Cairo.

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Two or three centuries after Thoutmôsis III, the points of contact between the inhabitants of the shores of the Ægean Sea and the civilized countries of the East increased. The *races of the sea* became active, and desired to conquer a new country for themselves on the banks of the Nile. The Achæans fought in the open Delta before settling at Cyprus, like the Tyrsenes before turning to Italy. That fact astonishes those modern students who imagine that the antique world was an assemblage of timorous, home-keeping nations or tribes, terrified at the notion of courting adventures, forced from time to time to conquest by ambitious sovereigns, but always ready to return to their isolation and immobility as soon as such tiresome rulers had ceased to exist. It is the other side of this picture that is true, and a restlessness, often quite aimless, was as great two thousand years B.C. as it was in the Roman era. The histories of Egypt, of Syria, of Assyria, of Chaldæa are, wherever we know them, filled with accounts of distant expeditions by land and sea. The imperfect means of communication, the bad state of the rivers, the insecurity of the roads, the perpetual danger of robbery, death or slavery, nothing indeed daunted the traders, and the sailors were as courageous as the leaders of the caravans; they ploughed the eastern Mediterranean in every sense, and the peoples whom they visited, inspired by their example, did not hesitate to brave the risks of long voyages. They took weeks over what we should accomplish in a few hours. A cape that our smallest vessels easily double at any season, took them several days, since they were forced to await a relative calm or a favourable wind for their frail boats. Terrible tales are told of whirlpools which swallowed up everything, of islands inhabited by monsters, or which sunk beneath the waves directly they were approached, of moving rocks between which it was necessary to glide very quickly to avoid

being crushed; but they set out all the same, certain not to return till after long years of absence. The traditions of Greece preserved the memory of the voyages and migrations to which the forerunners of the classic Hellenes were accustomed; but archæologists relegated them to the domain of fable in so peremptory a manner that they were only mentioned with mistrust and even with apology. Egypt and Egyptologists have often reminded us that many doubtful traditions contain a large amount of truth, and have furnished contemporary proof of several migrations of peoples. But their testimony has been revoked, and many persons are still incredulous. They should carefully study Max Müller's book, in which they will find plenty of material to convince them.

VI

EGYPT AND THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES

The number of dissertations on the origin and nature of the Eleusinian mysteries are in inverse proportion to the scantiness of precise information concerning the ceremonies performed at them. The initiated solemnly undertook not to reveal anything, and scarcely ever spoke of them, or, if they did, merely mentioned such generalities as were known to all. The Christian apologists, restrained by a dread of awkward consequences to which they would have exposed themselves by too flagrant indiscretions, never openly concerned themselves with the demonstration of dogmas or secret operations. And, besides, the spirit of proselytism, which was so strong in them, led them to see only the ridiculous or indecent side of the ceremonies, and renders their testimony suspect or incomplete. In order to guess at what took place in the sanctuary, we have nothing but brief allusions here and there, made more obscure by their personal bias, in the writings of the Christian apologists, the historians, the orators, the moralists, the poets, the grammarians and rhetoricians. Inscriptions of different epochs confirm, correct and contradict this information, and sometimes add valuable details. It has all been classified, labelled, and commented on by generations of students, whose systems, suited to the taste and fashion of the moment, are clever and well deduced, but so subtle in essence, and so rarefied in invention, that after studying them we know even less

than before. We leave them with the clear conviction that if the Eleusinian ceremonies were mysteries for the ancients, they are in another way equally ineffable mysteries for us, and we console ourselves for our ignorance with the fact that the experts themselves know very little on the subject.

Foucart, however, decided to publish the result of his researches in this hazardous region.[1] He has good reason for knowing Eleusis, and for interesting himself in the religious associations of Greece; his experience has suggested a solution of the problem that I consider wholly true in bulk, and nearly so in detail. Some will hesitate to admit it, or will only half acknowledge it; but all will agree in admiring the clear way in which he puts the problem, explains the inscriptions one by the other, and leads the reader to the conclusion without shirking any difficulty or obstacle that he is unable to overcome. Even in France, where clearness is so highly prized, students capable of conducting a dissertation of eighty quarto pages so that no point is obscure through any fault of composition, and where the principal thesis is demonstrated by a series of proofs skilfully introduced at the right moment, are rare: the result is that the reader passes, almost unconsciously, from mistrust and scepticism to conviction. Foucart shows at the beginning that the Demeter of Eleusis is an Egyptian by birth, an Isis who gradually became hellenized. He accompanies her in her evolution, notes what her priesthood was, with its ideas on the future life, and the especial turn of its doctrines, what attraction it offered to pious minds, and the various ways by which it rallied them round it. It is very strange to find this professional Hellenist, whose education was in no way calcu-

[1] P. Foucart: "Recherches sur l'origine et la nature des mystères d'Eleusis" (extract from the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, Vol. xxxv, Pt. 2), 1895.

lated to lead him into the paths of oriental origins, allowing himself to be gradually attracted by matters Egyptian, and to give them an attention refused by so many of our classical students, and then beginning to love them, yet never for an instant losing the even balance of his mind, and the perfect equilibrium of his judgment.

The ancient Greeks, who had a sufficiently good opinion of themselves, and who easily persuaded themselves of their superiority over the barbarians (that is, over all other nations), admitted, however, that they owed some of the elements of their civilization to the great nations of the East, to the Egyptians in particular. Modern Hellenists, more Greek in that point than the old Greeks themselves, long repudiated the tradition of debts to the East, and put forward excellent reasons for believing that Greece produced and developed all her gods, all her religious and philosophical opinions, without foreign aid. Foucart, on the contrary, admits the authenticity of the legends that preserved the memory of the Egyptian migrations. The monuments of the Theban Dynasties record that from the sixteenth century B.C., the officers of King Thoutmôsis III and his successors went straight from the mouth of the Nile or the coast of Syria to the islands of the Ægean Sea in Phœnician boats.[1] The horror of the sea always attributed to the Egyptians did not prevent them from navigating it from the Vth and VIth Dynasties; in the XVIIIth Dynasty they were a maritime power, in so far as is possible for a nation possessing a restricted coast-line, and their ships sailed to Somaliland, past the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the land of incense, or they sailed periodically to Syria, Cyprus, or Asia Minor. The prejudice against the tradition of fairly close relations between the cities of Hellas and those of Egypt is solely that of the

[1] Cf. Chapter V.

philologist or classical archæologist entirely ignorant of oriental studies. The prejudice is dying out, but opinions due to it still exist in some degree, and more than one historian is opposed to the thought that exiles or traders could go from the mouths of the Nile to Argolis or Attica. Foucart believes it, and quotes facts of a nature to prove it. He afterwards compares the person and worship of the Eleusinian Demeter with the person and worship of Isis, and then shows that the resemblance between the two goddesses is not merely accidental and on the surface, but must be sought in the depths of their nature. The Greek is not a servile copy of the Egyptian, adapted to her Western environment, but preserves the chief characteristics of her African model. Her religion reminds the faithful of the double benefit she has conferred on them, the invention of agriculture which has introduced them into the civilized life of this world, and the initiation into mysteries which assured them happiness in the other world. Her most ancient ceremonies which existed in the eleventh century B.C. celebrate the moment when the corn springs, when the straw is formed, when the grain is threshed. The first-fruits of the harvest were consecrated to her, and her most sacred emblem, that which was presented to the initiated only at the very last, was the blade of ripe corn. To those who bound themselves to her by ceremonies and solemn oaths, she promised certain happiness in the other world as a reward for their devotion. It is not necessary to be a learned Egyptologist to recognize the Isis of the Delta under the Greek name and robe, the fertile earth, lady of the harvests and of bread, who awards her faithful ones the same fate which she assured to her husband, Osiris, and who guides them to a shining paradise through the horrors of the darkness beyond the tomb.

The revelations made to the neophytes contained no

moral teaching, no philosophical symbolism. They comprised three different elements, a drama performed for them by the priesthood during the vigils of the initiation, the objects shown to them, the formulas uttered and taught to them. The drama instructed them in facts unknown, or imperfectly known to the common herd; the rape of Cora by Hades, the grief of Demeter, and her sad journeys in search of her daughter, her union with Celeus, and the birth of Euboleus, the manner in which Triptolemus delivered her half-sister Cora on a chariot drawn by serpents. In another series of scenes the hierophant and the priestess of Demeter acted the marriage of Zeus and Demeter, and presented to the spectators the ultimate result, the blade of ripe corn. The representation took place in the sacred enclosure, and in the halls of the temple; there were few scenic decorations, no mechanical contrivances, or complicated devices. "The silence of the night, the alternations of light and shade, the majestic voice of the sacred herald, the imposing robes of the hierophants and ministers engaged in the solemnities, the singing of the choir, now plaintive, now triumphant, exercised a strong influence on the senses and imagination. The heart thus excited by the preparation that preceded the initiation, mystery easily held sway in the sacred precincts; the promises and semi-revelations of the mystagogue to whom the instruction of the novice was entrusted, the retreat into the Eleusinium of Athens, the fasting, the repeated purifications and sacrifices, the songs and dances of the procession from Athens to Eleusis, the continual shouts of Iacchos, the arrival by torchlight in the holy city, and, above all, the impatient and anxious anticipation of what was to be revealed, combined to incline a man to strong emotion. And when at last the hierophant disclosed the sacred effigies to his view, in a form and with attributes unknown to the profane, must he not have felt nearer the

gods, as if admitted to contemplate them face to face?" But that was not sufficient to give him the certitude of everlasting happiness in the future life. He desired more than the sight of gods suffering, and then triumphing in glory; he required a solemn act in which he played a part, before acquiring full possession of the mysterious truth. We know that it was like an anticipatory rehearsal of the peregrinations his soul would have to make before attaining supreme felicity. Plutarch tells us that there were first walks at random through difficult by-ways, disquieting and interminable wanderings in utter darkness, all simulating the way through hell that must be traversed before reaching paradise. When, at last, he was on the point of succumbing to fatigue and terror, a wonderful light dawned on his eyes, and he gazed on the pure places, and on the meadows full of dancing and singing, of holy speeches and divine apparitions. Even then the revelation was incomplete; it indicated the obstacles to be overcome, and the end towards which his efforts were directed, but it neglected to show the way by which he could come forth victorious from his trials.

But the words he listened to in the course of the ceremonies instructed him; the hierophant alone had the right of pronouncing them, and it was not the least glory of his ministry. The old authors, however, have not preserved them, and we should be reduced to conjecture if documents emanating from the Orphic sect did not furnish an equivalent. The Orphics were accustomed to engrave extracts from the poem to which they consigned the part of their exegesis concerning the travels of the soul, *the descent into Hades*, on plates of gold which they deposited in the tombs. They were secret instructions, since they were imprisoned with the body in its last resting-place, into which no human eye could penetrate from the day on which the corpse was

therein enclosed: "You will find (they said) a spring on the left in the domains of Hades, and near it a white cypress; you will not approach that spring. You will find another which has its source in the lake of memory, and guardians stand in front of it. Then say—'I am the Child of the Earth and of the starry Sky, but know that my origin is divine. I am devoured by and perish with thirst; give me, without delay, the fresh water that flows from the lake of memory.' And they will give you to drink of the divine spring, and then you will reign with the others." In another fragment a friend undertakes to guide the pilgrim. "And when your soul has left the light of the sun, turn to the right as every wise man should," in order to avoid the white cypress and the fatal spring; "Farewell, thou who hast experienced what thou hadst never yet experienced, from a man thou hast become a god, thou art [white and pure] as a kid dipped in milk; farewell, farewell, thou who takest the right-hand path towards the fields and sacred woods of Proserpine." Elsewhere the soul stops in front of the spring, and talks with it. "'I am devoured by and perish with thirst.' 'Well, then, drink of my spring; I flow always to the right of the cypress. Who art thou? Who is thy father?' 'I am son of the Earth and of the starry Sky.'" A last extract describes his condition when he is at the end of his journey: "Pure, and issued from what is pure, I come towards thee, Queen of Hades, and towards you, Eucles, Euboleus, and towards you all, immortal gods, for I boast of belonging to your race. I have escaped the dread circle of profound grief, and with my swift feet have entered the desired realm, and have descended into the bosom of the Queen of Hades." The resemblance between the Orphic ideas and the Eleusinian dogmas is sufficiently close to lead us to think that the portions of the Orphic ritual so far discovered are analogous to the still

unknown formulas of the Eleusinian ritual. The words declaimed by the hierophant in a loud voice perfectly in tune, were the prayers, and the necessary instructions given to the soul of the initiated, so that he might know what each of the districts of the infernal regions was like, the dangers it concealed, and that had to be avoided, the roads that had to be traversed, the power of the beings he would have to encounter before he could be admitted to the presence of the goddess, and participate in the felicities she bestowed on the faithful." Amid a scene calculated to strike the senses and the imagination, the novice saw the life and adventures of the divinities who reigned over the lower world; he was admitted into their presence, and contemplated their images; he traversed their domain, and learned the all-powerful words which opened it to him. Was not that what he had come to ask of the goddesses of Eleusis? Are not those revelations, the means and sure pledge of an eternal happiness, sufficient to explain the transports of joy to which the initiated gave themselves up? Do they not at least justify the firm trust in the future which caused one of them to say, "Thanks to the mysteries, death for mortals is not an evil, but a good"?

It is necessary to be better informed than I am concerning the religions of Demeter and Cora to judge how closely their dogmas resemble those of the religions of Isis and Osiris. All the facts put forward by Foucart are true of the Egyptian Isis; the Hellenists must decide if the resemblance with the corresponding facts that he alleges of Demeter proves as much as I think it does. It seems certain to me that the Eleusinian mysteries are Egyptian by execution and intention; Egyptian thought dominates them, and the manner in which the thought is expressed is Egyptian. The Egyptians, always occupied with the life beyond the grave, tried in very remote ages to teach men the art of living after death, and of

leading a life with the gods resembling existence on earth, and the pleasantest existence they could imagine. To attain it, it was necessary to take every precaution in this life, and to begin by becoming attached to some divinity able to protect those who acknowledged his sovereignty; it was usually a god who, having suffered death, had escaped it, Sokaris, Khontamentît, Phtah, Osiris: and the mortal was entitled the *faithful servant* of Sokaris, Khontamentît, Phtah, Osiris, according to which god he chose. He learned by heart the chapters which gave him entrance into the god's domain, for, once a mummy, he might forget them in the first troubles of the embalmment; therefore they were recited in his ear before he was carried to the tomb, and, to make more certain, a special work containing them was placed in his coffin; it was a "Book of the Dead," illustrated with vignettes, a real guide-book to Hades, in which the roads that led from our earth to all the paradises were described stage by stage. Like the hierophant of Eleusis, the Egyptian priest had to have a voice perfectly in tune for intoning the formulas, and the novice who repeated them after him had also to possess a voice equally in tune. Like him who was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries, the Egyptian dead personage encountered dangerous or salutary springs on his way, as well as monsters whom he pacified with his singing; he went through opaque darkness, and at last reached fertile islands, brilliant with light, the *meadows of sweet cypress*, where his master, Osiris, offered him a peaceful asylum on condition of repeating the password. A long while ago I was struck with the Egyptian turn of the verses traced on the gold plaques of Petelia,[1] and I took them to have been borrowed from Egypt by the theologians of Magna Græcia. Such an opinion, coming from an Egyptolo-

[1] I borrowed them from Fr. Lenormant in order to quote them in my lectures at the Collège de France in 1887.

gist, would have been suspected by the Hellenist as savouring of partiality; coming from a distinguished Hellenist, it will, I hope, receive a kinder welcome, and be discussed with the attention it deserves.

The Mediterranean races showed a marked taste for Egyptian jewellery, scarabs, coarse glass ware, ivories, bronze and enamelled statuettes from the eighth to the fifth century B.C. Phœnician and Greek traders brought cargoes of them to all the coasts, to Asia Minor, to the islands of the Archipelago, to Carthage, Sardinia, Italy; Egyptian statuettes, and other objects, have been found at Rome in the unrestored portions of the wall of Servius Tullius, evidently mingled with the earth when the foundations were laid, as preservative amulets. Religious or philosophical doctrines much resemble industrial products: they are spread over the earth, and, when they are not expatriated by their own act, foreigners come to collect them in their native place. Many Greek scholars, philosophers and theologians travelled in Egypt at that time, and brought back ideas which sometimes had a great vogue. What was stale and commonplace on the banks of the Nile would be regarded as original and novel in the towns of the Ægean Sea or the Ionian Coast. It was then that the Orphic doctrines prevailed; it was then, doubtless, that the Eleusinian mysteries assumed the form in which we know them, and which Foucart explains in so delightful a fashion.

VII

A FORGOTTEN CAPITAL OF PHARAONIC EGYPT

TELL EL-ARMARNA, the inaccurate name given to the site of one of the ancient capitals of the Pharaohs, is marked by a vast amphitheatre of low, sandy hills worn by water-courses, by a narrow strip of earth of meagre cultivation along the Nile, by three villages at intervals of a few miles from south to north, and near the largest a heap of broken walls running in every direction, by scattered bricks, fragments of limestone and granite, and by the half-filled trenches that distinguish the sites of excavations in Egypt. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the preservation of the town was such that the direction of the streets and the contours of the houses and palaces could be distinguished: the members of the French commission drew a plan which was reproduced in the works of Lepsius and Prisse d'Avennes. How comes it that what they saw has perished? The usurers and traders of Mellaoui provided themselves thence with materials for their buildings, the peasants of the district obtained thence great baskets of *sebakh*, the nitreous dust which is the manure of the Saîd, seekers after antiquities worked the site to secure antiques that sell easily, especially the blue, green, yellow, red, white, violet enamelled rings so beloved of the tourist; and lastly the discovery of a correspondence in cuneiform writing [1] and the imprudence of travellers in search of a good find, sent the natives into the field, with the result

[1] Cf. Chapter I.

that they have destroyed everything. When Flinders Petrie went there to carry on excavations scarcely anything remained of what his predecessors had discovered. But all the same he set to work with his characteristic energy, and if he was compelled to confirm the disappearance of entire buildings in some places, he succeeded in unearthing elsewhere documents of value for the history of Egypt and of the ancient world.[1]

That corner of the earth has known strange fortunes. In the beginning it was a dependency of Hermopolis and without a life of its own. The mountains which form its eastern boundary contain, it is true, quarries of a very pure and fine alabaster that had been worked from the time of the Memphian kings, but the port where the blocks were loaded was farther south, and the activity which the working of the quarries produced only affected that place. The amphitheatre of El-Amarna seems to have been, then as now, a moderately fertile province, sparsely populated, exposed to the nomad marauders of the outskirts of the desert. Suddenly, about the fifteenth century B.C., an eccentric Pharaoh, Amenôthês IV, took a violent liking to it, went to live there, laid out gardens, built palaces and temples, established his court and transferred the government there; from one day to the next a town sprang up where before there had only been obscure hamlets, and for about twenty years the destinies of the world hung on the spot. The earliest students to discover this fact and to try and find out the reason, were struck first by the strange physiognomy given to the sovereign and his family by contemporary artists, and then by the hatred shown, officially at least, by the chief personages of the state to the god of Thebes, Amonrâ, lord of Karnak. They put forth the most preposterous hypotheses to explain these anomalies, and

[1] W. M. Flinders Petrie: *Tell-el-Amarna*, with Chapters by Prof. A. H. Sayce, F. Ll. Griffith, E. G. J. Spurrell. 1894.

they made Amenôthês IV sometimes an eunuch, sometimes a woman, although the monuments represented him dressed as a man and accompanied by a queen, whom he appeared to love affectionately. They were all in agreement in declaring him an idiot or a fanatic, or both together; as the god of whom he declared himself the devoted servant was named Atonou, and, as Atonou is assonant with the name of the Phœnician Adonis, they imagined that he had tried to acclimatize an Asiatic worship in Egypt, or an ancient Egyptian worship modified by Asiatic ideas. But what motive could a Pharaoh of pure race have had for suddenly worshipping a strange divinity? He might have done so from his earliest childhood under the influence of a Syrian mother, whence the conclusion that Tîyi, the wife of Amenôthês III and the mother of Amenôthês IV was a Semitic princess. Anything and everything may be easily explained by a few hypotheses.

The truth, as it now begins to be evolved from documentary evidence, is not very complicated. Tîyi is not a princess, nor did she come from Asia: she sprung from an Egyptian family who had no connection with the royal House, and it was probably love that gave her the rank of queen, usually attainable only by the daughters of the race of Pharaoh. The son she had by her husband grew to have a horror of the Theban Amon. Perhaps the priests were opposed to the choice of him as heir. Directly he was master he resolved to destroy their power, and he transferred his homage from their idol to Atonou, the Disk of the Sun, an ancient god of Heliopolis. It was a very serious step, for, in denying the religion of his ancestors, he excited the hostility of the richest priesthood in the world and, what was even more serious, the hatred of his own capital, for Thebes was the city of Amon before it was that of the Pharaohs. In Egypt, the city and its divine

patron were so closely united that to touch one was perforce to attack the other; neither Thebes, nor Memphis, nor the smallest village would have denied its god even to gain the favour of the sovereign. If Amenôthês had adopted the sun, Râ, Khopri, Atoumou, as worshipped at Heliopolis, he need only have migrated to Heliopolis and proclaimed it his capital, but as he chose a secondary form of the sun of Heliopolis, Heliopolis, no more than Thebes, could renounce its master, and the only resource left was to build a new city where Atonou would have the supreme power. We do not know the motives that led him to choose the district of El-Amarna; he was probably attracted by the extent of the plain, by its central position in the kingdom, especially by the absence of important divinities or sanctuaries that would have to be dispossessed. He marked off a district from the nome of Heliopolis, and demonstrated its boundaries by stelæ engraved on the rocks, and made of it a new nome which he called Khouît-Atonou, "the Horizon of the Solar Disk," like the town. About the same time he renounced the name of Amenôthês, which consecrated him to his enemy Amon, and desired to be called henceforth Khouniatonou, "the Glory of the Solar Disk." Oriental monarchs never found any difficulty in improvising residences; Khouniatonou undertook to build the temple and the palace, and those about him did the rest. The temple was spread over an immense surface, of which the sanctuary, properly so called, only occupied a very small part; it was flanked by brick store-houses, and a huge wall surrounded the whole. It was of fine white limestone, but almost bare of ornament; there was not time to decorate it suitably. The palace was of brick, and consisted of spacious halls and of small chambers into which the servants were crowded. Columns supported the chief apartments, those where the Pharaoh

gave audience, but the material of the partition walls and of the pillars was invariably covered with white stucco or lime-wash, on which scenes from private life were painted in bright colours. The pavement was painted like the walls. In one of the apartments, apparently used by the women, a picture of a rectangular basin filled with fish can still be seen. Tufts of water-plants and flowering shrubs adorn the banks, among which birds are flying and calves are frisking; small tables laden with fruits stand in rows to the right and left, and a file of negro and Syrian prisoners, separated by enormous arches, are displayed on the short sides. The tonality of the whole is clear and bright; the animals are drawn with a breadth and freedom and facility that surprise and delight the visitor.

Flinders Petrie has picked up fragments of statues representing Khouniatonou, his wife, and the members of their family, all over the ruins. He has even found a plaster mask, so remarkably life-like that he does not hesitate to recognize it as the sovereign's death mask, taken a very few moments after death as a model for the sculptors who were to decorate the tomb. They are the most interesting pieces to study. The first, which go back to the beginning of the reign, are conceived in the conventional style customary for royal statues under the XVIIIth Dynasty. Amenôthês IV is scarcely to be distinguished from his father Amenôthês III; he has the regular and somewhat heavy features and the idealized body of the orthodox Pharaohs. We might say that in renouncing his name, he wished to renounce his face, for his portraits, at the time when he was named Khouniatonou, give him a paradoxical appearance. They have a long, narrow head, culminating in a sugar loaf, a receding forehead, a large, aquiline, pointed nose, a small mouth, an enormous chin jutting forward awkwardly, and attached to a long, thin neck;

no shoulders or muscles to speak of, but so round a chest, so balloon-like a stomach, such broad hips on such fat thighs, that we might imagine ourselves to be looking at a woman. The general outline easily lends itself to caricature, and contemporary artists have so exaggerated the details, intentionally perhaps, that it is almost grotesque; the man himself, however, had nothing ridiculous about him, and in some of his portraits he possesses a languid grace, as if due to delicate health, which is not without dignity. He seems to have been good and affectionate; he loved his wife passionately, and he associated her with the acts of his reign. If he went out to climb up to the temple, she accompanied him in a chariot. If he publicly honoured a servant, she stood by him and helped him to distribute the gold decorations. She worshipped the "Solar Disk" with him, she served him in the intimacy of private life when in the harem he laid aside the cares of public business, and they were so united that one bas-relief shows her seated lovingly on her husband's knees, a posture of which we do not know any other example. They had six daughters, whom they brought up to live with them in unrestrained familiarity; the girls accompanied their parents wherever they went, and played about the throne while they fulfilled their royal duties. The gentleness and gaiety of the masters was reflected in the life of the subjects; the pictures we have of it are filled with processions, cavalcades, banquets, amusements. The Pharaoh rewards the high priest Marirîya with golden collars for his services; the people dance round him with joy. Houîya returns from Syria, and solemnly offers the tribute collected during his inspection of the Asiatic provinces; the sovereign renders thanks to his god, carried in his palanquin on his officers' shoulders, to the singing of hymns and the swinging of large fans. Prince Aî marries the nurse of one of the princesses;

the whole town disports itself, and drinks deeply at the wedding. Do not imagine that such continual festivals were harmful to the administration of the State: Khouniatonou carefully watched over the foreign policy, and the *prestige* of Egypt suffered neither in Ethiopia nor in Syria.

When examined at close quarters the ruins of the private dwellings are even more curious than those of the palace. They show us what a town was like at the time of the great Egyptian power, and how the people lived while its chiefs were enriching themselves with the treasures of Africa and Asia. Some of the houses evidently belonged to nobles, and furnish an idea of the comfort with which the wealthy surrounded themselves: lofty ceilings, supported on columns under which it was cool during the heat of the day; small bedrooms of a pleasant aspect; immense store-houses for provisions and material; kitchens well supplied with stoves. The houses of the common people are small but convenient, and are much like the dwellings of a citizen in easy circumstances in Upper Egypt at the present day. The pictures drawn in the hypogeums complete the work of the excavations, and with their help we can restore in imagination the furniture and decoration. Fragments of plates and dishes and kitchen utensils supply positive information about their food. Flinders Petrie collected necks of amphoræ by the hundred, on which information as to their contents is stamped or written; they are for the most part wines of different growths and years, but also palm wine, oil, honey, liqueurs, preserves, all of the best that was eaten and drunk at the tables of the Pharaohs. We can imagine the common people occupied in the employments usual in a big city at that period, but only two important industries have left sensible traces, that of the glass-maker and the potter. The Egyptians of the XVIIIth Dynasty were extremely

fond of enamelled pottery: the instinct of physical cleanliness, which was strongly developed in them, made them greatly value for ordinary use vases and utensils and jewellery covered with enamel, which was as easy to keep clean and to wash as it was cool to look at and to touch. Flinders Petrie discovered several places where glass and coloured enamels were worked, and he has reconstructed the manipulations in detail. He describes the ovens, the crucibles, some of which are still filled with vitreous paste, ashes, the refuse of the manufacture: analysis has revealed the composition of several kinds of coloured glass. It is a curious chapter in the history of ancient glass making, and it is to be wished that all directors of excavations would attach as much importance to the discovery of similar objects: we should soon come to know thoroughly the material and technique of the industries, the marvellous products of which are daily unearthed. Several of the sculptors' studios contain models, sketches, rough drafts, rapidly thrown off or retouched, for the unfinished statues no longer rare in our museums; what they offer us that is new is a sufficiently considerable number of plaster castings. I obtained several pieces of the sort at Thebes, Abydos and Coptos, but they were mixed up with objects of such different dates that it was impossible to fix their period, and decide if they belonged to the Græco-Roman time, or if they went back to the age of the Pharaohs. It must now be admitted that the sculptors of the great Theban epoch readily employed plaster castings, and several facts, recently ill understood, urge me to believe that the sculptors of Memphis employed it equally often and with equal skill.

The bas-reliefs that decorate the tombs of El-Amarna are as eccentric in manner as the statues and paintings brought to light in the town. The pictures bear little resemblance to those of the Theban tombs of the same

century, and it has therefore been concluded that the religious revolution brought with it a revolution in art. But that is a manifest exaggeration, and as soon as the matter is thoroughly examined we are compelled to alter our opinion. The difference lies much more in the nature of the scenes than in the manner in which they are executed. In conventions, drawing, composition, the artists of El-Amarna do not differ in essentials from those who flourished in Thebes at that time. This is explained if we reflect on the conditions in which they were recruited. The king reserved for himself the men who had worked for his father, the Thebans or provincials trained in the Theban school, and no detail is to be observed in his statues that distinguishes them from those of Amenôthês III: the perfection of both is similar. The contractors for the funeral ceremonies who undertook to prepare the tombs would not certainly have found the sculptors they needed in the locality itself: the people who had hitherto lived at El-Amarna were too poor to aspire to the luxury of a decorated tomb. The larger number of workmen must have been procured partly from Thebes and partly from Hermopolis, the nearest city; the provincials were naturally less skilful than the others, and, in fact, after a visit to the tombs of El-Amarna, we willingly admit that their technique is rough and awkward. They possess nothing that can be compared, even a long way off, with the bas-reliefs of Houîya or of Khâmhaît at Thebes. They please the eye by the variety of their subjects, and by the freedom of their method. According to tradition the dead, whose last dwelling-place they furnished, wished, in recalling the principal acts of their life, to assure their *doubles* of the possession of the rank and dignities they had enjoyed in this world; as they ought to find them again with the god of Khouîtatonou, they had their career at Khouîtatonou painted, their inter-

views with the king, the rewards they had received, the ceremonial which had accompanied their visits to court. It is thus a question of archæology, and not one of evolution in the development of Egyptian art. The honest artisans who covered the walls with their sketches only thought to interpret to the best of their ability the patterns that the master-designers, the *ganouatiou*, gave out to them, who themselves had only fitted the motives used at Thebes or in the rest of Egypt to the worship of Atonou and to the new city.

The town prospered while its founder supported it; but that was for a very short time. Petrie and Griffith have cleverly succeeded in restoring the chronology of that epoch; they reckon that the king died in the eighteenth year of his reign. His daughters succeeded him in the order of primogeniture, or rather the husbands of his daughters. First Samankhkerîya, then Toutanoukhamanou, then Aî. Khouniatonou had only had one sincere believer in his religion—himself; when he died the zeal of the others cooled, and the worship of Amon again prevailed. The work of numerous generations is not to be destroyed in a day, and Thebes had too long held the first rank for the caprice or hatred of one man to overturn her so quickly. Khouniatonou determined to replace her by a new city, and had he lived he would doubtless have persisted to the end in his desire to displace her. His successors, Thebans by origin, vassals of Amon by birth, had no motive in persevering. Samankhkerîya had probably only a very brief reign, but Toutanoukhamanou occupied the throne for some time, and he had not reigned for more than three or four years before he abandoned "the Horizon of the Disk" and the Disk itself. He returned to Thebes, took part in the ceremonies of the old worship; his brother-in-law Aî, who succeeded him, acted in the same manner. The court followed their example,

and the town faded away as rapidly as it had blossomed forth. The life of the streets stopped, the palaces and temples were deserted, the tombs remained unfinished or unoccupied; its patron became again what he had been formerly, an adventurer god relegated to the third or fourth rank in the Egyptian Pantheon. The town vegetated for a short time longer, thanks to the industries which had been planted there; then the enamel factories were closed and the workmen migrated to Thebes or Hermopolis. "The Horizon of Atonou" was erased from the list of nomes, and soon nothing was left of what had for a moment been the capital of the empire, but a heap of falling ruins and two or three fellaheen villages scattered about the western bank of the Nile. The royal palace was not only abandoned, it was deliberately and purposely dismantled and despoiled of the works of art it contained. Only valueless objects were left behind, and among them a portion of the diplomatic correspondence carried on by Amenôthês III and Amenôthês IV with the governors of Syria, or with the independent sovereigns of Mitâni, Assyria and Chaldæa.

A fortunate chance revealed to us the history of this ephemeral greatness, but during the forty centuries that ancient Egypt lasted how many of these capitals of a day must there not have been, called to life by a Pharaoh's caprice and left to decay by a Pharaoh's disdain! The sovereigns who built the pyramids had each theirs, and Memphis itself, before becoming the metropolis of the whole country, was merely the temporary residence of Pioupi I, one of the most celebrated monarchs of the VIth Dynasty. The valley was sown with these dead or dying cities, and their fate suggested matter for melancholy reflections to moralists and poets: "I have heard what happened to our ancestors: *their walls are destroyed, their place*

is vanished." A few escaped destruction, for example the residences of Sanouosrît (Ousirtasen) II and of Amen-emhâît III, which Petrie has explored near the entrance of Fayoum. The houses there are almost intact, whole quarters of the city are still standing, and furniture abounds, chiefly that of the poor or of the lower middle classes, very valuable to us from its antiquity, for it goes back further than the thirteenth century B.C. The ruins of El-Amarna have suffered greatly from time and from men, but we know the exact date at which the town was built, as well as that at which it was abandoned, the circumstances that favoured its rise and hastened its fall, the god worshipped there, the life led there by the people. The history of Egypt, when contemplated from a distance, seems uniform, accidents are effaced and disappear; but if we approach nearer, a multitude of details become detached from its course, and a multitude of incidents which break the monotony are distinguished. Leaving aside murders of princes and the dramas of the harem, Egypt's religious or political revolutions have been as numerous and as unexpected as those of modern empires. We know almost exactly what happened at El-Amarna under Amenôthês IV; many similar episodes will come to light when excavations carried on as conscientiously as those of Flinders Petrie shall compel the earth to restore the documents it has so long kept hidden.

THE TEMPLE OF HATSHOPSOUÎTOU AT DEIR EL BAHARÎ AFTER NAVILLE'S EXCAVATIONS.

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VIII

THE TEMPLE OF DEÎR EL-BAHARÎ

TRAVELLERS who visited the ruins of Thebes five or six years ago doubtless remember what a strangely desolate aspect the valley of Deîr El-Baharî then presented. Portions of walls were seen sticking out of the sand in inextricable confusion, fragments of statues and columns lay about in company with two terraces placed one on the other, abutting on porticoes more than half buried under the rubbish; a vault might be seen, the dislocated blocks of which threatened to fall at the least movement; close by were granite doors framed in the ruins of delicately-sculptured white limestone partition walls, and dominating all stood a miserable tower of dried bricks of a dirty grey colour, the only fragment then standing of a Copt monastery built on the foundations of the pagan edifice. The physiognomy of the site is now completely changed. The tower has been demolished, and the sand no longer hides the balustrades and columns. On the northern side of the valley a portico has been dug out of marvellous elegance and exquisite proportions; the best period of Greek art produced nothing of greater delicacy or charm. Naville and his lieutenants in three winters brought to light perhaps the most original monuments that are our legacy from the Pharaohs of the great Theban Dynasties. Mariette began the attack, and the result gained made him persevere in his enterprise even when money was lacking; Naville, better equipped, with more

resources and less burdened with administrative work, will leave nothing for future students to do.[1]

What has been found is the mausoleum of two kings, Thoutmôsis I and Thoutmôsis II, built by themselves, and of a queen, Hatshopsouîtou, daughter of one and wife of the other. Hatshopsouîtou appropriated it to herself, and allowed the men of the family only the strictly necessary space. On the death of her husband she reigned alone, and desiring to show posterity what a woman could do when entrusted with the administration of an empire, she engraved and painted pictures on the walls illustrating in detail her principal acts. Mariette published nearly all that illustrate the maritime expedition to the land of incense; Naville unearthed others completing those which describe in detail the memorable voyage. Hatshopsouîtou is anxious to tell us herself that one day when she was praying in the temple of Amon, "her supplications ascended to the throne of the master of Karnak, and in the Holy of Holies an order was heard, a command of the god to explore the ways that led to Pouanît, to traverse the roads leading to the 'Ports of Incense.'" The Theban priests could only procure the essences required for the sacrifices through foreign traders; and thus the essences were exposed to injury in the slow transit in Africa, and were soiled by the contact of impure hands. Besides, the traders confused, under the single name *anatiou*, substances of very different origin and quality, several of which could scarcely be regarded as perfumes, or were reputed not to be pleasing to the gods. One kind that is still found in Somaliland, and there only, pleased them more than all others; but "no one any longer ascends to the 'Ports,' none of the Egyptians, and if the ports are spoken of, it is only from hearsay." They were remembered

[1] G. Naville: *Deîr El-Bahari*, 1892–1893; *Deîr El-Bahari*, Part I, 1893–1894; *Deîr El-Bahari*, Part II, 1894–1895, London.

as a region situated in the distant south or east. Amon undertook to describe it and reveal its whereabouts. "The 'Ports' form a secret district of Tonoutir; it is, in fact, a place of delight. I created it, and wish to conduct your Majesty thither, so that incense can be taken at will and vessels laden with it in all joy, living trees of incense and all the products of that land." Hâtshopsouîtou chose five sound ships, equipped them in the most approved fashion, loaded them with goods likely to find favour with the savages, and launched them in the Red Sea on the track of the incense.

We do not know from what port the squadron set out, nor how many days it took to reach Pouanît. It passed Saouakîn, Massaouah; it touched at the Ilîm, who inhabited the latitudes of Bab-el-Mandeb; it crossed the strait, and at last reached the coast of Somali, the land which produced the incense. The barbarous region visited later by Greek and Roman merchants stretched from the bay of Zeilah to Ras-Hafoun. The first stations they encountered on issuing from the Red Sea, Avalis, Malao, Moundos, Mosyllon were unsafe, exposed roadsteads; but beyond Mosyllon they found several creeks (wadys), of which the last, the Elephant river, situated between Ras-el-Fîl and Cape Guardafui, seems to have allowed of ships of shallow draught ascending it. It was there, probably, that Hatshopsouîtou's sailors made land. They went up the river as far as the point where the tides are no longer felt, and stopped in sight of a village scattered along the bank amid sycamores and palms. Round huts were to be seen with conical roofs, and no opening except the door; they were perched on piles as a protection from wild beasts or floods, and they were entered by movable ladders. Oxen lying under the trees chewed the cud. The natives were tall, slender, and of a colour varying between brick-red and a brown so dark as to be almost black. The

beard ended in a point, and the hair was sometimes cut short and sometimes arranged in rows of small curls, or fell over the shoulders in thin locks. The men's costume was merely a waist-cloth, the women's a yellow sleeveless robe, tied at the waist, falling half-way down the legs. The commander of the squadron disembarked at first with eight soldiers. He displayed the various gifts on a low table: five bracelets, two gold collars, a poniard with its sheath and belt, a battle-axe, eleven strings of glass beads. The people, dazzled by the sight of so many precious things, with their chief at their head, ran to meet him, and showed a very natural astonishment. "How," they asked, "did you reach this country unknown to men? Have you descended by the paths of the sky, or have you sailed by water on the land of Tonoutir? You have followed the road of the Sun, for no one can be out of the way of the king of the land of Egypt, and his breath is our life." Their chief was named Parihou, and was distinguished from his subjects by a boomerang he brandished in his hand, by his dagger and glass necklace; his right leg was hidden by a sort of sheath made of rings of a yellow metal, probably gold. His wife, Atouî, possessed the sort of beauty which is pleasing in those countries, a greasy puffiness in which the lines of the body are lost under a mass of flesh. The first courtesies exchanged, the Egyptians began on serious business. They set up a tent in which they stored the wares they had brought, and to prevent temptation surrounded it with a cordon of troops. The principal conditions of the bargain were settled at a banquet; each article was paid for immediately on delivery. For several days there was a continual procession of persons driving donkeys laden with produce. The purchases of the Egyptians consisted of a little of everything: elephants' teeth, gold, ebony, cassia, myrrh, baboons and apes, greyhounds, leopard

skins, oxen, slaves, even thirty-one incense-trees uprooted with their mould and transplanted in baskets. The stowage was long and difficult; when there was no more room on board and the ships were filled to overflowing, they set sail and steered for the north.

On their return the queen held high festival in their honour; the Theban troops came out to meet them; the royal flotilla escorted them to the landing-stage of the temple, where they formed in procession to go and offer their booty to the god. The good people of Thebes, assembled to see them, admired the procession, the barbarous hostages, the incense-trees, the incense itself, the cats, the giraffe, the oxen, which the chronicles of the time, with the usual official exaggeration, reckon by hundreds and thousands. The trees were planted at Deîr El-Baharî, and a sacred garden was improvised for them; square trenches were dug in the rock and filled with earth, and being well watered they flourished there. In the course of his excavations Naville found the draining wells, the mud they contained, the vegetable rubbish heaped in them. The big piles of fragrant vegetable matter became the object of special care; Hatshopsouîtou "gave a silver-gilt bushel measure to gauge the mass of gums, the first time the perfumes were measured for Amon, lord of Karnak, master of the heaven, and present to him the marvels that Pouanît produced. Thot, the lord of Hermopolis, registered the amounts in writing, the goddess Safkhîtâboui audited the accounts. Her Majesty made an aromatic essence with her own hands with which to anoint her person; she exhaled the odour of the divine dew, its perfume penetrated to Pouanît, her skin shone like gold, and her face like the stars in the large Festival Hall." The claims of piety satisfied, those of coquetry had their turn, and the woman reappeared beneath the monarch. The bas-reliefs of Deîr El-Baharî show the little squadron going with full sail

towards the unknown, its arrival at the end of its voyage, the meeting with the natives, the emphatic palavers, the bargain freely concluded, and thanks to the minute care with which the smallest details of the action are drawn, we assist as if we had been present at the various operations comprised in the maritime life not only of the Egyptians, but of other Eastern nations. The Phœnicians, when they adventured into the distant waters of the Mediterranean, must certainly have equipped and managed their ships in a similar manner. The scenery of the places on the Grecian and Asiatic coasts on which they disembarked is not the same as that of Pouanît, but they used the same objects of barter, and they acted in regard to the tribes of Europe exactly as the Egyptians did in regard to the barbarians of the Red Sea.

The honour of discovering this chapter of history belongs almost entirely to Mariette.[1] One thing, however, belongs to Naville and to him alone: a series of pictures illustrating and describing the circumstances that preceded and accompanied the birth of the queen. The action passes partly among the gods, partly among mortals. We learn how one night the Princess Ahmôsis, wife of the Pharaoh, Thoutmôsis I, reposing in the harem, was suddenly awakened by a bright light and a strong perfume. The god Amonrâ had deserted his sanctuary of Karnak for her; after honouring her with his caresses, he announced to her that a child would be born of his divine love who would have a glorious reign and a long life "on the throne of the Horus of the living." He then vanished, and in the next picture Ahmôsis had reached the term of her pregnancy. The guardian divinities of women in travail lead her gently to her bed of pain, and the expression of fatigue on her features, the languishing charm of her

[1] Mariette: *Deîr El-Bahari*, Leipzig, 1876.

whole person, makes her portrait a fine piece of sculpture. The child, the daughter, who, in the near future, will be the Queen Hatshopsouîtou, enters the world amid shouts of joy; propitious genii receive her; goddesses give her suck, gods give her a royal education. Years pass by; she is the heir of the Egyptian throne, the successor appointed to reign. Her father, Thoutmôsis, summons the delegates of the country and presents her to them. He enumerates her titles in long flowery orations, and places the pschent on her head; she is thenceforth Pharaoh, and she tries her best to dissimulate that she is a woman. She modifies her name, Hatshopsouîtou, which means *the chief of the august favourites among the women*, by a masculine termination that changes the signification into *the chief of the august* favourites. In the public ceremonies she wears the costume of a man; on the monuments her chest is bared, her bosom flat, her hips slender, she wears a short waistcloth, the diadem or helmet is placed on smooth hair, a beard is fastened to her chin; indeed, she keeps nothing of the woman except the habit of speaking of herself in the feminine gender on the inscriptions. These curious scenes of divine marriage, destined to attach the child who is to be the legitimate ruler of the city directly to the god of the city, are found in two other monuments of a different epoch, and perhaps other examples will be discovered; in the sanctuary of Louxor it is the Pharaoh Amenôthês III; in that of Erment it is Ptolemy Cæsarion, the son of Cæsar and Cleopatra, whose birth is explained in this mysterious manner.

According to the theory of that time, the king descended directly from the Sun, the god who created the world, and was the first to reign over the valley of the Nile. As no one who did not touch the divine race at some point could be Pharaoh, the founders of Dynasties supplied the deficiencies of their nobility by invent-

ing extraordinary genealogies which attached them from on high to a former Dynasty, especially by marriage with one of the numerous princesses who belonged to the harem of their predecessors. The nobility of each member of a family and his right to power were commensurate with the quality of the solar blood which flowed in his veins; he who inherited it from both father and mother took precedence of him who held it only from either father or mother. But one of the most strictly observed of Egyptian laws intervenes there to establish distinctions which no longer hold in our civilization. The most sacred marriage was that between brother and sister, and it acquired the highest degree of perfection if the brother and sister in question were themselves the children of a similar marriage. This peculiarity of Egyptian manners, which seems to us a refinement of incest, was regarded as an institution of divine origin, most fitting to preserve the purity of the race. It produced important consequences for the history of the country, and a great number of legal dispositions or fictions destined to palliate its effect on questions of the royal succession, or to supplement the lack of legitimacy which it brought in its train, to the detriment of the heirs male. If, for example, as his heir, a sovereign had a son born of a slave or of a concubine of inferior rank, chosen at hazard among the people, and a daughter born of his union with one of his sisters by his father and mother, she was really the heir designate, and the boy took lower rank. They were married, however, but their children, having as father a prince crossed with the common people, and mortal, were only hybrids compounded of less pure matter. Then the ancestral god had to interfere. Amon deigned to descend to earth, and taking the shape of the husband, united himself with the woman. The offspring of these supernatural relations was of the pure race of the Sun, and could give

birth to legitimate princes or princesses. Thoutmôsis I was only of half solar blood, for his mother was an obscure concubine, and his wife Ahmôsis was born of brother and sister parents, King Amenôthês I and Queen Ahhotpou II; to compensate for his inferiority the assistance of Amon was called in, and therefore we see at Deîr El-Baharî the strange scenes discovered by Naville.

IX

A TRILINGUAL INSCRIPTION IN PRAISE OF C. CORNELIUS GALLUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

It seems very unlikely that a hieroglyphic inscription could help to determine a date in the life of a Latin author; but such an event has just occurred. Captain Lyons, to whom the Egyptian Government recently entrusted the examination of the sub-structure of the island of Philæ, came across, in the course of his work, two pieces of a sandstone stela, used at that time by the inhabitants to support the wall of a house. They preserve the remains of several inscriptions, one above the other, the first in Egyptian, the second in Latin, and the third in Greek. All are in praise of C. Cornelius Gallus, son of Cneius, knight, in his lifetime, statesman, general, and poet. He was born at Frejus, in Gaul, and was a school-fellow of Virgil; he was thirty-nine years old when the favour of Augustus appointed him the first Roman governor of the province of Egypt. The successive defeats of Cleopatra and of Antony caused rebellions that it was his chief duty to quell. The task was easy in the neighbourhood of Alexandria and Memphis, the districts nearest to the sea; but things were more troublesome in the Saîd, and the rebels were only put down after some hard fighting.

The views held by the races who dwelt there were due to their political condition. In spite of ten centuries of humiliation, they could not forget that they had formerly ruled the whole valley, and that their city of

Thebes had possessed the world. When, after the fall of Ramses, the supremacy devolved on the cities of the Delta, Memphis, Tanis, Bubastis, Sais, they desired to have their own lords, first the high-priests of Amon, then princes in whom the blood of the high-priests was mingled with that of the Ethiopian Pharaohs. They constituted a kind of autonomous state, semi-theocratic and semi-warlike, hostile to the usurpers of the north, and continually fighting them to defend their independence. Psammetichus, Necho, Amasis, the most celebrated representatives of the last national Dynasties, were not obeyed on account of their personal title, but because they married princesses in whom alone the South recognized the right to reign over them; while elsewhere they were recognized in their own right, in the Thebaïd they were tolerated by right of their wives. When the last of them died without issue, there were found among the descendants of the old feudal nobility persons who declared that some far-off alliance united them to one or other of the families that had formerly worn the double crown; they entered upon the heritage of the Thebans, and became the champions of Pharaonic legitimacy against foreign conquerors, Persians, or Macedonians. The fellaheen of the Saîd seemed untouched by outside influences. They submitted to them because they did not feel themselves strong enough to throw them off, and outwardly accepted the modifications imposed by them on their political or private life. They paid the tax, rendered military service, conformed to the rites of the new administration, wrote the names of the Achæmenidæ and Ptolemies at the head of their decrees, or on the walls of their temples; but their obedience ended with these outward observances, and they kept to their former customs and ideas in everything not expressly commanded by the foreign governments. When the Greek strategus had collected the taxes, and

settled business about which they were compelled to consult him, they returned to their usual way of life, which contained all the forms used in the Egypt of the Thoutmôsis or Ramses. The Greek was no longer the real head of the state for them; the true ruler was the noble, or the hereditary priest, and, if he chanced to have a few drops of the blood royal in his veins, he was the rightful king whom they reverenced secretly until the day when some fortunate circumstance might give them courage to declare him king *de facto*, and to crown him publicly. At least a century and a half before the death of Cleopatra two of those claimants were successful in rousing the city of Thebes itself, and they succeeded each other on the throne while the Ptolemies were quarrelling in the north. They were veritable Pharaohs, with cartouches, sceptres in the hand, the uræus on the forehead, the traditional helmets and crowns; they held sway only over a half-dozen towns or villages, but the first princes of the XIth or XVIIth Dynasties had begun by being equally unimportant petty kings, and their original weakness did not prevent them from making the nomes into a united state, and then forming an immense empire? They had not time to strengthen and extend their authority; Ptolemy Epiphanes laid his hand on Thebes, and chastised the rebels in a cruel manner. He did not succeed in crushing the spirit of independence that animated the land, and there were rebellions after his death, the last of which was only put down by Ptolemy Auletes at the cost of a bloody war. Thebes succumbed, after a long siege, in 67; her walls were razed to the ground, her population scattered. She never recovered the blow then inflicted.

Strabo attributes the insurrection which broke out against the Romans in the south directly after the conquest to the burden of the heavy taxes. It is more prob-

able that the nomes of the Saîd profited by the disorder preceding Cleopatra's death to drive out the Greek garrisons and restore the local Dynasties. When Alexandria was taken, and Egypt annexed to the Empire, they naturally refused to pay to the new master the tribute they had refused to the old. They had, doubtless, only confused ideas as to what Rome was; they merely knew that it was situated somewhere beyond the seas, and believed that the distance would save them from her attacks. Gallus was forced to carry on the campaign with great zeal in order to gain possession of a people who would not bow to his authority: "C. Cornelius, son of Cneius Gallus, Roman knight, the first prefect of Alexandria and Egypt after the defeat of the kings by Cæsar, son of the divine Julius, for having subdued the rebellion of the Thebaïd in a fortnight, during which he twice defeated the enemy in drawn battle, for having taken five towns, Borêsis, Coptos, Keramîké, Diospolis the Great, Ophiæon, and having killed the leaders of those rebellions, for having been the first to lead an army beyond the cataract of the Nile, to which place neither the standards of the Roman people, nor of the Egyptian kings, had penetrated, after having subdued the Thebaïd, a terror common to all the kings, heard near Philæ the envoys of the king of the Ethiopians, received that king under the protection of the Roman people, placed a vassal prince in the Triacontaschene on the frontier of Ethiopia [erected this stela] to the gods of the country, and propitious to the Nile [as a thanksgiving]." This refers to the taking possession and the organization of the territories that for nearly seven centuries to come belonged to the Cæsars, and then to the Byzantine Emperors. The Pharaoh of Ethiopia wished to conciliate his neighbour, and suddenly dispatched an embassy to him to knit up amicable relations. Gallus pretended to see a sign of subjection

in this proceeding, but the different terms he employs in the Latin and in the Greek in order to express his thought, prove that he knew the truth. In one he speaks of the protection and guardianship accepted by the sovereign; in the other he merely observes that the king has proposed to him to be his guest, and he gives the pretended declaration of vassalage its character of an offer of consulship. Dion Cassius explains that the enemies of Cornelius Gallus later accused him to Augustus of affecting the style of a king rather than that of a simple governor, and, in support of their words, quoted the inscriptions engraved on the facing of the pyramids of Gizeh. Displaced, recalled to Rome, and feeling himself a ruined man, he killed himself to escape punishment, the first example of those suicides that increased so greatly from the time of the rule of Tiberius. Augustus complained that he had been robbed of his vengeance. The inscriptions of the pyramids no longer exist, but those of Philæ offer a good sample of what they must have been, and their tone shows that the man had a good opinion of himself. The language is firm, and the turns of expression exaggerated, as in most of the inscriptions of that period; but in reading them it is easy to imagine that Augustus may have felt some anxiety about the fidelity of a general who knew so well how to extol his own merits.

It is difficult for a contemporary not to be reminded of that more modern inscription found in a good position on the inner post of the great door at Philæ. Eighteen centuries after the Gaul, Cornelius, other Gauls, sent by chance to Nubia, and wishing to leave behind a souvenir of their presence, recorded in lapidary style how in "the year VI of the Republic, the 12th Messidor, a French army, commanded by Bonaparte, landed at Alexandria. Twenty days later the army, having put the Mamelukes to flight at the Pyramids,

Desaix, commander of the first division, pursued them beyond the cataracts, where he arrived the 13th Nîvose of the year VII." The French inscription is simpler than the Latin, but the sentiment at base is the same in both. In this age of rapid communication we regard the First Cataract as a place rather distant from London or Paris, but to be reached in ten days by any one who understands how to arrange the journey. The temples of Philæ are visited by periodical caravans of cheap tourists, and every winter the Pronaos is the scene of almost as many picnics as of offerings and sacrifices in pagan times. In the time of Augustus the island was literally at the end of the world, and if it was not classed among fabulous lands, it was placed at the extreme borders of the actual world, at the point where incredible marvels began. Any number of stories were told of the height of the cataract, the volume of the water, its deafening noise, the boldness with which the dwellers on the banks descended it; beyond were the deserts of Africa, whence some new monster constantly appeared, regions haunted by sphinxes and onocentaurs, overrun by tribes of Oreillards and Sciapodes. Desaix's Frenchmen did not believe those tales, but the *Voyage* of Denon, or the Volumes of the *Description*, betray the influence of those memories of classical antiquity, and the feelings with which they planted their flags on the rocks where the legions had formerly planted their eagles. Both the Romans and the French had successfully accomplished in a few weeks what had seemed an almost impossible enterprise. We can well understand that they did not wish the memory of it to be lost. Cornelius Gallus narrated it in three languages, so that none who came after him should fail to understand. The stela must have had a good position, and above the inscription was a picture which attracted attention; it presented to our admiration a rider crushing fallen

barbarians under his horse's hoofs. It would be interesting to know the exact spot where the fragments were found; the details of the discovery might help us to learn if the stela was spared, and if it survived its builder, or if Augustus ordered it to be destroyed by the new prefect, so that the memory of the victory might be wiped out in the very place where the conqueror had desired to perpetuate it.

X

ON AN EGYPTIAN MONUMENT CONTAINING THE NAME OF ISRAEL [1]

THE gentle Menephtah, King of Egypt, was at least once in his life greatly alarmed when the Libyans invaded the eastern districts of the Delta, and pushed their vanguard as far as the neighbourhood of Memphis. He assembled his army, the native soldiers, the negro and Syrian battalions, his Shardanes guards; he marched to the encounter of the enemy, made all preparations for a decisive battle, but at the moment of entering on it he was seized with a very natural emotion, or his generals were for him. In his youth he had followed the army under the command of his father, the famous Ramses, and had borne himself in the fight as bravely as any, but forty years had elapsed since then; he was no longer young, and had laid aside arms, and might well ask what sort of a figure he would now make on the war chariot in active fight. But the king was eager to lead the troops himself, and all who had known Ramses recalled the story of his prowess at Quodshou, when, alone with his squire Manouna, he charged the chariots of the Khâti eight times in succession. It was a young man's exploit that the seventy-years-old Menephtah could scarcely repeat, and yet his absence at the moment of the decisive blow might disconcert the soldiers and diminish their courage. The gods who in those days interfered in the affairs of this world much more than is believed, intervened to bring him out of the awkward position and to save his honour

[1] W. Flinders Petrie: "Egypt and Israel," in the *Contemporary Review*, May 1896; reprinted in *Six Temples at Thebes*, London, 1897.

and dignity. The old king thought he saw in a dream a gigantic figure of Phtah rise up before him and prevent him from advancing. "Remain at Memphis," it cried, and held out to him the curved sword of the Pharaohs. "Be not discouraged!" His Majesty was naturally surprised. "But what am I to do?" "Send on your infantry," replied the god, "and let a large number of charioteers go in advance to the borders of the territory of Piriou." Menephtah did as Phtah said. He stayed in the town, sent his generals into danger, and when they had won the battle, returned triumphant to Thebes.

Priests, nobles, citizens, the poorer folk, everybody welcomed him with sincere enthusiasm, and the court historiographers took a great deal of trouble to invent new epithets in order to show posterity what a great warrior he was. The journal of the campaign was posted up in many places; in the temple of Memphis out of gratitude for the service rendered by Phtah, in the temple of Amon at Karnak, and in all places where narratives of the sort would be likely not to pass unnoticed. In one of the edifices built a century and a half before by the celebrated Amenôthês III, on the left bank of the Nile, there was a colossal stela of grey granite. Menephtah took possession of it, turned the side which bore the panegyric of his predecessor to the wall, and engraved on the unused side an inscription lately discovered by Flinders Petrie. It is a long hymn in his praise, in a style at times emphatic; we read of the arrival of the Libyans, their defeat, their headlong flight, the impression of terror produced on the tribes of the desert by the news of the disaster. "Their bands repeated his exploits to each other: 'Nothing similar has struck us since the age of Râ, the Sun!' And all the old men said to their sons: 'Unfortunate are the Libyans, their life is over. We can no longer

THE NAME OF ISRAEL ON THE TRIUMPHAL STELE OF MENEPHTAH.

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walk across our fields without fear, our security has been snatched from us in a single day; the Tahonou have been, as it were, devoured by the flames in a single year, Soutkhou, our god, has deserted our general, and his encampments have been taken by assault. There is no one to carry the bales in these days; to hide is all that is left us, and we shall only find safety within walls.' Egypt, on the contrary, was full of gaiety, and its inhabitants cried out to one another: 'Now we can move and march at ease along the roads, for there is no more any fear in men's hearts.' The fortified posts are abandoned, the citadels are opened, the police patrols sleep instead of going their rounds, the loopholes of the walls are empty in the sunshine until their guards awake. The soldiers are sleeping, the sentries and ghafirs are sowing in the meadows, the cattle return to the pastures, there are no fugitives on the high waters of the river, and people are no longer heard screaming in the night: 'Stop!' or 'Come, come!' Every one goes singing, and there is neither lamentation nor sighing; the cities are as if freshly restored, and he who reaps will eat of his own harvest." And abroad, Egypt, believed by her Asiatic rivals to be ruined, regained her prestige at one stroke. "The great and the noble are brought low; none among them lifts his head any longer among the nomads, for, now that the Libyans are destroyed, the Khâti are peaceful, the land of Canaan is reduced to subjection, the people of Ascalon and of Gezer are led into captivity, the city of Ianouâmîm is laid low, *those of Israîlou are destroyed, there is no particle of them left.* Kharou, Southern Syria, is [sad] as the widows of Egypt, and all the lands are united in peace," under the hand of Pharaoh.

In hieroglyphic characters Israîlou is the exact equivalent of the biblical Israel, and it is the first time that the name appears on the Egyptian monuments.

For the past sixty years many attempts have been made to find it, or for lack of it, one of the terms formerly employed to indicate all or part of the Hebrews. The most important was that of Chabas, who, about 1864, seeing certain people called the *Apourîou* mentioned several times over in the documents of the time of the Ramses, recognized in them the *Hebrews;* these Apourîou made bricks, and as they were slaves, helpers, or workmen of the Egyptians, it was simple enough to recall the early chapters of the Book of Exodus, where the misery of the descendants of Jacob is described in forcible terms. The identification, which was very favourably welcomed at first, is now rejected by most of those who have knowledge in such matters. Later it was noticed in different quarters that many of the names enumerated in the lists of Thoutmôsis III, *Joshoupîlou, Jakob-îlou,* contained the element Joseph or Jacob, joined to one of the words which express the concept of the divinity among Semitic peoples, and it is concluded that they preserved the memory of at least two of the clans which later constituted the Hebrew people, those of Joseph-el and of Jacob-el.[1] It is clear then how very little information about the most ancient history of the Jewish race is to be gathered from the inscriptions. It is not that the names of cities or nations mentioned in the Bible are lacking in the annals of a Thoutmôsis or a Ramses, but they always apply to towns which were in existence before the occupation of the Land of Promise, or to tribes which suffered from that occupation and tried to prevent it. Gaza figures in the catalogue of them, as well as Ascalon, Joppa, Gezer, Mageddo, Taanak, Damas, the Amorrheans, the Hittites; Jerusalem herself reappeared under the original form of Ourousalîmou, and it is possible to reconstruct something of her history in the fourteenth century B.C.

[1] Cf. Groff: *Œuvres diverses,* Vol. i, pp. 1–23.

It has all served and still serves to re-establish piece by piece the stage on which Israel afterwards played the chief part; Israel itself, and even its name, is obstinately hidden. There is nothing strange in that. By the side of Egypt, Chaldæa, and Syria, Israel was a very insignificant personage, even when ruled by the most energetic of his kings; all the more then when he was still only a serf lodged in a corner of the Delta, and then a wanderer in the Arabian Desert. He was lost in the crowd of supernumeraries, and if circumstances drew the attention of his companions or rulers to him, it was only for a moment, between two events which then seemed of more vital interest. The inscriptions or the annals have only fugitive records of him, but the terrible ravages undergone by the temples of Egypt make it scarcely surprising if we do not find much about him in the fragments of inscriptions that have escaped destruction. The most extraordinary thing is not that we should find nothing about the Hebrews, but rather that we should find anything.

The mention of Israîlou in Menephtah's inscription is then a piece of good luck; but what historical benefit is to be derived from it? Appearing as it does in a flood of pure rhetoric, it teaches us two certain facts, the existence of a tribe of Israel, and a defeat recently sustained by that tribe. The scribe who composed Menephtah's hymn, employs in describing the check expressions which might lead us to see in it a disaster, but it is only one of the exaggerations common to his kind. The inscriptions are filled with nations that each Pharaoh in his turn annihilated without their suffering much harm, and for a tribe to have lost a few men in a skirmish was sufficient for a court poet to pay the sovereign the compliment of having destroyed it. Where did these Israîlou live? What misdeeds of theirs had drawn on them the chariots and bowmen of Egypt?

The order in which the other peoples are mentioned indicates that they inhabited Southern Syria; they come after Askalani, the Ascalonians, after the Gezer that still exists near Ascalon at Tell-Djezer, after Ianouâmîm that other documents seem to locate in the mountains of Judah, and it only remains for us to imagine that they are the whole or a part of the children of Israel who took refuge near Kadesh-Barnea, after the exodus from Egypt. It would then be but a short step to declare that the disaster of which they are said to be the victims is the persecution of the "Pharaoh who knew not Joseph." In those five words we should have an allusion to the Egyptian version of the Exodus current at the court of Menephtah. In fact an old tradition identifies Menephtah with the prince who was hostile to the Jews and quarrelled with Moses. Other hypotheses are possible, and have been examined by students with the text of the inscription before them. Flinders Petrie, for instance, declares that Israel was at that time divided into two principal groups, one of which had come down to the banks of the Nile and was living there at the time of the Libyan war, while the other had stayed in Palestine and continued to lead a nomadic life between Hebron and the plains of Jezreel. The Israel forgotten in the land would be the Israel whom Menephtah punished so severely, and of whose existence he tells us. Personally I have no reason to adopt one version rather than the other; I merely record the fact that Israel is revealed to us for the first time on a contemporary, or very nearly contemporary, document concerning deeds related by Israelite chroniclers in the Book of Exodus, and express regret that the mention of it by the Egyptian writers should be so brief.

I fear that others will not be contented with so slight a result, and that the five words of the Egyptian panegyric will become the subject of a whole literature.

XI

COPTOS

THERE was not much to be seen of Coptos when I visited it for the first time fifteen years ago. It consisted of two or three villages of low huts, a few irregular mounds of earth on which were copings of walls either of brick or of small stones; in the centre was a vast, almost empty, site where a temple had once stood; on the west were the remains of a granite door in fine Pharaonic work, a bridge thrown over a canal, and intersecting dikes, while on the east and north was an immense Roman rampart, flanked by towers partly built in the walls, and near one of them an enormous breach, doubtless the opening through which Diocletian's legions forced their way into the town sixteen centuries ago. A few blows of the pick-axe brought fine copper utensils of the Coptic period to the surface here and there, which should be still in the museum. About 1884 I cleared out, in five or six days, a temple corridor where the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Caligula were put over Greek *sgraffite* drawn by pilgrims in the time of one of the later Ptolemies. Whenever I spent a few hours there, I picked up important inscriptions, statues, stelæ, bronzes, stuffs, hundreds of small objects. I should have organized extensive works there had I possessed a little more money than the £1100 or £1200 of which the budget for excavations then consisted. Flinders Petrie has realized what was only an empty dream for me. In the course of six weeks he found

enough material there to enable him to write the history of the ancient town and of one of its chief temples.[1]

Coptos is situated at a little distance from the Nile, at the starting-point of the two chief roads that lead through the desert to the shores of the Red Sea, to Qoceir, and to Ras-Banas respectively. A part of the trade between Egypt and Southern Arabia or Somaliland traversed those routes from the very earliest times. The sailors unloaded the wares they brought from Pouanît or the *Divine Lands* in one of the havens situated near Qoceir itself. The goods consisted for the most part of resins and gums or odorous barks, which the ancients mingled together for their sacrifices, incense, myrrh, cinnamon, as well as gold, ivory, ebony, rare woods, rare animals like the monkey or the giraffe. The produce was entrusted to caravans, which reached Coptos in four or five days, and thence made use of the Nile to penetrate the whole of the valley from Syene to Memphis. Coptos was a depôt where native and exotic merchandise was accumulated and bartered; its prosperity increased or diminished with the fluctuations of the Red Sea trade, and attained its zenith when the power of Egypt was entirely in the hands of one energetic family, and could guarantee the safety of the desert routes against the Bedouins, or exercise a strict surveillance over the coast of the Erythræa. The ruins, tried as they have been by invasions, still preserve enough documents to teach us that the VIth Dynasty, about 3600 B.C., the XIth and XIIth, about 3200 B.C., the XVIIIth and XIXth, from 1700 B.C. to 1300 B.C., the Ptolemies and the Antonines effectively protected and enriched the town. Its best time was from the third century B.C. to the third century A.D., first under the Macedonians and then under the Romans, when a considerable portion of the maritime trade with India and

[1] Flinders Petrie: *Koptos*, London, 1896.

King Sanuosrît (Usertesen) I. bringing the Oar and Rudder to Mînu of Coptos.

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China passed through it before proceeding to Alexandria. The turbulent character of its inhabitants and their revolts repeatedly drew on it the anger of its masters. Diocletian destroyed it, Kous, then Keneh, took its place. The town declined, was deserted, decayed, and became a heap of rubbish exploited by fellaheen and archæologists.

A little of everything can be gleaned on so ancient a site, occupied by so many different generations. Flinders Petrie preferred to devote his attention to the great temple, and has extracted from it fragments of every epoch. The larger number belong to the XIth and XIIth Dynasties, and come from halls rebuilt by one of the Antoufs, Antouf V, and by Amenemhaît I. They are of a marvellous delicacy, and will rank among the most remarkable works of Egyptian sculpture during the first Theban Empire. The relief is very low, scarcely perceivable above the general level of the wall, and yet the few delicate touches which heighten the contour of the figures are wonderfully precise and accurate, and most skilfully applied in the right places. Indeed, the modelling of the head and body stand out as perfectly as if sculptured in high relief. The sculptures of the tomb give an idea of the elegance and the skilful technique of the art of the XIIth Dynasty, but the fragments of the great official buildings we had so far discovered were too much mutilated to enable us to discern the point of perfection attained in the studios where work was done for the kings. The pieces now discovered by Flinders Petrie, of which he publishes photographs, permit us to judge of that perfection with certainty, and partly to fill in one of the most serious lacunæ in our manuals of Egyptian archæology. The pictures of Deîr El-Baharî, Louxor, and Abydos are the only ones that can be compared with those of Coptos; perhaps, indeed, the former lack something of the inspiration of the latter. The

blocks in the name of Thoutmôsis III and later sovereigns that Flinders Petrie describes after the others are far from possessing an equal interest for the history of art. They authorize us to declare that Coptos always possessed notable schools, and that the sculptor's art never descended as low there as in many Egyptian towns; they are particularly valuable for their historical information despite the injury they have received at the hands of time.

The most curious is an actual decree of excommunication promulgated in the year III of King Antouf V by the chapter of the god Mînou, the patron of the town. The document does not tell us what Teti, son of Mînhotpou, had done to deserve his condemnation, and it is probable that we shall never know for certain. Some of the expressions lead me to judge that probably politics had much to do in the matter, and that Teti was implicated in some plot against the sovereign. Here is the composition, which does not lack originality: "The year III, the 25th Phamenôth, under his Majesty Antouf, who, like unto the Sun, gives life everlastingly. Decree of the king to Mînouhâît, governor of Coptos, to Kaîninou, the royal prince who is in command at Coptos, to the vassal Monkhoumînou, to the hierogrammatist Nofirhotpou, to all the soldiers of Coptos, and to the whole community of the temple. To all of you this decree is sent that you may know the following: My Majesty has sent the hierogrammatist, vassal of Amon, Siamonou, and the head of the ushers, Ousiramonou, to make an inquiry at the temple of Mînou, regarding the deputation that the community of the temple of my father, Mînou, sent to my Majesty to say: 'A wicked plot has been made in this temple, and an enemy introduced into it (may his name pass away!), Teti, son of Mînhotpou!' Let him be cast out of the temple of my father Mînou; let him be dismissed from his employment in the temple, he and his,

from son to son, from posterity to posterity, and let them be wanderers on the face of the earth; let his rations of bread be cut off, let his portion of the sacred viands be erased from the registers so that his name be not commemorated, as is done to all who like him have blasphemed or shown hostility to his god; let all that relates to him on the writings of the temple and in the registers of the royal treasury be effaced; if any actual king, or any one performing the functions of a king, pardon him, let that king no longer wear the white crown, let him no longer keep the red crown of Egypt, let him sit no longer on the throne of Horus, who reigns over the living, let the two goddesses of the south and the north no more bestow on him their love; no matter what general or what governor presents himself before the king, and asks pardon for this wicked man, let his goods and his lands be forfeit to the Treasury of my father, Mînou of Coptos; and let none of his clients or dependents, none of the clients or dependents of his father or mother be provided for from his office, but let that office be given to the vassal, the administrator of the palace, Mînouhâît, and let be given him also the bread of the other, and his portion of the sacred viands, and let them be written in his name in the registers of the temple of Mînou of Coptos, from son to son, from posterity to posterity!" A document later by 2000 years condemned those who were excommunicated to be burnt alive at Napata in Ethiopia. But Teti's life was spared. Was the mercy intentional or did he escape his persecutors?

Kings little known until now appear here and there, a Râhotpou who seems to have reigned about the eighteenth century B.C. without much distinction, and we must come down almost to the town's last days to find inscriptions equal in interest to the decree of excommunication. The Greeks and then the Romans kept a fairly strong garrison there, which guarded the Nile and the desert, and also a custom-house, where everything that came from

the Red Sea or went to it paid dues for entrance and departure. Soldiers and excisemen have left traces in the inscriptions dug out by Flinders Petrie. Antistius Asiaticus, Prefect of the coast at Berenicia on the Red Sea, under Domitian, drew up a tariff about 90 A.D. We learn what the grantees of the transport service between Coptos and Berenicia had to disburse: to bring a helmsman into Egypt, 8 drachmas, a bowman, 10 drachmas, a sailor, 5 drachmas, a slave for prostitution, 108 drachmas, an ass, 2 obols, and so on; to convey a mummy from Coptos to the sea and *vice versâ*, 1 drachma and 4 obols. Egyptians who died away from their native village exacted that their bodies should be buried in their native places; the corpse was consigned to a boatman or the head of a caravan, who delivered it according to freight at the desired place, and the number of these funerary packages was sufficiently large for toll to be levied on them. Auxiliary troops levied in Asia have left dedications to their divinities; thus Marcus Aurelius Beliakôb, of the Palmyrian archers to the most high god, Jerablous of Hierapolis. A sailor or a merchant who had escaped the dangers of the Red Sea dedicated a votive offering to the most high Isis for the successful voyage of the good ship *Sarapis*. Some of these monuments, unimportant in themselves, derive interest from the name of the sovereign under whom they were erected; one of them constitutes one of the rare memorials we possess of Caius Fulvius Quietus, who was Emperor in the East with his father Macrian in 259, during the years which followed the defeat of Valerianus and his capture by the Persians. They are small events and insignificant facts considered by themselves. But, pieced together, they explain and complete each other, and end by forming, as in a mosaic, a picture of the life of a provincial city in Egypt under the Pharaohs or under foreign rulers.

Photo] THE BARBERINI OBELISK RAISED BY HADRIAN FOR ANTINOUS. [*R. Moscioni.*

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XII

THE TOMB OF ANTINOUS AT ROME

As it is unwise to be discouraging, I will not declare the Barberini obelisk to be the ugliest of Egyptian obelisks; I will content myself with calling it the poorest of the obelisks that have been erected at different times in the public places of Rome. It is badly cut, badly proportioned, heavy, and squat; each of the four sides is covered with two columns of hieroglyphics piled one on top of the other in such confusion that the order of the words can scarcely be distinguished. The sculptors who executed this masterpiece took a great amount of trouble, but they lacked the intelligence and skill of their colleagues who were then engaged in decorating the sanctuaries of Upper Egypt, Thebes and Philæ. It has none of the qualities that give such a dignified aspect to the obelisks of the great period, such as purity of line, inflexible clearness of the edges, perfect polish of the material, broad and harmonious spacing of the inscriptions, beauty of the characters; it is indeed only an awkward and pretentious counterfeit. But its inscriptions have an interest for the archæologist that they do not possess for the artist. We know from Champollion that they are devoted to the praise of Antinous, and that they celebrate Hadrian's strange favourite as if he was a god. Erman has just translated them in an almost definitive manner, and there is all the more merit in the task since a more barbarous text has never presented itself to the attention of an Egyptologist. The language spoken

on the banks of the Nile in the time of Hadrian was to that of the Theban Pharaohs as Italian or French is to Latin. Scholars, priests and nobles nearly understood it by routine, just as the monks of the eleventh or twelfth century understood the language of Cicero; when they wished to write it, they were compelled to use the fragments borrowed from their reading of Centos, in which lexicon and grammar were equally ill-treated. Erman was often vastly puzzled by the curious sentences, complicated by an entirely unprejudiced spelling. The surprising thing is not that there are a few blank spaces in his translation,[1] but that there are not more. He displays inexhaustible ingenuity in finding a meaning, and the version suggested for more than one of the sentences may appear doubtful to some of his readers; to me they seem exactly to fit the original, and should be accepted in almost every case as corresponding to the thought of the Egyptian scribe to whom we owe this piece of eloquence. The basis of the ideas and formulas counts for much in the feeling of improbability aroused in us. The Egyptian protocol applied to Egyptians of pure race, or to the Egyptianized Ptolemies, is exceedingly curious. The fantastic and almost comic effects produced when it is adapted to the handsome Antinous and his Roman surroundings are scarcely imaginable.

"How splendid," exclaims the author in one of the inscriptions, "the fortune that has come to the Osirian Antinous! His heart feels the greatest joy because he knows his new shape, and since he has begun to live again he sees his father Horus!" Then he takes advantage of his entrance into the Egyptian heaven to implore Râ's protection for Hadrian and his wife, the Sabine

[1] A. Erman: *Der Obelisk des Antinous;* Huelsen: *Der Grab des Antinous*, taken from the Memoirs of the German Archæological Institute, Vol. xi, pp. 113–130. 1896.

Empress. That duty accomplished, he takes complete possession of all his divine privileges, and it is only just, for he had been mummified with all conventional rites. He is now "a brave man, without weakness; . . . he breathes the air of life, his glory is in the heart of all men, and Thot, the Lord of Hermopolis, the master of the Holy Books, will rejuvenate his soul as the moon and the sun are rejuvenated in their seasons, day and night, at every hour, at every minute! Love of him is in the hearts of all his servants, fear of him is in all their limbs, all men praise and worship him. The place of his feet is in the Hall of Truth," where Osiris judges the dead; the souls acclaim him, he goes where he likes, all the gates of Hades open before him. And while the immortals eagerly welcome him in heaven, mortals overwhelm him with honour on earth. "Jousts for the brave men who are in this land are instituted in the town, the name of which is derived from his, for the boatmen, and for the wrestlers of the whole earth, even for all the people who know the dwelling of Thot; crowns are placed on their heads by way of prizes, as well as rewards of all sorts of good things. Offerings are made on his altars, the liturgies of the gods are placed before him every day . . . people come to him from every town, because he listens to the prayers of those who invoke him. He heals the sick," by bestowing on them those prophetic dreams, in which the gods reveal to their petitioners the remedies best suited to cure them. As such power could not belong to a child of the human race, the panegyrist does not doubt that his hero is of divine extraction, his mother received him of a god descended incognito on to the earth. It was a common custom with the Egyptian gods when they wished to enthrone a family of new Pharaohs.[1] They used it in the case of Anti-

[1] Cf. Chapter VIII.

nous, not to found a dynasty, a thing Rome would not have tolerated, but to bestow on the world another god, a thing to which Rome was not usually averse.

That is what the inscriptions on three sides of the obelisk have to tell us. Many readers will consider it very little; they would prefer a narrative, even though it were official, of the death of Antinous, and to know which of the current versions of the matter pleased the Emperor. Did Antinous sacrifice himself to save Hadrian from the dangers of which he was foretold, or was he accidentally drowned? The Egyptian author is silent on the subject, and probably it did not greatly interest him; he had been commissioned to write a panegyric according to the strictest rules of Egyptian rhetoric, and he honestly accomplished the task, with as many fine phrases and as few facts or ideas as possible. But the legend on the fourth side reveals to us a circumstance that was unknown to ancient historians, and to which modern historians have not paid sufficient attention. Antinous perished near Hermopolis, and his deification, the games celebrated in his honour, the institution of his worship, all the events so far known, took place near Hermopolis, in the town of Antinoë. This time, however, the narrative takes us to Rome. "*The Antinous who is here, and who reposes in this locality, who is in the field situated near the powerful lady, Rome,* is recognized as a god in the divine localities of Egypt. A temple has been built for him, he is worshipped there as a god by the prophets and by the priests of the South and of the North, as well as by the people of Egypt; a town is named after him, and the soldiers, as well as all the Greeks who are in the Egyptian localities, come to this town, all, as many as they are, and fields and lands are given them to make their lives most happy. There is in that place a temple of the god called Osiris-Antinous, built of fine white limestone, surrounded by

sphinxes, statues, many columns as the kings, our ancestors, built them, and as the Greeks did after them; all the gods and all the goddesses give breath to Antinous that he may acquire a new youth."

Erman understands, as did Birch before him,[1] that Antinous was buried at Rome, in the field near the town, and I do not see that any other translation could be made. It must be conceded that Antinous, mummified at Hermopolis directly after his death, was not buried in his city of Antinoë. Hadrian took him with him, or sent him direct to Rome, and built him a tomb outside the Pomœrium, as the Egyptian inscription expressly states. Birch thinks that the phrase, *the field situated near the powerful lady, Rome*, means the Campus Martius; according to Parker, the obelisk placed in front of the tomb would have been removed to the amphitheatre of Varius Marcellus, perhaps by Heliogabalus, about 220. On the other hand, Huelsen, who adds to Erman's memoir very interesting notes on the discovery of the obelisk in the sixteenth century, and on its fate from the time it fell into the hands of the Barberini until it was set up in the Pincio Piazza by Pope Pius VII in 1822, thinks that the spot where it was discovered in the *Vigna Saccocci*, marks within a little the site on which Hadrian originally erected it. It is to be hoped that well-directed excavations may bring to light the monument that it accompanied, alone, or joined to a similar one, according to the Egyptian custom. If, indeed, the tomb referred to in the inscription was not a cenotaph consecrated to the worship of his favourite by the Emperor, there might be a chance of finding in it the coffin or the sarcophagus. The climate of Rome, unlike that of Egypt, does not lend itself to the preservation of bodies, but chance sometimes does strange things, and the methods of mummification, degenerate

[1] Cf. Parker: *Obelisks of Rome.*

as they were in Roman times, would still offer a strong resistance to decomposition. The corpses were impregnated with a boiling bitumen, which transformed them into a blackish mass, hideous to see, fœtid to smell, easy to break or to burn, but less accessible to damp than the better prepared mummies of the great Pharaonic ages. If the funerary chamber escaped the depredations of thieves and barbarians, there is some chance left of extracting from it still intact the block of charcoal, of vaguely human form, that was once the handsome Antinous.

XIII

A PHILOSOPHICAL DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN EGYPTIAN AND HIS SOUL

An Egyptian was talking with one of his souls. They had several in those times; the *baî*, a bird which after the death flew to the heavenly sphere, but returned at will; the *double*, a coloured, mobile, live image which dwelt in the tomb as in its lawful domicile, and escaped from it during the day, if it liked, in order to see again the regions that testified to its existence; the dark shade, the *khaibît;* the luminous one, the *khou*, which hid itself in the darkest corners of the vault, and only left them at rare intervals in order to punish the living for their neglect of it. The beginning of the manuscript in which this conversation is preserved is lost, and so we do not know how it came about. At the point where we take it up, the interview had already lasted some time, and the talk is going its way. Death is undoubtedly the subject, but the thesis defended by each of the interlocutors is not very clear. I thought that the man, terrified by the uncertainties of the future life, was explaining his anguish to the soul; the soul attempted to reassure him, and drew an almost attractive picture of the passage between the present and the future life. Erman, who has just translated the dialogue,[1] thinks, on the contrary, that the man was summoning

[1] A. Erman : *Gesprach eines Lebensmüden mit seiner Seele, aus dem Papyrus* 3024 *der Koeniglichen Museen*, extracted from the Memoirs of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. 1896.

death, and that the soul was trying to dissuade him from suicide. The text lends itself to both interpretations, and only the discovery of the first part would authorize us to declare which is true. One point, however, is certain in either view, the author's gloomy conception of humanity, a conception he largely develops in the last couplets of his work. For one who has seen the perversity of the age, and the lamentable passage of the world, Hades has no terrors, and in his eyes death is only a return from exile, or the cure of a painful malady.

The soul having evidently concluded a very eloquent tirade, of which only two or three words remain, the man "opens his mouth and replies to the soul 'Concerning what he had said.'" He complains that it had not spoken wisely enough to him in the trials he had gone through, but "had fled away during the days of misfortune.—And then, my soul attacks me because I did not listen when it led me to death, because I did not go towards it when it threw me into the flames to consume me!" And yet it ought "to have been close to me in the days of misfortune, to have kept by my side as one who weeps for me, as one who leaves the crowd and walks near me. O my soul, cease to reproach me that I mourn for life, cease to thrust me towards death because I do not go to it with entire pleasure, cease, also, to draw a pleasant picture of Hades! Is it not a misfortune that life can only be lived once? Is not Hades filled with gods who ask of the *manes* a strict account of their sins?" Here the soul, impatient of such weakness, interrupts brusquely: "Art thou not a poor devil? And yet thou cursest the other world, and groanest over thy fate as if thou wert a rich man!" But the man is not disconcerted by this attack: "It's no use your getting angry," he replies, "I shall not go," and he insists more emphatically than

before on the terror death inspires in him, and the vicissitudes of burial. The soul draws a fresh argument from the words it has just heard: "If thou incessantly thinkest on the tomb, it is a trouble of the heart, a cause for weeping which crushes the individual and tears him from his home; for once cast on the hill," where the tombs are, "thou wilt come out no more to see the Sun"; all the dead are vowed fatally to oblivion, and "those for whom granite statues have been carved, for whom the double dwelling has been cut in form of a pyramid, a work of excellence and perfection, the divine statues modelled for them, and the tables of votive offerings attached to them, all these are in the end left as lonely as if they had been humble persons who had died of hunger by the roadside, or a small farmer brought to ruin by inundation or drought, poor devils who had none to talk to but the fish by the water's side!" There, indeed, was the height of distress for the Egyptian, who was naturally talkative, and an old shepherd's song said of the brickmaker who works with his feet in the mud after the water subsides: "The brickmaker is in the water among the fishes—he talks to the cat-fish, he greets the oxyrhynchos, Hades, your brickmaker is a brickmaker of Hades!" he dies because he has no one to talk to. But the soul is careful not to leave its man with so fatal a picture. It counsels him to put away sad thoughts and to give himself up to present joy. "Hearken to me, for it is good for men to hearken—follow the happy day, put aside lamentation." And it supports the advice by examples drawn from daily life. "When the vassal has laboured at his field, and loaded his harvest on a boat, he entrusts himself to the water, and his time of rejoicing draws nigh," the pleasure of storing it in the granary. But suddenly he sees a storm gathering; he keeps watch in his boat from sunset to sunrise, while his wife and

children, "who came to meet him, perish in the canal, terrified in the darkness, among the crocodiles." Then he crouches down, and raises his voice, saying: "I do not weep for this dear soul who will not come out from Hades to return to the earth; I weep for the children cut off in the spring-time of their life, who, because they saw the face of the crocodile, are no longer living." Those who should complain are not those who have accomplished their term of life, but those from whom life has been prematurely snatched.

That speech convinces the man. He contradicts himself, and admits that he has no great happiness to expect in this world; the tomb is a sure shelter, where he will enjoy absolute repose. What follows is evidently the principal part of the work, that over which the poet took the most care, and that which his readers will most admire. The piece is divided into three couplets, constructed on the same model; strophes of three lines, the first of which is repeated each time; the two others offer a new image, by means of which the theme put forward in each couplet is developed. The man declares the misery and contempt into which he fell after the events recorded doubtless at the beginning of the history, but of which so far we are ignorant. "See, my name is more abused than the odour of ravens on summer days when the sun blazes!—See, my name is more abused than the peach when the sun blazes.—See, my name is more abused than the odour of birds, more than the high meadows in which flocks of geese feed." And in similar fashion he passes in review a series of animals or of occupations which spread a fœtid odour, before risking similes drawn from a higher order of ideas. "See, my name is more abused than the wife who has been slandered to her husband!—See, my name is more abused than the brave child about whom lies are told to his parents!—See, my name is more

abused than a town which is continually plotting rebellion, but which is never found out!" He struggles in vain against this evil reputation. How is he to justify himself, since all the men of the age are egoists and cowards? "To whom shall I speak to-day? The brothers are bad, and the friends of to-day love no one. —To whom shall I speak to-day? Hearts are cruel, and each man takes his neighbour's goods.—To whom shall I speak to-day? The weak perish and victory is to the strong.—To whom shall I speak to-day? No one remembers yesterday, and no one dares act at the crucial moment.—To whom shall I speak to-day? There are no more just men, and the earth is a heap of evil-doers!" The litany is too long to be quoted in full; in short: "the wicked strike the world unceasingly!" Death alone offers a refuge to him who desires to escape the evils of this world, and becomes indeed almost pleasant by contrast. "Death seems to me to-day like the remedy for a disease, like going out into the open air after a fever!—Death seems to me to-day like an odour of incense, like repose under a sail on a windy day!—Death seems to me to-day like the odour of the lotus, like repose on the shores of a land of plenty!—Death seems to me to-day like the path of a torrent, like the return home of a soldier-sailor!—Death seems to me to-day like the clear sky after a storm, like a man who goes hunting in an unknown land!—Death seems to me to-day like the desire of a man to see his home after many years spent in captivity!—He who is 'among the dead,' is a living god who spurns the sin of him who commits it!—Whoever is there, he sits in the Boat of the Sun, and presides at the distribution of the offerings to the temples. Whoever is there is as a learned man to whom nothing he implores of Râ is refused." The soul, delighted with his success, adds a few well-chosen words of congratulation to this

profession of faith, and promises not to desert the man in his hour of trial: "When you arrive in Hades and your body still belongs to the earth, I will keep close to you while you rest, and we will dwell together."

Such is this strange manuscript, one of the most extraordinary among those left us by ancient Egypt. The language is concise and vigorous, the text mutilated, sometimes incorrect, and I am not sure that in all places we have extracted the correct shades of meaning. I can speak of the difficulties it presents with personal knowledge, for I have made three attempts to explain its meaning in twenty years at the *École des Hautes-Études*, and I studied it most carefully without succeeding in satisfying myself. Erman has performed a veritable feat in translating it, and if everything in his interpretation is not certain, the fault should not be attributed to him but to the perversity of the chance that has transmitted the manuscript in the most unfavourable circumstances for its right understanding. For that reason I can scarcely be expected to hazard an opinion as to its literary value. It is generally conceded that the author, conscious of the banality of his subject, took great pains to give it variety and to render the expression of it artistic; but, unfortunately, it is the literary art that we can least appreciate. We may sometimes divine the sounds of the rhymes, the assonances, the plays upon words depending on the multiple meanings of the roots, the harmony or contrasts of the rhythms, but our comprehension of such points does not go very far. The themes and the topics come out almost quite clearly, but they belong to a religion, to customs, to a political constitution, to methods of administration that we imperfectly know, and to be understood require a commentary so learned that it almost always kills the little poetry that has managed to survive. The translation of the dialogue bears the same relation to the original

that the disjointed skeleton of a fossil animal bears to the living prototypes of its day. It provides the curious with a few rusty fragments of the framework of the composition; but the undulation of the contours, the contrasts and harmonies of the colours, the spirit which animated it, and the movement which vivified it are all wanting.

XIV

AN EGYPTIAN BOOK OF MAGIC OF THE FIRST CENTURY A.D.

FROM the earliest times magic was the great Egyptian science. Long before the time of the Pyramids, sorcerers fabricated charms by which they controlled the gods, and forced them to do whatever was demanded of them; they could call up the dead, enchant the living, model and put life into wax dolls made in the form of men or animals, or painlessly cut off a man's head and put it back on his shoulders. Conspirators desiring to get rid of a king bewitched him, and entered into collusion with the women of the harem to procure certain accessories required for their operations. Speculators in quest of hidden wealth exorcised the serpents who guarded the treasure in the Necropolis of Memphis. Magic entered into all the acts of life, into all its passions, love, hate, ambition, revenge, into the care of the sick. Its adepts continually perfected it with new practices invented by themselves, or derived from foreign parts; they took books of magic and amulets from Chaldæa, Syria, Ethiopia, Judæa, Greece, so that in the first century A.D. their laboratory and their library comprised, as it were, the quintessence of all the systems of magic in use from one end of the Roman Empire to the other.

One of their rituals, compiled about the time of the Antonines, has been preserved; part of it is in the museum of Leyden, and part in the British Museum. It is written in the latest of the running hands of Egypt,

the *demotic*, the small appearance and confusing turns of which still puzzle most students. Certain fragments of it have been repeatedly studied, and Groff has just published a complete analysis, so that those who are curious on the subject can now form an idea of the sorcerer's equipment at that time.[1] He was only a provincial relegated to one of the secondary towns of middle Egypt, Oxyrynchus, and doubtless possessed only this one tool. But it contained all he needed for his ordinary customers. Did they wish to interview a divinity? Half-a-dozen recipes were forthcoming, more or less efficacious, or more or less dangerous, according to the purpose of the consultation and the fee offered. Others compelled a dead person to come out of the tomb, and reply to questions asked him. To force a man to love a woman, or a woman to love a man, there was a wide choice, and there were equally numerous ways of sending dreams to foes or friends, to compel them to take the desired step. Those were the usual things, at least in the district of Oxyrynchus. The practitioner whose book of magic we are reading had only one way of stopping or averting a storm; but he practised medicine, and cured the bite of a dog or a serpent by words, accompanied with curious ceremonies. He had a list of diseases at the service of those who wished to get rid of a relation whose property he expected to inherit, or of a tiresome neighbour; he distilled philtres, prepared and consecrated talismans, at need he told fortunes. All this did not go on without trouble, or without arousing the anger of the populace against him. The law pursued him, the priest looked askance at him, the anger of his victims or of his dupes sometimes overtook him, and the spirits he dominated did not save him from public

[1] "Études sur la sorcellerie ou le rôle que la Bible a joué chez les sorciers" (extract from the *Mémoires de l'Institut Égyptien*). 1897.

condemnation or private vengeance; nevertheless, the profits of the profession outweighed the disadvantages, and those who adopted it made a fortune.

The technique of the incantations naturally varied with circumstances. One of the most frequent, that in which one or more divinities became visible, required elaborate preparations, and the assistance of a special helper, a child, a little boy of ten or twelve years old. Even to-day the magician who calls up scenes in the mirror of magic ink cannot look at them himself, for his impurity blinds him to the manifestation of the spirits; a child pure in soul and body is alone capable of understanding the words they say, or of interpreting their acts. The sorcerer procured a lamp that had never been used; he placed a new wick in it, and pure oil, then he retired into an isolated chamber, completely dark, and consecrated, and lighted the lamp. As soon as it burned steadily, he placed the child in front of it, bidding him fix his eyes on the flame, and declaimed the words that had the power to call forth the gods. A drug previously dissolved in the oil, a powder thrown on the wick during the manipulations, gave out a penetrating perfume. The child soon saw a figure appear either by the side of the flame, or in the flame itself. He informed the operator, who began a new prayer, and requested the help of the being who was manifesting himself for the client on whose behalf he was working. It sometimes happened that the god refused to take any part in the matter, or that he was angered by the importunate person who disturbed his peace, and then the divinity would ill-treat, or even kill him. A sorcerer of Louxor, having discovered a colleague in me, was not averse to discussing his lore with me, but refused to give me a proof; for nearly a year, each time he had attempted to carry out some manifestation, the *red sultan* who presides over the evil genii had

tried to strangle him. The *afrites* of Mussulman Egypt have not, as we see, lost the tradition of the gods of Pharaonic Egypt.

The pieces in the *demotic* collection do not greatly differ from those to be found in the *Agrippa* of French rural sorcerers. Side by side with adjurations, they offer advice; threats are expressed in intelligible language, there are lists of odd words without appreciable meaning for the unlearned, and almost always for the practitioner who recites them. Among the confusion of terms we may distinguish names, and sometimes fragments of phrases borrowed from foreign languages, the Ethiopian, Greek or Hebrew. The gods and genii, by what law we do not know, became the slaves of those who called them by their real name, and at first, in magic as in religion, the name under which the community worshipped them had been employed. It is probable that this fashion of summoning them to appear was not very efficacious, and it was remembered that the terms Amon, Phtah, Râ were purely human names used by the community, and which, consequently, they were not compelled to obey. They had special names to distinguish themselves that they concealed in the bottom of their hearts, of which they made a mystery not only to mortals, but to the other divinities. The chief efforts of the magician, therefore, were directed to surprise their secret, and to tear from them the word that would put them at their mercy; the word, whether because it belonged to no human tongue, or because it came from a neighbouring people, remained incomprehensible to his clients, and therein lay its chief merit. It was not to be expected that one of the beings on high would leave his heavenly dwelling to undertake some amorous commission for a young girl when he was simply addressed as Anubis or Thot; but how could he help descending to earth and performing what he was asked

to do when he was proclaimed *Khabakhel, Partômokh*, or *Knouriphariza?* It is exceedingly curious suddenly to come across the name Baal, or Adonaï, in the midst of this jargon. The Jews played so great a part in Egypt from the time of Alexander, that we ought not to be surprised if their sorcerers lent Egyptian magicians some of the expressions they used in their operations. They gave them Jaô, Sabaoth, Eloaï, Mikhael, Joel, all their angels, and all their evil spirits. The ingenious necromancer even laid budding Christianity under contribution: Jesus seems to have been invoked by one of them, and John not far off. It goes without saying that the divinities of the Greeks figure by the side of those of the Asiatics or Africans. Some incantations comprise, as it were, a sample of each religion honoured in the Oriental provinces of the Roman Empire.

We should scarcely suspect what a large part magic played in ordinary life if the excavations did not constantly prove it. *Tablets of devotion* are found nearly everywhere, at Cyprus, at Carthage, in Gaul, formerly prepared by magicians for clients who trusted their efficacy. They are thin sheets of lead, rolled or folded over, with writing or mysterious figures scratched on them. Sometimes they were fastened to the wall of a house or a tomb, sometimes they were slipped into the tomb itself by the opening through which libations were poured and prayers uttered. The *manes* and demons who dwelt there were excellent tools in the hands of the sorcerers, especially the souls of suicides, of criminals, of murdered persons, of all who died a violent death before their time, and who had to live near their bodies until the period predestined for their earthly life was accomplished. The commissions entrusted to them were manifold. They were told the names of the horses down to run in the circus, and were ordered to make

them ill, or restive, to drive them mad, or to paralyze them, in short, to prevent them from winning the race. Or Domitius would require them to act for him with his mistress, Candida, and to kindle such hot love in her that her heart should burn, and never be extinguished. The incantations somewhat differed in form from those in the book of the sorcerer of Oxyrynchus; they are not there translated into Greek or Latin, but they are constructed on the same model, they let loose the same evil powers, they abound in similar mystical names and strange expressions; it is Egyptian or Hebrew magic acclimatized in the West. The compilation examined by Groff was only one of the least of the books of magic in use in the Roman world. They were counted by the hundred, and the abuses due to them ended by alarming the Emperors, and the books were ordered to be destroyed. The edicts, even supported by the execution of notorious magicians, and of those who had recourse to their science, had no lasting influence, for, had the magistrates carried them out effectually, the population of several provinces would have been decimated.

XV

ARCHAIC EGYPT

Until lately the Egypt of Cheops and of Chephrên marked the limit in the past to which our eyes could reach. We saw it clearly and distinctly in full possession of its art and its political and social laws, but farther back the monuments suddenly ceased, and nothing more could be distinguished. It seemed that the mass of the Pyramids interposed between it and the Egypt that had preceded it. Now it is revealed in its turn at Abydos as at Negadeh, and its most ancient kings have arisen from their tombs.

Flinders Petrie discovered tombs of a peculiar aspect between Negadeh and Ballas; many of them seemed to belong to a race of Libyan invaders. In the beginning of 1897 De Morgan, following Petrie's footsteps, opened a massive mastaba of unbaked bricks, decorated on the outside with the long prismatic grooves so frequent on monuments of the old empire.[1] The twenty-one chambers of which it is composed contain with the remains of the skeleton a funerary equipment of a richness commensurate with the rank of the person. The arms and tools are mostly of flint, the table service of different kinds of stone or of black and red pottery, the furniture of wood overlaid with ivory, the ornaments of paste, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, cornelian, crystal, gold; fragments of food were mingled with rags of

[1] *Recherches sur les origines de l'Égypte, ethnographie préhistorique et tombeau royal de Négadèh*, by J. de Morgan, with the collaboration of Messrs. Wiedemann and Jéquier, and of Dr. Fouquet. Paris, 1897.

page 122. THE SO-CALLED PALETTE OF NARMER, A MONUMENT OF ARCHAIC EGYPT.

calcined stuffs. A certain number of these objects are of fine workmanship, and their artistic form nearly resembles that of the monuments of later times. An ivory statuette of a dog or a lion is sufficiently commonplace, but the feet of an arm-chair or of a bed, also in ivory, yield in nothing to the best work of the Memphian sculptors, and figures of fish have an accurate and pleasing physiognomy. Indeed, there is nothing in it that points to the beginnings of an art. We feel that the men to whom we owe it had a long tradition behind them. When the tomb was built Egypt had emerged from her infancy, and civilization had developed the chief characteristics that show themselves under the modern Pharaohs; it was entirely of the Nile, and possesses no element necessarily to be attributed to outside influence. If the people came from Asia, and there is nothing to prove it, they preserved no trace of their origin; the valley of the Nile assimilated them, a consummation always reached with all its invaders.

The clay caps formerly used to close jars of wine, beer or water, offered to the dead man to quench his thirst, were sealed with one of his names. The characters are easily deciphered, and as soon as a drawing had been made of it in Europe the title of enthronization, *Horou Ahouî*, Horus warrior, Horus male, announced by the king when the crown was placed on his head, could be read.[1] Inscriptions were not rare on other objects, but they consisted of a few signs, figures indicating the quantity of each substance presented to the master, and especially a group of three ostriches, and the word *baîou* (the souls) which attributes the ownership of the vases or coffers on which they are engraved to the souls of the king. A sacrificial scene engraved on an ivory plaque had the chapel of the tomb for its stage; two crouching

[1] It seems that this is the name of enthronization of the second king of the Ist Dynasty, Atôti, son of Menes. 1907.

animals can still be distinguished, perhaps the two oxen who dragged the sledge, the sledge itself in the shape of the sacred boat dedicated to Sokaris, the God of Hades, then the royal prenomen, warlike *Horus*, and perhaps under a light kiosk, perhaps under one of the small obelisks common enough in the old Memphian tombs, his real name, preceded by one of the most frequent titles of the protocol, *ruler of the South and of the North*. It comprises only one hieroglyph, the *draught-board* which stands for *Manou*, and it escaped the discoverers of the tomb. It is, however, the Egyptian spelling of him whom the Greeks transcribed Menes, and if we like we may recognize the first king of the Ist Dynasty, the oldest of the mortals who reigned after the gods, in the person buried at Negadeh. Are we justified in doing this, and is this Manou any Menes, or the traditional Menes? The Egyptian scribes, when they drew up the list of sovereigns who ruled the whole of Egypt, must have had an embarrassing task. They read on the oldest monuments, tombs, temples, inscriptions, isolated bas-reliefs, names of kings whose filiation and chronological order did not always appear clear. They omitted several that accident has revealed to us, and they classified the others according to rules that we have not discovered, so as to make Dynasties of them; their length and the order of the Pharaohs in each of them followed no fixed rule, and varied according to the epochs. In the two first dynasties they placed princes considered to be natives of Thinis, a certain Menes at their head. Thinis, which occupied almost exactly the site of the modern Girgeh, is somewhat distant from Negadeh, and it is to be doubted if the scribes would have admitted a king not buried at Thinis, as the founder of a Thinite dynasty. The wisest course, then, before pronouncing decisively on the question of the identity of our Manou or Menes, is to await the discovery of new documents.

For the moment it is sufficient to have drawn attention to a similarity in the names, to the great antiquity of Manou, to the possibility of finding in him the prototype of the fabulous Menes:[1] time will decide the rest.

Perhaps there are contemporaries of this prince in the tombs excavated near Abydos by Amélineau. Several of the inscriptions noticed there seem to have the same archaic style, but most of the monuments have a much more modern appearance, and belong to a far less remote epoch.[2] A small ivory plaque that has come into the hands of an English amateur shows us a Pharaoh, he who is called Horus of striking stature, *Horou-douni,* fighting an enemy fallen in front of him. It is also the subject of the most ancient Egyptian bas-relief so far known to us; King Snofrouî, who ends the IIIrd Dynasty or begins the IVth, sculptured it at Sinaï in order to perpetuate the memory of his victories over the Bedouins. The style and composition of the ivory picture so closely resemble those of the rock picture that Spiegelberg does not hesitate to place the Horou-douni about the IIIrd Dynasty. That is what I thought, and inscriptions discovered last year confirm that opinion in a surprising fashion. They came from a very large tomb which belonged to a king named Horus-Sît, in whom the two divine forms, *Horou-Sît Khâ-sakhmoui* were manifested. Several of the functionaries attached to this personage left the impression of their seal on certain of the objects of which gifts are made to the *double;* one of them belongs to a lady, Hâpounimâît who was the wife or relative of Khâ-sakhmouî. Now, an inscription at

[1] I have since learnt that he has just been recognized by Borchardt, one of the German Egyptologists recently attached to the Ghizeh Museum, and that encourages me to persevere in the possible identification, if not of the person, at least of the name.

[2] Amélineau, in showing the results of his discoveries to the Academy of Inscriptions, did not distinguish between the monuments: he presented them anyhow, those of the Coptic age confused with those of the early Dynasties.

Memphis, in which Snofrouî appears, mentions, though I do not wish to insist on it too emphatically, a queen of the same name. If, as certain indications authorize us to suppose, the queen of the tomb at Memphis is identical with that of the tomb at Thinis, it is possible that our Khâ-sakhmouî is one of the immediate predecessors of Snofrouî, perhaps his father or his grandfather.[1] In any case it establishes a link between the Pharaohs of the Memphian Empire and those of the Thinite Empire that our excavators tried to discover between the Cheops of the great pyramid of Gizeh and the indefinite Menes of Negadeh.

For more than twenty years the study of the Memphian tombs has led me to teach that the Egypt of the Pyramids was the end, and even the decadence, of an earlier Egypt. The language was perishing of old age, the religion was changing, art was revealing itself the nearer perfection the farther back it went into the past, political organization and social life tended to grow slack. The discoveries of Negadeh and Abydos enable us to put our finger on the civilization I only guessed at. Ideas and customs of which later generations only preserved a vague memory prevail there. The dead, for instance, were not mummified; they were mutilated, dismembered, and the bones afterwards placed in the sepulchral chamber. Sometimes the corpse was burnt with its funerary equipment, and the whole tomb was set on fire in the last act of the funeral ceremonies.[2] Human sacrifice was currently practised, and probably also a ritual of cannibalism was indulged in. Several prayers

[1] After ten years all this still remains in a state of hypothesis, and there are no certified documents to settle any of the proposed classifications of these kings.

[2] The tomb of Negadeh had been burnt, and M. de Morgan at first believed that it had been intentionally set on fire, probably in the last act of the funeral; since, it has been found that the fire was caused, perhaps accidentally, by the thieves who plundered the tomb.

engraved in the interior of the pyramids of the Vth and VIth Dynasties had pointed to this already, and they must have been composed in the time of those old kings, perhaps even before their time, in the centuries before any Pharaohs existed. In examining the gnawed bones and the dismembered skeletons, it can now be understood what the ferocious Osiris, whose existence I divined in those archaic formulas, was like; in the beginning the pre-eminently *good Being* of the Egyptian religion had been animated by the cruel instincts of her people, and she only gradually became gentler as the people grew more civilized. And yet in spite of the barbarity of the manners, and the simplicity of the tools, it must be confessed that we are far from the very beginning. The writing exists, and its system is already complete. The hieroglyphics have their classical value, and we can decipher them without difficulty wherever it is not a case of hasty scratchings traced on a fragment of a vase by a hurried workman. As we felt that there is the Egypt of Menes always powerful, always civilized behind the Egypt of the Pyramids, so now we catch a glimpse of a still more primitive Egypt, but past its early youth and well equipped for existence, behind the Egypt of Menes. Somewhere its monuments repose beneath the sand; they will rise up as soon as we have money enough to call them forth.

XVI

EGYPTIAN BELIEF IN LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS

THERE are many persons, even at the present time, who hesitate to start on their travels on a Friday, and if they do so, they feel uncomfortable and anxious. Others, even, do not hesitate at all, and prefer not to start. It means a distinct loss of a day a week, and, as fear of accident does not stop with some people even there, considerable disarrangement of things in general is caused by such an attitude. But however great the time thus lost by some persons now, it is very small compared with what the Egyptians lost in the cause of superstition in the Pharaonic age, even those who in their country and their day would have been considered sceptics.

A papyrus in the British Museum contains a calendar in which a learned contemporary of Ramses II had, according to the works of certain former seers, marked the good or evil virtue of the days of the year.[1] We only possess about two-thirds of it, a little less than eight months, but each day is conscientiously qualified. The hours between the rising and setting of the sun, the only ones that are of importance, are divided into three *seasons* of four, each of which is ruled by its particular influence. Most often their quality was the same, and the whole day was placed in the category either of propitious or fatal days. Sometimes, however,

[1] The *Papyrus Sallier*, No. IV, published in facsimile in the *Select Papyri*, Vol. i, translated, with notes by Chabas. "Le Calendrier des jours, fastes et néfastes," *Œuvres diverses*, Vol. v, pp. 126–235.

it happened that one of the periods had one value, while another assumed another value, and there were also mixed days on which fortune differed every minute. The scribe has carefully registered these oscillations, and has placed a warning note for the reader after each date, *good*, *good*, *good* or *hostile*, *hostile*, *hostile*, or *good*, *good*, *hostile*, or any combination to which the division into three groups lends itself. He indicates afterwards the things to be done or avoided, the animals whose encounter or sight should be shunned, and adds to this information a summary of the motives which justified his recommendations. It was in almost every case a legendary episode of the gods, and as our knowledge of Egyptian mythology is very far from thorough we are often at a loss as to the events and personages alluded to. We merely perceive that a victory, or some pleasant experience of one of the immortals at that particular date and hour, had some undefined effect on mortals and gave them a chance of prosperity. On the other hand, the consequences of a disaster in heaven made themselves felt on earth for a long period of time; thus men were benefited or injured by the pleasure or pain of the gods.

The results of these old sacred stories were often strange, and showed themselves in unexpected ways. The 23rd of the month of Thot is marked as thrice lucky, and yet the restrictions heaped on that day equal in number those of unlucky days. Incense must not be burnt, nor oxen nor goats nor ducks be killed, nor geese be eaten, nor music be played or listened to, and the child who was born would not live. How, then, did this lucky day differ from unlucky days? It was probably so well known at Thebes that the author deemed it unnecessary to inform posterity, and we are left in ignorance until a new order of things shall inform us. The 25th of the same month was reckoned favour-

able in the first two *seasons*, but the last was unfavourable; demons allied with Set had formerly committed some misdeed in the afternoon, and the terror they inspired explains why believers were enjoined not to leave their houses in the evening hours. The 6th of Paophi was the fête-day of Râ, the Sun, and the gods held a family rejoicing; it is probable that they drank deep on the occasion, for the child born on that day was destined to die of intoxication. It was, it seems, an enviable fate, but there was a still better one: the man or woman who first saw the light on the 10th of Khoîak would die with "a piece of bread in their hand, and their mouths full of beer," the eye delighted by the sight of a well-plenished table. I have said elsewhere how unfavourable prognostics might be temporarily warded off; amulets or magic formulas permitted the threatened individual to postpone the moment of their realization. Whoever had the misfortune to be born on the 23rd of Paophi would be devoured by a crocodile, but if he protected himself with the suggested incantations he would succeed in lengthening his life into extreme old age; his crocodile would have to wait all that time unless some carelessness delivered him to his mercy sooner.

Injunctions with regard to fire are not rare in our calendar. Fire was not tamed as completely as it is with us; as it could only be produced by means of a long and difficult operation, it was carefully nourished, and great trouble was taken not to let it go out. It was, in fact, a veritable living being, an almost divine animal, who was worshipped and treated with the respect due to the genii superior to humanity, but at certain times it grew angry, and was then to be distrusted. On the 5th of Athyr, if it went out, it might not be rekindled, if it burned, it might not be looked at; its brightness would fascinate those who let their eyes stray

towards it, and would draw them into it and consume them. The 7th of Tôbi, there was an order to keep the flame brilliant, in order to ward off the evil spirits who attack the house. On the 11th of the same month no one might approach the fire-place, for the god Râ had once burst into flame on that day in order to devour his enemies, and the effects of his metamorphosis were felt each anniversary. The person who ventured near fire was penetrated by a sort of subtle aura, and had feeble health for the rest of his life. I should add that on that point modern Egypt has inherited the superstitions of ancient Egypt. There are days in the year on which the fellaheen of Thebes and the Saîd refuse to kindle a fire, others when they avoid approaching the flame, even of a candle or lamp, and the most timid do not smoke. I often tried to find out the reason of their fear, but Egyptian peasants are much like French peasants. They suspect the foreigner who questions them about such matters of wishing to ridicule them, and either they make no reply at all or only a very brief one. Some of them, all Mussulmans, told me that on those days fire kindled by men changed into hell fire, and killed with short shrift all living beings or inanimate things that felt its heat. It is exactly the same reason as that given in the time of the Pharaohs, but no one could or would tell me why the flame underwent this troublesome change on a particular day.

It was thought that many beasts possessed mysterious means of self-defence, from which not only the hunter but any one who chanced to encounter them could scarcely escape. The lion, like the serpent, could fascinate with its look; a glance of the eye of certain species of antelopes immobilized and petrified, so to speak; the scorpion enclosed its victim in a circle that he could not get out of, and other creatures were so unwholesome that if a man merely looked at them he

immediately withered away. The influence proper to each day increased or diminished the influence proper to each beast. There were certain moments in each season when anything might be looked at without any resultant harm; the 28th of Thot, the 3rd, 8th, 13th, 16th, 28th of Paophi; the 7th, 11th, 25th, 30th of Athyr; the 2nd, 7th, 8th, 22nd, 30th of Khoîak, and so on, from decade to decade, every one could look on what he would at will, and the lion would not fascinate him, the scorpion would not enfold him, the antelope would not petrify him, no serpent would exercise on him his destructive power. By the side of animals who were harmful by nature there were others who only owed their perversity to the malignity of the day, for instance, the rat and the ox. If rats or mice had been dangerous in themselves Egypt would soon have been depopulated, for their number is legion, or the fellah would have had to live with his eyes closed in order never to see them in the house or fields. But there were moments when the rat, poor wretch, became terrible without suspecting it, by virtue of the calendar. On the 12th of Tôbi, believers were advised not to look at a rat, or if his eyes accidentally rested on one, to keep at a respectful distance; on a certain 12th of Tôbi the rat had once served Sokhît in one of her expeditions, and something of the virulence of the goddess had remained with it. The bull, too, became dangerous for mythological reasons at a certain fixed date. His body was one of those into which the gods preferred to enter when they descended on earth to visit mortals. Any one meeting a bull when he was possessed by a god was threatened with sudden death. People were careful not to kill an ox on the 20th of Thot, for the 20th of Thot was one of the days on which it pleased the gods to incarnate themselves in bulls, and so in killing the beast a god might be injured. An ox might

not be led by a leash on the 20th of Pharmouti, for fear that one of the evil spirits let loose on that day, knocking against the animal, might be introduced into it, and inspire it with the temptation to gore its leader. The 25th of Paophi, which, like the 20th of Thot, was a great day with the gods for excursions on earth, people avoided meeting a herd, for if one of the oxen was incarnated great harm ensued; the passer-by would certainly fall dead.

But the worst was that on certain days men themselves acquired terrible properties. People were warned not to contemplate the work of the fields on the 11th and 12th of Pharmouti. They should not watch over the tillage, nor the harvest, nor the ploughing of the soil, for once, at that time, Montou forced the enemies of Râ to fulfil these servile tasks for him; the human eye looking at the labourers or gardeners let loose misfortune against them. Even to-day the fellaheen do not like to be looked at or to have their doings observed with too close an attention; they immediately suspect a *jettatore*, and they make a gesture or murmur a formula which protects them. The superstition of the evil eye was rife in ancient Egypt, and every sort of precaution was invented for guarding against those of either sex afflicted with the vice. The most common and most efficacious of the talismans with which people armed themselves against it was the charm of the Eye of Horus, the *ouzaît*, which an enterprising jeweller tried to restore to fashion a few years ago. The Eye is there represented with its thick eyebrow and with the marks of *kohol*, with which the Egyptians adorned the eyelids, for hygienic reasons as well as from coquetry. Sometimes there could be distinguished in the pupil the tiny human image that all ancient peoples thought to discern in the eye of a living being, recognizing therein a manifestation of the soul. Fastened to the wrist,

worn round the neck, hung on the necklace, or sewed on a garment, the *ouzaît* was not less efficacious than the tiger-claws or little horns worn by the Neapolitans to-day. It may be seen in mystic paintings placed on slender legs, and strengthened by slim hands which stretch the bow; it pierces the evil spirits set free by the *jettatore*, and its strength, derived from that of the Sun, triumphs over their attacks.

It goes without saying that no one would start on a journey, or even leave the house for a walk, without reflecting twice. The almanack must be consulted if it was desired to set foot out of doors, and the restrictions imposed by it made things fairly awkward for those who resigned themselves to observing them. The reproach of imprudence was deserved if any one embarked on the Nile on Paophi 22nd, for there was risk of being devoured by a crocodile. On Athyr 4th, life was safe, but the home would be ruined by a simple expedition in a boat. On Athyr 19th there were whirlpools in the river, and it could not be ascended or descended without the risk of being engulfed; in fact, it was better to stay at home. To travel by boat on Mechir 19th or 24th was not to be thought of. Most often, indeed, people barricaded themselves in their houses, and did not stir out, so fearful were they of accidents. If they took a breath of fresh air about five o'clock in the afternoon of Paophi 15th, they ran a great risk. The serpent Ouat, one of the mythological dragons with which Egypt was infested, went about unrestrained all the evening with his train of malignant spirits; whoever chanced to see him was at once struck blind. On the 27th of Pharmouti, the goddess Sokhît made a terrible disturbance among men; it was advisable not to venture out of doors on any pretext from the rising of the sun to its setting, in order not to be haunted by her. If any one walked in the open air on Pakhons 5th,

he was sure to catch a fever. In most cases the scribe contents himself with saying: "Do not leave the house," without specifying the nature of the evil by which the breaking of the law would be punished, but he nearly always mentions the reasons which made disobedience dangerous, and they are so serious that the reader comprehends without much elaboration: it is death with short shrift. The number of days tabooed varied according to the months, six in Paophi, seven in Khoîak and Phamenôt, five in Pharmouti, and so on; it may be reckoned that popular superstition rendered useless about one-fifth of the year.

The Egyptians were not the only people affected by these kinds of superstitions; the Chaldæans, the Assyrians, the Elamites, all the Semitic races of the old world suffered equally under them, and classical nations, the Greeks and Romans, yielded in nothing to the Orientals. Hesiod, in his *Works and Days*, sketches a plan of months in which he notes their good and evil influences, with the tasks to be fulfilled or avoided. Mythology plays its part, and we learn, for instance, that the 5th is unlucky because of the Furies; they traverse the world on that date in order to chastise perjury. The 7th owes its sacred character to the birth of Apollo; it is quite safe to thresh the corn about midday, and it is good to cut wood for making beds or light boats. The antique world was wholly plunged in superstition. Man felt himself surrounded by mysterious tribes, gods, genii, demons, wandering souls, elemental creatures of unfinished shape and almost unconscious, whose course crossed his, and whose life was mingled with his life from the day of his birth until that of his death. The perpetual danger with which they threatened him was all the more terrible since he did not perceive them as he saw men. He walked blindly in the midst of them, until unconsciously knocking up

against them, and hurting them, he felt the effects of their anger. He had then to seek measures either for eliminating them from his path, or for warding off their assaults, or for verifying their presence, and for that purpose applied to the science of prognostics, to divination, religion, magic. He covered himself with amulets, he learned formulas, he inquired about the days and hours when the power of the spirits would be strongest, and if all his precautions were unavailing, at the critical moment he shut himself up at home to be out of reach of their attack. The calendar I have described, and others like it, instructed him on the last point, and they were as necessary for his safe guidance among the invisible spirits as astronomical or religious calendars are for the proper order of festivals and the times of work in town or country.

All this seems contemptible to us now, but historians are very wrong systematically to neglect it. The two serpents of which an Ethiopian king dreamed one night, were certainly nothing but an illusion of sleep without real consistence or meaning. Yet directly the priests of Napata declared that they were the precursory sign of a conquest of Egypt, Egypt's fate was sealed. The Ethiopian king assembled his army, set out for the wars, and, as he thought that the two serpents announced victory, he fought so well that he won the day. We could quote more than one example from what we have deciphered on the monuments of wars and conquests, the first cause of which is as futile as the dream of the Ethiopian. The auguries, the presages, the conjunctions of the stars, the influences of lucky or unlucky days have decided the fate of nations, and directed the progress of humanity during the course of the oldest history. And if we wish to understand that history, and to make our contemporaries understand it, we must reckon with these superstitions.

XVII

THE EGYPTIAN 'BOOK OF THE DEAD'

THE *double* of the Egyptians must sometimes have been greatly embarrassed when, after having undergone the last purifications, and received the last votive offerings, he found himself alone in his vault, by the side of his corpse. His relatives and friends on the earth above, full of compassion for his weakness, and of solicitude for his well-being in the future life, had heaped up around him all sorts of gifts, useful and useless. He had clothes, and stuffs to make them of, shoes, wigs, jewels, perfumes, weapons for war and for sport, provisions of all sorts in profusion, more things to drink than he knew what to do with, even servants obliged to wait on him, boats destined to carry him and his servants and his animals and his baggage along the canals of the other world; but this wealth itself was a source of care and fear to him. The weariness of living eternally in the tomb, shut in by the thickness of the walls and by virtue of the funeral incantations, was to die a second death. No soul hitherto accustomed to the open sunshine and the fresh north breeze would be resigned to vegetate for ever in the close atmosphere of two or three permanently sealed chambers. On the other hand, it was a difficult road which led through the land of the gods to the banks of the heavenly Nile on which the Boat of Râ made its journeys, or to the innumerable islands where the good Osiris had established her paradise of Ialou. It was necessary to traverse more

than one strange country, to cross streams of boiling wâter and deserts infested with serpents, to fight battles with tribes of genii and gods who haunted certain districts, or to gain their good-will; it was a long, adventurous voyage, and the first *doubles* who undertook it without a guide, or a guide-book, had their work cut out to reach their destination safe and sound with their convoy of merchandise and terrified attendants.

How did the survivors come to know this? Directly they were informed, they tried to come to the rescue of their dead friends, and, as they had a personal interest in facilitating the migrations of the *doubles*, they were quick to invent efficient methods. They noted the name and the situation of the mystic regions, the character, the manners of the beings who dwelt in them, the nature of the dangers to be avoided. Their task was the more complicated as paradises were numerous in Egypt, and manifold were the ways that led to each one of them. It was necessary to give information of all possible itineraries, so that the soul might be in a position to choose its last sojourn, and to reach it without going astray. When a halting-place or a new danger was discovered, a special chapter was devoted to it, and all the chapters put together soon formed several works of varying lengths. To be of much use it should have been committed to memory by believers during their lifetime, in order that they might be ready for the great journey when their hour was come, but that was an obligation from which they preferred to be dispensed. To obviate the difficulties entailed by such negligence, the geography of the land beyond the tomb was taught after death. One of the priests, who dressed the corpse, sang in his ears the pieces of which one or other of the compilations was composed, or often, even, all the compilations, one after the other. The *double* retained what he wished, and took from it the information useful to guide him

correctly during his expedition. It seems that this oral instruction sufficed for the generations that built the Pyramids. Later it was doubtless perceived that memory does not always perfectly serve those who trust to it. The *double* had not heard or understood properly, it forgot the formulas, mixed them up, and altering them, falsified their meaning, or lessened their value. It seemed a better plan to give them the texts that had hitherto simply been recited to them, written down, and the most important were traced on the boards of the coffin, on the sides of the sarcophagus, on the walls of the funerary chamber, lastly on a papyrus roll placed near the mummy, or under its wrappings. Copies of the *Book of the Dead* may be counted to-day by the hundred; the smallest European museum has at least a fragment.

It has been several times translated into French, English, and German; one of the most distinguished Egyptologists, Sir Peter Le Page Renouf, was issuing a new interpretation of it when death interrupted his work in October 1897. Le Page Renouf was English, in spite of the French form of his name, or rather he was a native of Guernsey, one of those Norman islands which have given England so many good servants. A family tradition has it that his ancestor was a page of Duguesclin, and that the name Le Page is due to that ancestor's function. He took an active part in the religious controversies of the middle of the nineteenth century, became an Inspector of Schools, and afterwards keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum. Like so many others, he scattered his work among the reviews, and the greater number of his essays have disappeared; only those who have had the patience to seek out their hiding-places have any idea of what Egyptology owes him. His translation is accompanied by a commentary, in which

the chief difficulties of the text are pointed out, and the mythological allusions briefly explained.[1] It is the clearest of those which we possess, but in these matters clearness is relative. The larger part of the prayers collected in the *Book of the Dead* contain allusions to facts or concepts which had nothing mysterious about them when they were written down. The various legends of Osiris, or the solar myths, were familiar to the Egyptians of the middle class, and even the common people knew most of them, if not in detail, at least generally. It was admitted, for instance, that the sun changed boats during the day, and it was a commonplace in the schools that one was called *Saktît*, and the other *Mazît*. They were not entirely alike, either in equipment, form, decoration, or rigging; each possessed particular properties, and offered the god different facilities of navigation. The Theban or Memphian, learned in his religion, was ignorant of nothing concerning them, and their name, introduced into the text in this or that place, immediately turned his mind to a series of known events. That mythology is a dead letter for us, and it costs us much toil to conjure up ideas and images that the words *Saktît* and *Mazît* at once aroused in the devout Egyptian of ancient days. We require hours of application and pages of commentary before catching even a vague glimpse of what he saw clearly on a cursory reading. Le Page Renouf's translation is, like the others, only accessible to the expert Egyptologist; without previous preparation it would merely present a series of words and phrases without apparent meaning.

The chapters are numerous, and all the copies do not contain the same number; the most complete papyri contain from 150 to 180. They are composed of a title,

[1] Lepage-Renouf: *The Book of the Dead*, reprinted from the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, Books I–VI, 1890–97.

which sets forth the object of the prayer, of a formula, which is the prayer itself, of a vignette, which illustrates the words of the text by a picture, or a series of pictures; sometimes a rubric adds instructions to the dead on the manner of reciting the piece, or of consecrating an amulet in which its virtues are concentrated. The title and the vignette are usually the most interesting parts. The title sets forth the purpose which originally inspired its composition; it shows the ideas of the Egyptians concerning the human soul, and the kind of existence that awaited it beyond the tomb. It was the life of this world transported to the next, with all its pleasures and all its troubles. In a vignette the defunct is seen leaving his hypogeum to reach the sojourn of his dreams. Staff in hand, he sets foot on the first declivities of the western mountain, behind which the lands of the shades extend infinitely. He reaches the boundary of the real world, and, in a second vignette, we assist at the welcome given him there. A sycamore, with thick foliage laden with figs, marks the frontier, and a woman, thrusting half her body out of the trunk, offers the traveller a tray filled with loaves and fruit, and a vase full of water. If he refuses, he cannot go forward, he must go back and return to this world; if he accepts, the bread and water make him the vassal of the gods, and give him free access to the mysterious plains. He is obliged to use great caution in walking, to keep eyes open and ears alert, in order not to perish by a second death, which would leave nothing of him remaining. In a series of miniatures we see him fighting with lance or dagger against serpents of various sizes and various degrees of venom, against poisonous insects, against a tortoise, against a big red ass, the incarnation of the evil spirit, Set-Typhon. Elsewhere a boat appears to take him to one of the domains of Osiris; it is a fairy boat, and asks him questions: he has to name and

describe in detail the parts of which the boat is made. The scene is realistically portrayed, the *double* standing on the bank, the hand raised in a supplicating gesture, the inquisitive boat, with its crew of divinities, in front of him. After examining these pictures, there is no longer any doubt of the meaning to be attached to the book itself; it is a guide-book and manual of conversation for the other world, for the use of souls in quest of a suitable paradise.

The titles and vignettes, then, of the compilation explain themselves, but difficulties accumulate as soon as we have crossed that threshold and try to penetrate the formulas. The greater part of them are the actual speeches pronounced by the defunct in such or such circumstances indicated by the title. The infernal serpents would not easily have succumbed to his lance had he not combined the power of magic words with the action of his arm. The orator is careful not to mention that he is a human *double*, for such a confession would have encouraged his adversary, and left him little chance of success. He exclaims loudly that he is a god, several gods, all the gods, that on many occasions he has massacred redoubtable enemies, that no one has ever resisted him. If the oration is given without a mistake, with appropriate tone and gesture, the effect is irresistible; it acts on the senses of the serpent like an incantation, it makes him believe that he is confronted with the personages evoked, and not with a *double* trembling with fear, so his strength leaves him, and he falls after more or less hard fighting. The Egyptians are fond of talking; many of the chapters are fifty lines long, and to recite them in accordance with the proper ceremony would take at least half-an-hour. Some became almost celebrated as soon as they were deciphered, as, for instance, Chapter 125, which contains what Champollion called the *Negative Confession*. The *double*, taken before the

Council of Osiris, calls each of the councillors to witness, and swears to him that he has not committed any of the acts blamed by custom or law; the purity of the moral teaching, the spirit of gentleness and charity with which his words are imbued, has called forth the admiration of persons least inclined to become enthusiastic about Egyptian matters. The case is, unhappily, somewhat unusual; mythological allusions predominate, and make the reading difficult even for experts. It is not that the thoughts lack elevation or poetry, or that the form is without literary merit, but all the images and concepts that the Egyptians put into it belong to an order of ideas so foreign to ours that a prolonged effort is required before we can enter into them. When, after careful study, we succeed in discovering the passages which must have most impressed the Egyptians, we are able to perceive their beauty although we still despair of making others feel what we have learned to feel; the amount of detailed explanation required makes too great a demand on the attention.

XVIII

EGYPTIAN ANIMATED STATUES

The Egyptians, high and low, did nothing without consulting the gods. Whether it was a journey to be undertaken by an ordinary individual, or a fleet to be dispatched by a queen to the shores of the Indian Ocean, both citizen and sovereign would repair to the temple to receive the advice of the divinity, and his reply influenced their final decision. The ceremonial was not the same in both cases: the man of the people explained his business to the priest, who put him into relation with the god and obtained a decision for him; the Pharaoh, himself a god and the son of a god, addressed his divine father or brother without a go-between. But whatever the rite or the ceremony, the deed and the result were identical in both cases. The god represented by his image, heard the request, indicated his advice by some means or other, and the believer acted in accordance with the expression of the supposed superhuman will.

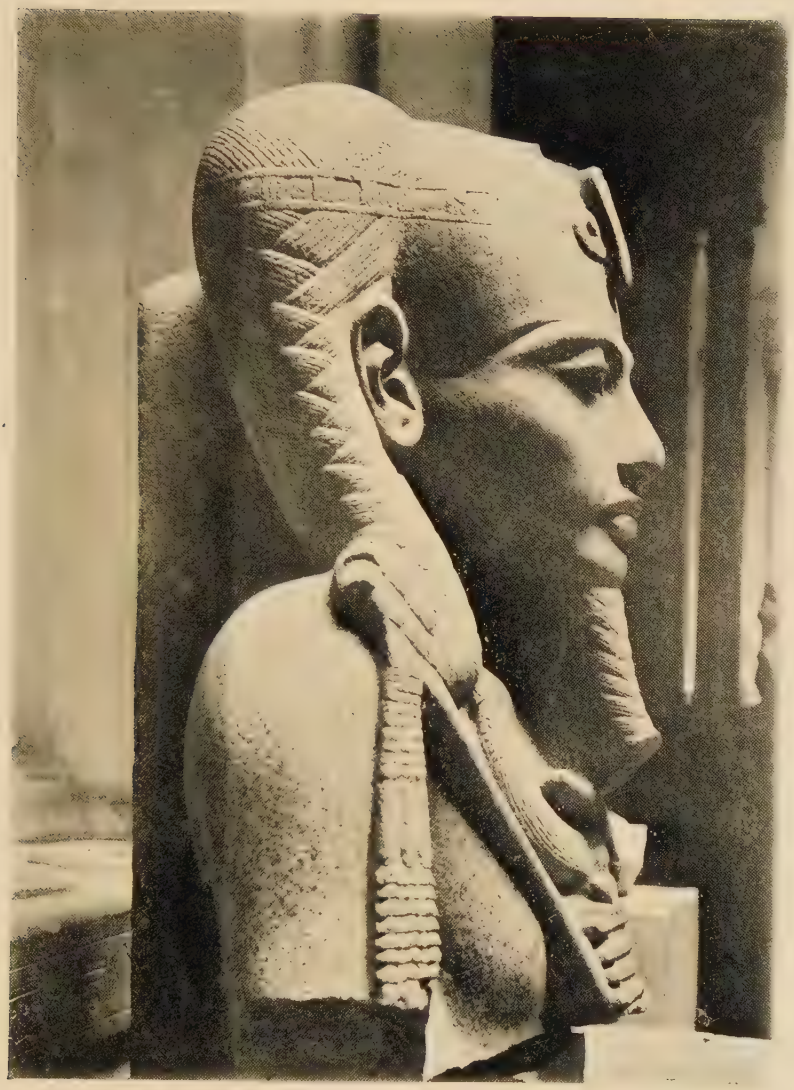
The methods used by Amon, or Phtah, or Osiris, or indeed any of the divinities worshipped in the temples, for commanding or advising their believers were infinitely varied; they sent prophetic dreams, they spoke in a mysterious voice, they revealed themselves by different sounds, by actions, by signs, and what had at first been a spontaneous manifestation on their part, their servants here below, the priests and magicians, learned to obtain by certain practices of unfailing effect. Their statues especially were privileged to give the answers

asked of them, not any sort of statue, but idols made and prepared expressly for that duty. To my knowledge we do not possess any specimen of them; as far as we can conjecture, they were most often of wood, painted or gilded like the ordinary statues, but made of jointed pieces which could be moved. The arm could lift itself as high as the shoulder or elbow, so that the hand could place itself on an object and hold it or let it go. The head moved on the neck, it bent back and fell again to its place. The legs do not seem to have been jointed, and it is improbable that the complicated business of walking was exacted of them. The statue, now finished in the image of the divinity for whom it provided corporeal form, had to be animated; the being of whom it was the portrait was evoked for that purpose, and by means of operations still imperfectly known a portion of himself was projected into the wood, a soul, a *double*, a power which never more left it. In this way terrestrial gods were constructed, exact counterparts of the celestial gods, their ambassadors on earth, as it were, capable of protecting, punishing, and teaching mankind, of sending them dreams, of speaking an oracle. When they were addressed, they had recourse to one of two methods, gesture or voice. They took up the word, and pronounced the verdict suitable to the business in hand either in a few words or in a long speech. They moved arms and head to an invariable rhythm. It was not considered miraculous, it was part of everyday life, and consultation of the gods belonged to the usual functions of the chiefs of the state, kings or queens. The monuments present numberless examples, in the great Theban epoch and in the time that followed it.

Here is one of the most ancient, and I quote it first, because the god speaks directly. The queen Hatshopsouîtou contemplated the dispatch of a squadron to the regions that produce sweet spices, but the voyage was

long and dangerous, the route ill defined, the situation of the incense districts uncertain, and she hesitated to enter on an adventure of so doubtful an issue. So one day she repaired to the Temple of Karnak, and confided her anxiety to her lord Amonrâ, the patron of her race. "When the sovereign had poured out her supplications before the master of Karnak, a command was heard in the holy place, a counsel of the god himself, to explore the ways that lead to Pouanît and to traverse the roads that lead to the Ports of Incense; and on their return to bring the products of that Divine Land to the god who had modelled the beauties of the queen." Thus encouraged she dispatched six vessels on a voyage of discovery, and when they returned laden with sweet spices, the god thanked them with more speeches, the tenor of which may be read on one of the walls of the temple of Deîr El-Baharî.[1] Conversations between gods and kings were not rare in the temples, and it is not without reason that most of the legends that accompany the pictures engraved on the walls are in dialogue form; the decorative custom corresponded to an almost everyday reality. In other cases the statue was silent, and indicated its opinion by a gesture; it nodded its head twice emphatically to say yes. One of the most curious of these pieces, found in the Temple of Khonsou at Thebes, tells how a Syrian princess, sister-in-law of Ramses II, fell ill, and was for a long while possessed by a demon or by the soul of a dead person. As the Asiatic magicians did not succeed in freeing her from the spirit, her father insisted that his son-in-law should apply to the cleverest exorciser in Egypt. But that personage did not consider himself strong enough to struggle with the evil spirit, and so recourse was had to a more efficacious intervention, to that of Khonsou himself. Ramses went to the temple, and addressed the statue: "Dear Lord, behold me here

[1] Cf. Chapter VIII.



THE GOD KHONSOU, HEAD OF A STATUE FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF KHONSOU, AT KARNAK.

ce page 146.

before thee for the sake of the daughter of the prince of Bakhtan." Then he ordered the image which drove out evil spirits to be brought, and placing it in front of the other said: "Dear Lord, if thou wilt deign to turn thy face towards this statue, made after thy image and which drives out evil spirits, we may venture to send it to Bakhtan." And again Khonsou nodded his head emphatically twice. Then Ramses replied: "Endow it with thy power so that I may send it to Bakhtan to relieve the daughter of the prince." And again Khonsou nodded his head emphatically twice. His consent gained, the transference of the effluvium which permitted the statue to do its work had to be effected.

The ceremony was quite simple. The person or object to be thus treated was placed, kneeling, crouching or upright as circumstance demanded, the back towards the object or person who was to treat them. After a few formalities the statue or the person raised his hand, and made several passes over the back of the other's neck. The effluvium flowed into the recipiendary, who kept it until having himself put his hands on the person to be cured, he suddenly found himself, as it were, empty. And, in fact, Khonsou arrived at Bakhtan, made the passes over the princess, and the divine power expelled the demon, after a short interview with him and with the priest.

It is clear that the statues really spoke in a loud and intelligible voice; they actually moved their heads and hands, and as they certainly did not do these things of themselves, some one had to do it for them. The Temple had, in fact, a priest or a class of priests whose duty it was to do these things. Their function was not secret, they performed it openly in the sight and with the knowledge of all. They had their appointed place in the ceremonies and processions, and in the sacerdotal hierarchy, and all the people knew that the voice or

hand of the god was theirs, and that they pulled the wires so that he nodded his head at the right moment. It was none of those pious frauds such as we generally suspect in like circumstances. Every one knew that the divine consultation was accomplished by this purely human intervention. Such being the case, we may ask how, not only the people, but the scribes, the nobles, and the kings could put confidence in such counsels. And if in later times, at least, it became a ceremony of tradition, kept up out of respect for antiquity, but to which no importance was any longer attached, the testimony of the monuments compels us to acknowledge that it was regarded seriously until the decay of paganism, and that all who took part in it were filled with respect for the task they undertook. They were brought up from childhood to believe that divine souls gave life to the statues, and to approach them with emotion and reverential fear. Each time that a believer needed their services, they prepared themselves by prayers and ceremonies that reminded them of the seriousness of an act, the power of which they believed was absolute. Their condition of mind was akin to that in which the modern priest goes up to the altar. Directly he has put on the sacerdotal robes, and recited the first sacramental words, he no longer belongs to himself but to the sacrifice he is going to consummate, he knows that the elements will change into the precious flesh and blood at his voice and gesture, and enters on the work he is sure of accomplishing without any doubts. With certain reservations it was just the same in Egypt. When the prophet had finished his preparations, and stood near the statue ready to raise his voice for it and make it move, he did not doubt for an instant that the god would enter into him, seize him, inspire him; he thought that a force would lay hold of his being, and dictate the words and move his hand. I admit the

possibility that fraud may sometimes have had a part in his actions, but could it not be said that the god, foreknowing all, so arranged things that the fault of his servant would favour his designs? The prevaricating priest, thinking to force the divine purpose and to deceive the believer, was a victim of his own manœuvre, and only declared what Amon wished him to declare.

The gods, then, directly governed the life of the Egyptians and the policy of their kings. They had their appointed place in the deliberations, and their decrees might seldom be disregarded. Such intervention, which we should find very tiresome, was not so regarded by any of the nations of antiquity, and we find it perpetually in Assyria and Chaldæa. The kings of Nineveh addressed themselves to Ishtar of Arbeles, or Adad or Shamash, and we possess a series of their consultations on a number of questions relating to the domestic or foreign affairs of the empire under Asarhaddon and Assourbanabal. In short, the gods ruled the ancient world, and its contemporaries were not far wrong when they doubled every war between men with a second war between the gods. The prophetic statues spoke for both sides when the armies came to close quarters, and their commands did not cease to arrive direct as long as the campaign lasted. It was indeed themselves who were conquered if the fortunes of war went against their nation, and they shared its fate. When the victor did not kill them in conquering them, he took them prisoners, and placed them in the Temples of their adversaries to serve as slaves as much as by way of trophies. If perchance they were later restored to their former owners, an inscription was carefully engraved on them commemorating their defeat and captivity.

XIX

WHAT THE EGYPTIANS SCRIBBLED ON THEIR WALLS

It is certain that tourists are gradually spoiling the monuments of Egypt by writing their names on them in big or small letters. Persons of taste are irritated when they come across them, and the directors of the antiquities exhaust themselves in searching for hard words in which to censure such practices in their reports. It is their strict duty to do this, and I, like the rest, have done my share. And yet, if the archæologists and historians of to-day would reflect a little, what fine fellows these inscription-makers are, and what an amount of ingenious work they are preparing for the students of the future! Henri Durand of Paris inscribed his name in 1882 on one of the blocks of the Great Pyramid. John Brown cut his in the neighbourhood in 1883, Fritz Müller scrawled his above the other two in 1884, and they may be tracked from Gizeh to the First Cataract through the temples and tombs; towards the end of the journey they become bolder, and each ventures on admiring or humorous reflections in accordance with the spirit of his nation. They are too near us to seem anything but absurd, but let a hundred years pass by, and distance will endow them with a certain prestige. A century ago, French soldiers quartered at Edfou, in the dark chambers of the Pylon, amused themselves by tracing legends and drawings on the wall. Names, dates, hearts burning with protestations of affection for their native land, a fine windmill that still exists, perhaps, in some corner of

A French Graffito from Bonaparte's Army in Egypt.

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France are to be seen; the cavalry fraternized with the infantry in its love of the native soil and its contempt for grammar, but I do not know which of the two arms proclaimed in its pride, *the French are conquerors everywhere.* It is a piece of France which still lives in the shade of the old temple of Horus, light cavalry, grenadiers, light infantry, a hundred or a hundred and fifty men in all, and a very slight effort of the imagination suffices to see them in the course of their monotonous life. Drill, continual sentry duty at the top of the two towers that guard the Nile, or the outlets into the Libyan desert, reconnoitring in the still insubordinate villages in order to reach the posts of Esneh or Daraou, skirmishes, and perchance a comrade mournfully buried in the little cemetery on the north side of the town; in the intervals, without forgetting the girls of France, they courted the girls of Egypt who, judging by certain features of European physiognomy to be seen among the inhabitants, were not indifferent to their affection. Menou forgot them when he evacuated the Saîd in 1800; they stayed at their post, in spite of assaults, for a few months until a Bey rescued them and enrolled them in his service. They then formed the largest contingent of the French Mamelukes who played an important part in the early wars of Mehemet Ali.

The Egyptians of Pharaoh travelled at times, and, like Cook's tourists, scribbled with all their might and main on the monuments they came across. The pyramid of Meydoum had so stoutly resisted the excavators, even Mariette, that it was thought to be untouched, and great things were expected of it. When I entered it in 1881, the first thing I saw was a scribe's name, *the scribe Sokari,* written in ink on the ledge of the door, and by its side mention of his colleague, Amonmosou. They scribbled under the XVIIIth Dynasty, more than 2000 years after the pyramid was built, and they went to see

the tomb of King Snofrouî just as we visit that of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle. They penetrated into the corridors that led to the vault, a thing seldom done; it meant a difficult climb up the north side of the pyramid to reach the opening, and many hesitated to risk their necks. They stayed at the foot of the pile, in the little chapel where the worship of the Pharaoh had formerly been celebrated, and as they were not out of breath with climbing, or thinking of the chances of accident offered by a perpendicular descent, there was nothing to prevent them writing their names in a prominent place; they conjured up their classical memories, and engrossed an enthusiastic formula on one of the blocks. The son of the same Amonmosou who so briefly announced his arrival, as shown above, was more eloquent than his father, and told in diffuse language how in the year XLI of Thoutmôsis III, "he went to see the beautiful chapel of Snofrouî. He discovered the interior to be like the sky when Râ, the Sun, rose, and he exclaimed, 'the heavens rain myrrh and so an incense falls on the front of Snofrouî's chapel.'" And as if such noble poetry would not have been acceptable to the soul of the sovereign without the addition of some substantial wish, he addressed himself to future generations and asked them to pray for him. "All of you who pass by here and read these words, whether you be scribes, magicians or priests, if you love life and desire the praise of the gods of your towns, and to transmit your offices to your children, and then to be buried in the necropolis of Memphis in old age, after a long sojourn on earth, say: 'Offerings to Osiris, Râ, Amon, Anubis, that these gods may grant all imaginable provisions to the spirit of King Snofrouî and Queen Marisônkhis his wife.'" He was succeeded later by others who, finding his prose to their taste, appropriated pieces of it, and recopied on their own account what he had said on his.

Those old travellers were not more critical or discerning in the objects of their admiration than our tourists are. They went into ecstasies over everything shown them provided it was very old, and if they deciphered the texts engraved on the tombs, they did not understand them properly. One of the feudal nobles buried at Beni-Hassan told that he had governed a town, the name of which, exactly translated into English, is *the Nurse-Cheops*. Had it been destroyed since his time? At any rate it was no longer known under the XVIIIth Dynasty, and the scribes who then climbed up to the hypogeum had never heard it mentioned. Seeing the name of Cheops in several places, they concluded that the paintings had been made for that king, and that they were in his house, in his syringe, and then they recorded their opinion in a half-dozen ecstatic scrawls: "Here came the scribe Thoutiî," or the scribe Amonmosou, or the scribe Raî. "When I came to view the beautiful chapel of Cheops, I found its interior like the heavens, when the sun rises and well provided with fresh incense." They fall into error with much ease, their appreciation is monotonous, and many of them are content merely to testify in five or six words that they had been there. Others, however, are kind enough to confide to us under what king they honoured the monument with their presence, in what year, under what circumstances, and their vanity has made them the unconscious auxiliaries of learning. It was in the year XL of such a sovereign, just when his Majesty was sailing from Memphis to Thebes to inaugurate a temple, or when he returned from his third campaign in Ethiopia, and the king, and his buildings, and his journeys, and his victories would be unknown to us if one of the scribes of the escort had not been seized with the passionate desire of writing at the sight of a wall placed well in the public view. Thousands of others were victims of a like mania during

centuries, and thanks to them we glean dates, facts, royal cartouches everywhere; dynasties are put together again with what they teach us; piece by piece the history of Egypt is built up. They also add details about their own family, their own particular destiny, the reason of their going there, and that reason is often very extraordinary. The Egyptians prided themselves on being consummate magicians, and then, as now, the cemeteries, especially those which were deserted, were the places best suited to the sorcerers' operations. Abandoned spirits, who died of hunger in their tombs, were inclined to assist the works of magic which might procure them food. The pyramids themselves served as a refuge for good or evil beings, and a rite performed at the due hour, with the necessary words, would make them for a brief space subservient to the desires of the operator.

In the year L of Ramses II, the scribe Panoua, who lived at Memphis or in the environs, went one night to the tomb of a certain Shopsisouphtah, who had flourished twenty centuries before and in his time had possessed the reputation of great skill in supernatural matters. He brought the suitable books of magic, and, taking up his position in the chapel, set himself to perform the ceremonies for evoking the spirits. If everything went well an enormous serpent would appear to him, the serpent which hides itself in the pyramid of the Pharaoh Sahourî, and in the form of which the soul of the king was pleased to reveal itself. Panoua wished to inquire of him for a recipe which would prolong his earthly existence to the age of 110, an age that no mortal had been able to go beyond. The prayers were powerful, for they were taken from books compiled by the god Phtah himself, but doubtless the time was unfavourable; he went on to the eleventh incantation without success, then grew discouraged and returned home, but before leaving, in-

scribed on the wall in a beautiful running hand an exact account of the unfruitful *séance*. Elsewhere, sick persons, after consulting an oracle, scribbled a compliment to the god or goddess who healed them in miraculous fashion, on a neighbouring rock or on a wall of the chapel. One believer uttered a cry of anguish to his patron: "Do not desert me, Oh Râ-Harmakhis!" and signed himself, "the scribe Thoutmôsis of the Necropolis." An employé in the canals and irrigation department registered the beginning of the rise, or the day the dykes were broken: "The year X, the 13th of the second month of summer, that day there was a great rising of the Nile." Contented persons had nothing but praise for their superiors or equals, and confided their feelings to the walls. Discontented persons acted in the same way, and so we now possess some of the satires in which their ill-humour found vent. The archivist Phtahshadou has forgotten to tell us his master's misdeeds; he was contented to write a couplet on the rock at Thebes in which he vigorously lashed his chief. "My master's order, it is a crocodile. Its tooth is in the water, but where? Its teeth are in the canal on the west, and its eye winks." It seems to have been considered most extremely comic, and three-quarters of the inhabitants of Thebes were suffocated with laughter for weeks, but the flavour of the gibe has evaporated, and many annotations are needed to recall it. It must first be remembered that the crocodile is a treacherous animal that keeps in muddy water in the canal all day, pretending to be asleep in order not to alarm his prey; the paintings in the tombs show him stretched out in a meditative attitude, his tail quiet, his mouth shut, with an innocent air as if he was only a big, harmless leopard. At the moment when it is least expected, a turn of the tail, two bites of the teeth, a plunge, and a sheep, a dog, a man has disappeared. Phtahshadou received an order of harmless aspect but

dangerous to carry out, and he compared it to the felonious crocodile, but he did not know where the danger would come in; he only guessed that he risked his life, and therefore he spoke of the canal which was on the west and which had to be crossed in order to reach the tomb. That is the explanation, but even so, many of us will not perceive the humour of the piece any more than we did before. How many centuries will be needed before the satires of to-day will require an archæological commentary, and throw those who still believe in the tradition of French wit into wondering astonishment?

A German, Spiegelberg, a careful student and commentator of these inscriptions, like all of his race, has collected several thousands of them at Thebes alone, and has not exhausted the material. The more he transcribes, the more he discovers. I do not complain, for these scratchings tell us new things about the old Egyptian people, so long buried, so lately exhumed. How, then, can we continue to blame the European tourists who disfigure the walls, when we copy and study with such tender care the slightest scribblings of their ancient predecessors?

XX

EGYPTIAN LOVE POETRY

When we look at a mummy in the Turin, or any other European museum, and see a packet of dry bones barely covered with a brown skin, and features contracted by the embalmment into a sad or grotesque grimace, some imagination is required to restore the elegant, slender girl, whose subtle charms intoxicated the young gallants of Thebes during her youth, or even the old woman, deformed and faded, who, dreaming in the evening by candle-light of her former lovers, croons, in low tones, the love-songs of her youth. Go into another room of the museum, and ask for the case of papyri to be opened; there you will find a collection of these songs, mutilated, stained, full of lacunæ, but sufficiently legible in many places for long fragments to be authoritatively translated, and to inform us how passion was expressed amongst a people destined to end as numbered exhibits in the glass cases of our museums. The remains were collected and translated first by Goodwin,[1] then by myself;[2] they have just been studied for a third time by Max Müller, a German scholar settled in America.[3] The translation is well done, and the commentary clear, if occasionally too exotic in expression; the work is one of those which may be read with interest by persons who are not experts, and if

[1] Goodwin: "The Papyrus Harris," No. 400, in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, Vol. iv, pp. 380–388.
[2] Maspero: *Études Égyptiennes*, Vol. i, pp. 216–259.
[3] Max Müller: *Die Liebespoesie der Alten Ægypter*, Leipzig, 1899.

it contains doubtful passages which invite discussion by Egyptologists, the whole gives a faithful rendering of the style of the original.

Love poems must have been very numerous in Egyptian literature. We already possess more or less considerable fragments of three collections written during the second Theban epoch, about the thirteenth century B.C., and fragments of other pieces have been found even on funerary stelæ. It is certain that a portion at least of the little pieces then collected by the scribes were of much earlier date, and had long been orally current. They formed a common reserve in which lovers dipped at will, and on which each embroidered themes in accordance with his special needs. The musicians recited them to the accompaniment of the theorbo, harp or lute, in private houses or in the streets, just as the singers and almehs of our day make Arab verses in Cairo, or in Upper Egypt. If any one who has lived in districts in which European influence is not too predominant, will carry his present experiences back a thousand years, he will be easily able to reconstruct those ancient concerts. In the paintings of the Theban hypogeums we see the executants with their dress, their instruments, their gestures, their audience. The manuscripts of our museums suggest the ideas and words which animated the picture. The effect produced on the audience was doubtless similar to those described in so curious a manner in the *Arabian Nights*. The minstrel revelled in prolonged roulades and strange conceits, he sighed during the tender passages, he wept or sobbed when the hero or heroine sang of their despair, and he accentuated the intensity of his different feelings by suppressed guttural exclamations still affected by the artist of to-day. I have sometimes tried to adapt one or other of the old pieces to the Arab melodies heard on the Nile, often with success. We can imagine that the old airs, now lost,

were modulated in the same way as modern ones, accompanied by arpeggios on stringed instruments, or by the simultaneous beating of tambourines.

The motives employed in the three collections are identical with those of the Arabs, and some have a modern appearance. It is now the lover, now his lady, or, to use the ancient term, his *sister*. The expression is characteristic of the Egyptian family, where the sister by father and mother was by right the favourite wife of her brother, but the custom held good for all other women, and here it designates the mistress generally, whatever her social rank, lady or servant, young girl or courtesan. In one of the pieces at the beginning she seems to have nothing more to refuse her lover, and he describes the charms she reveals with significant vivacity, but elsewhere things do not seem to be so far advanced; the lover complains of the fair one's severity, and invents tricks to bring her to his house. "I shall keep my bed at home, and as I am sick, my neighbours will come and see me, my sister will come with them; she will make the physicians ashamed, for she well knows my malady!" If that artifice does not succeed, he thinks of introducing himself into her house among her visitors: "My sister's villa; . . . ah! if I might be its porter! Even if my sister were vexed with me, I should listen to her angry voice like a little child trembling with fear." This doubtful favour does not long content him, and he asks for more: "Oh! that I were her black slave, she who is always with her! I should see all the beauty of her body!" He would be the ring she wears on her finger, the garland of flowers that surrounds her neck and caresses her breast; at need he would have no scruple in giving her a love-potion which would decide her to open her door. He even undertakes a pilgrimage to the temples of Memphis, in the hope that the gods invoked by him will intervene in his "favour: I go

down the river in a boat, the water stirred by the rowing of the crew; my bouquet of myrtle on my shoulder, I direct my course to the city of Onkhtaouî, and I shall say to Phtah: 'Give me my sister, this night.'" At length he obtains the object of his desire, and his mistress joins him at the trysting-place: "When I see my sister coming, my heart beats fast, my arms open to enfold her; my heart rejoices with everlasting joy when my lady arrives. If she embraces me, and her arms open for me, it is as if I were anointed with the perfumes of Arabia, with the sweetest odours! If she kisses me with her half-opened lips, I am intoxicated without need of beer!"

But it is not the man who plays the chief part in these erotic collections; the woman is on the stage more often than he is, the woman deserted, or fearing to be so. She enjoyed so much liberty in Egypt that the Greeks thought her all-powerful in the family, and her husband was her slave. It was she who most often took the initiative, and ran to meet desire. She seized the first pretext to offer herself, perhaps one of the hunting parties in the marshes, many of which are depicted on the walls of the tombs. "The beauties of thy sister, the beloved of thy heart, go down into the meadows, oh, my dearest brother! my heart does what may be agreeable to thee, and all it may please thee to invent, I say to thee, 'It is done.' I have gone to the hiding-place, trap in hand, and my cage and my case. All the birds of Arabia come down on Egypt, perfumed with myrrh, and he who flies above my head has pricked my bait, bringing his odour from Arabia, his feet full of sweet-smelling gums. My heart burns that we should take them together, I alone with thee, and that I should make thee hear the shrill voice of my bird perfumed with myrrh. If I obtain that thou art there where I am, with me, I will manage my trap, oh, my dearest love, thou who comest to his

beloved!" Her dear love does not respond to the appeal; she laments, forgets to watch her trap, lets the game escape. "The voice of the wild goose who has touched the bait is heard, but thy love is not for me, and I do not know how to free myself from it. I will remove my nets, but what shall I say to my mother, to whom I return each day, laden with the birds I have caught? I only set my trap to-day to take thy love prisoner." Nothing would be easier than to restore in detail the picture briefly indicated by the poet; it would suffice to take one of the paintings from a Theban tomb that represents hunting with nets, and to put them in charge of the love-lorn girl instead of in that of the customary slaves. The theme is often repeated, with variants, that show what a favourite one it was. Sometimes the joy of love is described. "The voice of the turtle-dove is heard," she says; "here is the dawn, and, weary as I am, where shall I go? Not so, my beauteous bird! While you disputed with me, I found my brother in his bed, and my heart more joyful than can be expressed; for I shall never leave him more, but, hand in hand, I shall go with him through all the beautiful places; he makes me the first of women, he who does makes glad my heart." Then he deserts her, and the laments of the unhappy woman, who does not accept the rupture, are poignant: "I keep my face turned towards the door, for that way comes my brother. My two eyes watch the road, my two ears listen, I turn cold, for my brother's love is my sole possession, and about all that concerns him my heart will never be silent. And see, he sends me a messenger, swift of foot, as soon there as gone, to tell me—'I am delayed.' Ah! say, rather, that thou hast found another mistress! Oh! thou whose face is false, why break the heart of another by thy infidelity?"

If the structure of these pieces is closely examined,

some attempt at style, a refinement of expression, a certain grace is to be recognized. Some of them are conceived almost in the manner of the Italian *stornelli*. They begin with the name of a flower, on which the poet plays for several phrases; unfortunately, the rhyming of the syllables, to which he has recourse in order to compare this or that virtue of his mistress with the flower's name, cannot be put into any modern language, and it makes a literal translation almost impossible. The other rhythms are more easily perceived, and if we do not always succeed in realizing the special charm that the choice of a particular word, or the employment of certain grammatical turns, gives to the thought, the development of the thought, at any rate, remains, and in places is so transparent and natural that we find pleasure in following it even in its modern garb. I have more than once in Egypt uncorked a bottle of essence picked up in a tomb. It did not exhale any definite perfume, but a vague odour, of which it could not be said that it was either agreeable or unpleasant, and the sensation of which vanished directly a definition of it was attempted. If we try to analyze the form of these love songs, the poetry contained in them would vanish in the same way; it must be seized quickly and enjoyed without plan or purpose, without attempting to define its nature or to analyze its component parts.

XXI

CAN THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTIONS BE DISCOVERED?

EXPERTS in Egyptology know that the little animals in single-file processions scattered over the Egyptian monuments are signs of letters or syllables, and that each possesses its fixed value, with which for the most part we are familiar. If on a sarcophagus in the Louvre you come across a crouching hare with its ears, and what ears! pricked, and a horned serpent gliding behind it, any Egyptologist will explain to you in a couple of words that the hare represents a verb comprising an *ou* and an *n*, that the serpent is the pronoun of the third person singular masculine, and corresponds to our letter *f*, and lastly, that the whole is transcribed *ou* + *n* + *f*, and means *he is*. It is a fine result, and Champollion as well as his pupils had cause for congratulation when they had obtained it; it has since been registered in all the grammars of hieroglyphics of which beginners avail themselves, and for a long time there the science began and ended. But this combination of the three sounds *ou* + *n* + *f* is not easy to pronounce off-hand, and instinctively professors and students have introduced a vowel between *n* and *f*, the weakest and least compromising of the vowels, a slightly open *é*.[1] Those who read Egyptian aloud, a pleasure granted to few persons in this world, are accustomed to say *oun-éf*. But did the Egyptians themselves pronounce it that way, and is it

[1] Pronounce as in French.

possible to discover what their pronunciation was? It was contested at first *a priori*, and I have not forgotten the indulgent scepticism with which I was greeted when nearly a quarter of a century ago I not only declared that the problem could be solved, but even sketched out a solution. The years that have passed since then have destroyed many prejudices and removed many doubts; a German, Sethe, has placed at the beginning of a big volume on the Egyptian verb long introductory chapters forming a veritable treatise on Egyptian pronunciation.[1] I am not sure if he has chosen the best way to reach the goal he aimed at; it is enough for me to attest that the problem, at first considered insoluble, is now one of those that some students claim to have solved.

No one any longer doubts that the value of the hieroglyphic signs has been discovered, and that translations of historical or literary inscriptions hidden in them can be furnished. But it is not in this case a question of transcribing in a modern language the thought contained in these ancient works; it is a question of restoring the fashion in which the thought vibrated in the ears of those who expressed it, to find again the cadence, the modulation, the accent, at need the changes of tone it has undergone in the course of ages. We no longer hear it, and no one has heard it for hundreds of years, but other races whose language we know did hear it at the time when it was still spoken, and they made notes of what they heard. The first time that sailors or Greek mercenaries set foot on the shores of the Delta, they were obliged to learn to speak the words most needed in daily intercourse, and some of them, chiefly proper names, names of towns, names of kings, names of individuals, names of gods, ended by getting written down in Greek letters on the tablets of Herodotus, or in the works of

[1] Sethe: *Das Ægyptische Verbum*, Vol. i, pp. 3–33.

other Greek historians. When, later, Alexander had brought Egypt under the Macedonian rule, numbers of such words were inserted in public and private acts, in the registers of the *corvées* or of the taxes, in contracts of marriage or of sale, in receipts of tolls or customs, and they may now be read there by the hundred. Egyptian names were for the most part formed from terms borrowed from the very foundation of the language, ethical terms, names of trades or of divinities, of objects or of animals. Many persons were called Lenègre, Lerat, Lachatte, and their names were pronounced like the same words in the current idiom from which they were formed. Those who in France have friends called Lenormant, Picart, Lelièvre, Lebourgeois Lalance make no difference in sound between those names and the common terms, *Normand, Picard, lièvre, bourgeois,* or *lance;* sometimes the proper name betrays dialectical divergences, as in Leleu, Lecat, Lequien, by the side of Leloup, Lechat, Lechien. It was the same in Egypt; lord *Pouhôri,* otherwise *the Dog,* has preserved for us the pronunciation *ouhôri* that the word for *dog* had when the Greek scribes fixed its name for the first time. If we reflect that we already have four or five thousand native names thus clad in Greek letters, it is clear what a resource these inscriptions can become for restoring the pronunciation of the hieroglyphics. There are several hundreds of isolated words, of nouns accompanied by an adjective, even of short phrases which come to us as an echo of the Egypt of the Ptolemies. In writing *Ephônoukhos*, a name which means *he is living*, the Greeks have taught us that the verb corresponding to *he is*, and the adjective corresponding to *living*, are pronounced *ef* and *ônoukhou* in Egyptian. Such examples furnish the material which will restore the phonetics of several of the paradigms of which Egyptian grammar is composed.

The Greeks made these transcriptions by ear, and the

ear is often deceptive; it must then be admitted that they were occasionally in error, and we should not blindly trust their notation. However, they rarely made a very bad mistake; most often their spelling shows with absolute accuracy the position of the accent, the place and tone of the vowels, the value of the grammatical terminations; the variants that a name sometimes presents have always their reasons. With the assistance of these elements, we come to know how a considerable part of the Egyptian language was harmonized in the time of the Ptolemies between the fourth and the first centuries B.C. That is something, but can we go back still further, or must we give up the possibility of reviving the sound and the dialects of earlier times? For my part I do not think so, and I count on being able to justify my opinion one day or another. I do not mean that we shall ever be able to set up the scale of tones or delicate half-tones in its entirety which the people used in order to modulate their words or phrases; but we shall succeed in knowing the place in which the vowels are interpolated in each term, the vocal coloration as a whole of each syllable, the syllable on which the chief accent is laid, perhaps, also, the word which received the principal accent in each phrase. An Egyptian inscription thus vocalized resembles one of the frescoes in the hypogeums of the ancient Empire, where the colour is not, as with us, the result of innumerable delicate and well-blended touches, but of vast flat tints spread roughly one by the side of the other. It would be a distant and rude approximation to nature, but sufficient to recall the original. The idea of the language thus furnished will harmonize with that of the people themselves and of their nature which is derived from the pictures. Those personages, with their ill-drawn profiles, angular gestures, scanty and stiff costume, act and live awkwardly, but they act and live. When we read the inscriptions placed above them,

which contain the conversations they held with each other, in the manner I have indicated, we should doubtless receive the impression of a rude, awkward language, lacking nuances and suppleness, but we should at least feel something of its melody; ancient Egypt would cease to be dumb, and we should begin to hear her voice.

Would the result be worth the trouble it would require to attain it? It is not only curiosity that drives our scholars along this path, nor the vanity of having overcome difficulties deemed insurmountable. The first work of deciphering, that which consisted in fixing generally what there was in the Egyptian inscriptions, and in adjusting the settings of grammar, history, religion, and literature, is now finished, three-quarters of a century after the discovery of Champollion. We are beginning to leave behind the "almost" with which we had to content ourselves on many points, and, dealing only with literature, we know the general sense of it sufficiently well to desire to go into it in detail, and to discover its technique. I have already analyzed the love songs that we read on various papyri, and I tried to translate portions of them.[1] The idea is often pretty, and the expression happy. How can we imagine the rhythm, the cadence, the vibration, all the melopeia of versification that supports and cradles the thought, if we are never to know how the Egyptians pronounced their language? Imagine what would become of the most melodious of Lamartine's "Méditations" if it should be discovered later under a system of writing which, leaving the consonantal skeleton of the words, suppressed the vowels? The poetic theme and its developments would in the long run appear through the irregular groups of consonants, but the music would escape us so long as we could not guess at any method of reviving the vocalization. Egyptian poetry at the present time is in the position I suppose Lamartine's

[1] Cf. Chapter XX.

"Méditations" to be. It is fixed by writing, but we do not know the art of sol-faing the notation and of reading musically what we decipher grammatically. It will not be necessary to revive all the shades of articulation. In order to enjoy the melody of the "Chanson de Roland," we need not pronounce each sound exactly as a Parisian of the twelfth or thirteenth century would have done: it is sufficient to recite it with the modern enunciation, modified a little in certain points. The verse of Virgil or of Homer, recited in the French fashion, still preserves something of its sonority and measure: it is no longer the canticle of Roman poetry, but it is a recitative not lacking in beauty. When we shall nearly pronounce Egyptian as it was sounded of old, and when Egyptian poetry has found a melody, we shall be better able to appreciate the charm of rhythm and sound that went with its qualities of expression and thought. Egypt had several great literary ages, the works of which, copied from generation to generation, formed in the end a real collection of classics. When we vocalize or declaim these works with as much facility as we understand them, we shall perhaps come to recognize that the poetry of Egypt was not inferior to its plastic arts, and that the Pharaohs had poets as worthy of our admiration as their architects and sculptors.

XXII

CONCERNING A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRAGMENT OF A COPTIC NOVEL

Arab chroniclers have recorded in their works a complete history of the Pharaohs, which bears no resemblance to that derived by us from the monuments. With very few exceptions the names differ, the narratives are near relations of the veracious tales of the *Arabian Nights*, magic, astrology, alchemy play the largest part, and kings and ministers appear in them as magicians or necromancers of superhuman cleverness. Temples, pyramids, syringes, hypogeums yield their hidden treasures, treasures of gold and silver, treasures of talismans and amulets, treasures of inscriptions, treasures of books to which distant ancestors had confided the mysteries of their wisdom, the incomparable wisdom of the Egyptians, in order to save it from the elements or from men, from the deluge of water that inundated the earth, from barbarous invasions which so often overwhelmed the valley. Towards the end reminiscences of the Bible are mingled with these incoherent imaginings, and the people of Genesis and Exodus, the Pharaoh of Abraham and of Joseph, Joseph himself, Potiphar's wife, then the chief Pharaoh, he who persecuted the Hebrews and perished so miserably in the Red Sea, are introduced into the circle of magicians. I have shown that this mass of extravagance was not a pure and simple invention of the Arabs, but was derived by them as it stands from Byzantine writers now lost; they merely

added anecdotes drawn directly from popular sources, and Mussulman legends grafted on to the Biblical tradition.[1] Egypt, and other provinces under the Empire of the Caliphs, thought to do very well in almost literally translating the works offered them by the natives, as comprising an exact summary of their annals; the sort of fantastic epic that flourished among them is really the last deformity that Egypt herself inflicted on her national history before the invasion of Islam.

She had at that time been long working to replace the authentic actors by imaginary heroes. Already under the Ramses a literature of fiction was blossoming forth, the protagonists of which were the most illustrious kings of former centuries, those who had built the pyramids, Cheops, Chephrên, Sahouri, or those who had driven out the Shepherds and conquered Asia, Tiouâqen and Thoutmôsis III. As Dynasties followed Dynasties it went on increasing, and when in the middle of the fifth century B.C. Herodotus of Halicarnassus described the wonders of the Nile for the edification of his fellow-countrymen, he did not compile an exact list or the actual doings of the sovereigns; he composed a romantic chronicle in which real names cover exploits invented in every detail. His second book is a collection of novels, some of which are so faithfully transcribed that the form of the Egyptian original is almost felt beneath the Hellenic dress; for example, the adventure of Rhampsinitus and the clever thief, the tragi-comedy of Pherôs and his faithless wife, the miracle of the priest Sethos, the works of Cheops and of Chephrên the impious, the virtues of the devout Mycerinus. The Saites themselves did not escape this invasion of fiction, and Bocchoris, Psammetichus I, Nechao, Apries, and Ahmasis in turn amused the popular fancy. The remembrance of the truth faded away as the upper classes and even the scribes lost the easy com-

[1] *Journal des Savants*, pp. 69–86, 154–172. 1899.

prehension of the inscriptions copied in the papyri or engraved on the monuments. The old stories, encumbered with names and details that no one understood, gave place to fictions better suited to the taste of the day. The pyramids themselves escaped from Cheops and his successors to become the *Granaries of Joseph* the Patriarch, under Christian or Jewish influences. Each of the Egypts, as they traversed the ages, shortened certain portions of the preceding chronicle, developed others, degraded the great men of a former age to absurd puppets, or promoted obscure men to the dignity of glorious heroes, corrected, erased, invented, borrowed from neighbouring nations, and combined the most heterogeneous plots with so much perseverance and industry that in the end nothing was left of the ingenious narratives of the old story-tellers. Some testimony to the long unconscious labour is to be found in the hieratic and demotic papyri of Greek writers and Byzantine compilers; now the Copts have joined the ranks and begin to send us their contingent.

Two years ago [1] Heinrich Schaefer discovered among some parchments recently acquired by the Berlin Museum six large detached sheets of a work in the Theban dialect; it seemed to him to be a somewhat different text from those of the ordinary manuscripts coming from that source.[2] They are the only fragments so far known of a novel the subject of which is the conquest of Egypt by the Persians. Quite properly, Cambyses is in the foreground, but a Cambyses to whom we are unaccustomed. Since he left the hands of Herodotus he has read the Bible, and having there made the acquaintance of Nebuchadnezzar, who, like himself, reigned at Babylon, imagined himself identical with

[1] This article appeared in 1900.

[2] H. Schaefer: "Bruchstück eines koptischen Romans über die Eroberung Ægyptens durch Kambyses," extract from the *Comptes Rendus* of the Berlin Academy, Vol. xxxviii, pp. 727–744.

that vainglorious monarch. The East trembles before him; Pharaoh is his rival, yet not Ahmasis or Psammetichus III, as he had so long thought, but Apries, the Hophra that the Hebrew books give as Nebuchadnezzar's adversary. About to attack him, he calls upon the Syrian peoples to renounce their allegiance to Egypt, and the first of the fragments introduces him at that moment. His letter of challenge is couched in strong terms, but its only effect is to irritate the people to whom it is addressed; the messengers were on the point of perishing, when a certain Bothor, "a man of prudent counsel and skilful tongue, a hero by his strength and a champion in battle," thought of a way to save them. He persuaded the people ignominiously to expel them, giving them an insulting challenge for their master. "We write to you as to a timorous coward, to you, Cambyses, whose name in our language is Sanouo, which translated means Coward and Dastard. See, we have expelled your ambassadors, for we do not fear you; but we possess great praise, and we glorify our Lord Pharaoh, he who rules in glory. We did not desire to kill your ambassadors, but at the time of the manifestation you will see what we shall do to you. . . . First, we shall massacre the soldiers in whom you trust; we shall kill your sons before your eyes; we shall cast low your tyrants; your gods who accompany you, we shall burn by fire; and as for you, we shall not be content with roasting your flesh, but we shall tear it with our teeth like bears, like strong lions. Therefore, oh wretched man! consider, reflect, know what you had best do, before punishment falls on you by the hands of Egypt. Who, indeed, among the kings, not only of the Assyrians but of all the earth, has ever withstood or been able to prevail against Egypt, that you, oh impious man! should prevail against her? The kings of Gaul, or of the Hittites, or of the West, or of the icy

North, or of the Medes, do you not say of all those: 'They are valiant'? Why, then, have they not saved their countries from Egypt when they laboured hard not to become our slaves? All those in whom you put your trust will never be masters; they will always be slaves."

"When the messengers that Nebuchadnezzar-Cambyses had sent returned, they told him all that had happened to them, and delivered the letter. Having read it he grew troubled, and summoned his councillors and spoke to them, saying: 'What shall we do? You have heard how those who are in the countries of the rising sun stand against me, saying: "We will not submit to you, because the power of Egypt is on our side." Do you desire us to begin by turning against them, and so to strike them with the edge of the sword that Egypt shall hear of it and become alarmed, and shall submit herself to me in peace and in terror!' Now there were seven councillors, and one of them, and his word carried weight, said to the king: 'May the king live for ever! Listen to the counsel of your servant. Do not go against them, and do not be persuaded to attack them.' And he suggested a trick which would disconcert Egypt, and give her up to him disarmed. 'Send messengers throughout the length and breadth of Egypt, in the name of Pharaoh, their master, and in that of Apis, their god, inviting them with gracious words to a festival and a royal panegyric, and to come free from anxiety and with an easy heart that thinks not of war. When they are assembled their master will see that another rule has taken hold of them, he will be afraid, very much afraid, and he will deliver his country into your hands. If not, you will experience great trouble, as I have told you. For who can stand against these giants, who can fight with these bears? Who will undertake a combat with these lions without counsel, without knowledge, without skill, in order to become their lord?' And he

sang a superb hymn of praise to Egyptian prowess: 'The Egyptians are all warriors, and their wives know how to cast stones with the sling, and they bear their children to train them for war. First, when they are little, they teach them to speak the truth, and at the same time instruct them how to endure pain without flinching. Then when they become stronger, they mount them on spirited horses, and when they are skilled in horsemanship they are instructed in the use of arms; they take possession of bow and lance, and dread no war, for they are like the bee, against whom none can do anything except by stratagem. So that you can do nothing against Egypt except by cunning and wisdom. If you succeed in assembling them together by your wisdom, then you may raise your lances against them; if you do not succeed, you must not turn your face against them.' The advice pleased Cambyses. He gave commands to his messengers, and entrusted them with a letter addressed to all the towns and villages, to all the nobles, to all the fellaheen, to the rich and to the poor. He invited them to come in peace to the festival of Apis, that the god might reveal himself to them. 'Whoever does not come will bring upon himself the malediction and wrath of Apis; but he who comes will receive benediction, he, and his whole house.'" The Egyptians were thoughtful on the receipt of this invitation. The more they reflected on the adventure, the less they liked it; they applied to their seers for a final decision on the matter, and this time they did not belie their old reputation for sagacity. They divined that the author of the proclamation was not Pharaoh-Apries, but Nebuchadnezzar-Cambyses, and the deceiver, deluded of his hope, was obliged to undertake the war he so greatly dreaded.

What remains of the novel stops at the moment the war begins, and it is a vast pity. It would have been interesting to see how far it departed from the classical

tradition. The author is an Egyptian. Only an Egyptian was capable of composing so well written an eulogy of the inhabitants of the valley as that which may be read in the oration of Cambyses's councillor. Was the first composition in Egyptian or Greek? Schaefer has pointed out certain analogies with passages in John of Nikiou's chronicle relating to the Persian conquest, and it has been thought that that chronicle was translated from the Coptic into the Ethiopian. As far as can be judged from such brief fragments, I am inclined to believe that the original work was in Greek, and that it belonged to a relatively ancient epoch of Alexandrian literature. The way in which, under the influence of the Biblical tradition, the Hellenic tradition is disfigured, recalls the manner in which the Alexandrine Jews conceived the relations of Egypt with the peoples of Asia mentioned in the Hebrew books; it is a composition similar to those of which, thanks to the pamphlet of Josephus against Apion, we possess a few extracts. It was translated into the Theban dialect, like the romance of Alexander of Macedon, and like many other works now lost of which we find mention among the Mussulmans. Its chief value for us is, that it is a fragment, so far unique, of those *Books of the Copts* repeatedly quoted by Arabian historians, the existence of which has been too easily doubted, and from which the last of the fabulous histories of Egypt are certainly derived.

XXIII

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PROVINCIAL TOWN

For those who have made the classic pilgrimage of the Nile, the name of Denderah recalls their first actual sight of an Egyptian temple. A struggle with Cook's donkey-drivers, who dispute as to which of them is to take the tourist, twenty minutes' ride along a winding road between fields of beans, wheat or Indian millet, and then appears a triumphal door, almost level with the ground, and immense women's heads supporting a heavy cornice. The mass of ruins has so filled up the temple that, in spite of successive excavations, it is necessary to descend before setting foot on the ancient pavement. Once there we suddenly find ourselves in a world far removed from ours: we are in the midst of columns, bas-reliefs, paintings, light or dark halls, crypts lost in the thickness of the walls, staircases ascending to the terrace near the chapels of Osiris and near the roof of the hypostyle. Everything is so well preserved that, turning down a corridor, we almost expect to see one of the ancient worshippers forgotten of time. If the old priests who sleep beneath the hill not far distant could come to life again at the beginning of some climacteric year, and by chance enter the sanctuary they had so devotedly served, they would have little to do to put it in due order, and to restore the ceremonial of worship. A ceiling and a casing here and there, a few slabs of sandstone on the floor, some colour on the walls, some leaves of doors to the rooms, and in a couple of months the temple would be

ready to receive the emblems of the goddess, the white cow of Hathor, or her golden timbrel. Indeed, if we may believe the inhabitants of the neighbouring village, the cow is still alive. They saw her in the night wandering over their fields, greedily deducting the tithe from their crops. She treats those who are content to admire her from a distance kindly, but she runs at and tramples on those who approach her. She lodges in the chapel known as the *Chapel of the New Year*, and watches over the sacred treasure of which neither the Christians nor the Mussulmans have been able to rob her. Hathor is neither dead nor in exile : in her own house she patiently waits for the ancient divinities once again to take the ascendant over the modern gods.

Most travellers bring away a vivid impression, but leisure to deepen it is usually wanting, and they hurriedly catch train or boat without troubling to find out if there are other ancient monuments in the neighbourhood. They would not have to explore very far to discover them, for, only a few hundred yards to the south, Flinders Petrie explored in 1898 a necropolis where several princes of the city had been buried at a very remote epoch under the Pharaohs who built the Pyramids.[1] None of these personages had been famous among his contemporaries, and the opening of their tombs has not enriched history with any unpublished fact; but the interest of the inscriptions and bas-reliefs found there is all the same very great. So far the chances of excavation had taken us to the abodes of the Pharaohs themselves and of the persons of their court, into the most refined classes of society, and into the districts where civilization was most widely spread. Our knowledge of the industries, customs and arts came entirely from the cemeteries of Gizeh or Sakkarah,

[1] Flinders Petrie : *Dendereh*, 1898 ; with chapters by F. Ll. Griffith, Dr. Gladstone, and Olderfield Thomas. 1900.

where everything showed us Egypt at its best. Gradually, however, researches undertaken in the Saîd brought to light a provincial art and civilization differing in many points from the royal civilization at Kasr-es-Sayad, El-Kab or Elephantiné. The local magnates may be seen at work under the peaceful sovereignty of the ruler who lived far in the north near Memphis, and we are struck with the awkwardness, sometimes even with the actual barbarism of their monuments. The lords of Elephantiné, intrepid explorers, enriched by the caravans they sent to the regions situated to the west of the Nile or on the shores of the Red Sea,[1] only employed stone-cutters and daubers to decorate their funerary chapels. They drew on them scenes similar to those we find in the tombs of Sakkarah, and they could scarcely be different, for they had the same ideas about the life beyond the tomb as the Egyptians of the Delta. They represented them, however, with so unskilful a chisel, by figures so curiously deformed, that a date far back in the beginnings of history would be attributed to them, if the names of the masters they served did not compel us to place them at least two centuries later than the *cheîkh el beled* of the Gizeh Museum, the Crouching scribe of the Louvre, the Chephrên, and other masterpieces of archaic sculpture. The feudal art of Elephantiné was many generations behind the royal art of Memphis.

The first princes of Denderah were almost contemporary with those of Elephantiné, but as their monuments testify, fortune did not favour them the more for that. Their designers were less ignorant and their sculptors did not lack some skill in their profession, proof of which is to be found in the stelæ or bas-reliefs discovered by Petrie, photographs of which he has published. Provincialism is shown in even the best of them by the naïve

[1] Cf. Chapter II.

A Bas-Relief from a Provincial School of Sculpture at Denderah.
(*From Petrie's "Denderah." By kind permission of the Egypt Exploration Fund.*)

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care with which the details of the hieroglyphics and the figures are brought out. There is a conscientious stiffness in the figures, a laborious application in the modelling, a detail in the execution of the costumes and emblems, a stiffness in the cut of the letters, which prove what an effort it was for these people to produce pictures which the artists of Memphis turned out by dozens offhand. The profile of the human face is surrounded by two stiff lines joined in an almost imperceptible angle near the point of the nose, the mouth swells into two lips equally thick from one side to the other, an almond eye protrudes between two pads which oddly simulate eyelashes. The slope of the shoulders is too round, the elbow is too pointed, the knee too knotted, the muscles of the leg too fantastic; it is clear that an ambition to do well was not absent, but technique and feeling are not on a level with it. I speak of the pieces that are least bad, of those which belong to the great epoch of the VIth Dynasty; others are frankly horrible, those which Petrie places, with good reason, I think, in the VIIth and VIIIth Dynasties. And yet the nobles who were contented with such poor artists possessed wealth and power, and if they gave them these tasks it was not from ill-conceived economy; it was because no better artists were forthcoming. Provincial studios insisted on following the teaching they had received from their founders in times already distant from the early Dynasties, and worked on the old lines. When specimens of what was being done elsewhere came their way they had instinct enough to feel the superiority of the new school, but they had not intelligence or skill enough to borrow its methods and to apply them. Their works have a strong resemblance to the early ones of the Theban school; it seems that one tradition governed all that corner of the valley; they were waiting to improve, and to reach the perfection of the studios of Memphis, until events

brought the southern cities to a higher degree of political activity and military power.

The deeper we penetrate into the inmost recesses of Egypt the more the originality of the cities that composed the double kingdom becomes manifest. It is not so long since the greater number of students interested in Egypt complained of the uniformity and monotony that prevailed there : they found there kings identical one with the other in their hieratic majesty, a people of unchanging character, always the same from the beginning to the end of its existence, a political organization that never progressed, a religion that never changed, a fixed art and civilization into which no new element would be introduced for ages. And now, with the continuous progress of research, that conception of immobility is being effaced and is disappearing. The Pharaohs overturn, poison, assassinate or persecute each other with ferocity even after death, and their mummies, despoiled of their wrappings, expose to view the wounds to which such a one succumbed. The people ridicule their masters, rise against them, sometimes go on strike, revealing themselves as one of the most violent and turbulent nations of the ancient world. Gods, like men, underwent revolutions; their dogmas were modified, were displaced, disputed or banished, sometimes the stake was prepared for heretics. The constitution of the land was transformed from age to age, and with it social life and art. A period of despotic monarchy followed a time of feudal anarchy, and a great martial fief like Thebes ended in a pure theocracy, first in the hands of the priests, and then in those of the women. Art manifested itself in a number of schools in the provinces, prospered at one point, declined at another, was revived from century to century. The monuments discovered by Petrie do not allow us to reconstruct the whole history of Denderah; but they inform us of what it was when the monarchy of Memphis

fell, and gradually yielded the chief place to that of Thebes. Those who desire to study the monuments in detail and to compare them with those of neighbouring baronies that have reached us, would not find much trouble in tracing a complete picture of life in the Saîd from about the end of the fourth till about the beginning of the third millenary B.C. It would be an interesting undertaking, and would certainly surprise others than expert scholars.

XXIV

A NEW EGYPTIAN TALE

In Egypt magic was always one of the chief elements of romantic literature; about the Ptolemaic era it became almost the unique element of interest, for without it no tale was esteemed good. The Egyptians, forced to acknowledge their political inferiority to the Greeks and Romans, were proud of magic as the one superiority that their masters could not refuse them. They had no longer any generals or Pharaohs, but their sorcerers were still feared, and that somewhat consoled them for their fall. Their ancient magicians became objects of veritable worship, and the numerous writings which told of their miracles were eagerly read. Two of them, a scribe, Amenôthês, son of Hapouî, who had been one of the favourites of Amenôthês III under the XVIIIth Dynasty, and Khâmoîs, son of Ramses II, who had acted as regent for his father for more than twenty years, had especially remained or again become dear to their memory. Two novels are already known to us, of which the latter is the hero. The oldest is in the Cairo Museum, and was discovered by Brugsch; the other is now in the British Museum. Griffith has just published them both in facsimile, in transcription, and in an English version.[1] Of the first, generally called *The Tale of Satni*, I shall say nothing; it has been so often translated during the last thirty years that its plot is familiar

[1] *Stories of the High Priests of Memphis: the Sethon of Herodotus and the Demotic Tales of Khamuas*, by F. Ll. Griffith, M.A. 1900.

to students of Oriental literature.[1] The second was unpublished before Mr. Griffith took it in hand, and lacunæ frequently interrupt the text, but they do not prevent us from following the train of ideas. Its style is less polished than that of the other; the language is awkward, and betrays the period of the decadence. Yet it pleases by the strangeness of the situations and the originality of the characters.[2]

The beginning represented the Princess Mehîtouoskhît, wife of Satni-Khâmoîs, in great grief because she had no children; a dream revealed to her the means by which her desire could be fulfilled, and another dream revealed to her husband that the son she was to bear should be named Si-Osiri, and that he would do many marvels. In fact, the child, sent to school when he was four years old, soon excelled his masters in knowledge of magic. One day, when he attended a festival with his father, they heard the voice of wailing, and perceived the funeral procession of a rich man proceeding towards the necropolis of Memphis, in all the glory of an Egyptian burial. Another funeral came behind, that of a poor man, whose mummy was wrapped in a mat, and there were none walking after him. Satni, comparing in his mind the two destinies which ended in such different ways, exclaimed: "How much better it shall be in Hades for great men, accompanied with glory and the voice of wailing, than for poor men, whom none accompanies!" That was the old Egyptian idea, but Si-Osiri, better instructed in the reality of things, sternly replied to his father: "May it be done unto you in Hades as it shall be done unto this poor man, and not as it shall be done unto this rich man!" And, in order to prove the foolishness of his belief, Si-Osiri led

[1] It may be found in Maspero: *Les Contes populaires de l'Ancienne Égypte*, 3rd edit., 1905.

[2] The complete translation will be found in Maspero's *Contes populaires de l'Ancienne Égypte*, 3rd edit., 1905.

his father to Hades by a path unknown to all, and made him traverse, one after the other, the six immense halls in which the souls were shut up. At the entrance of the fifth a man was lying on the ground, in such a position that the pivot of the door was fixed in his right eye. Osiris sat in the centre of the seventh hall, a diadem of feathers on his head, Anubis on his left, Thot on his right, the infernal council to the left and right of him. The dread balance in which truth weighs human actions was placed in front of him. Seated near the god was a person of noble appearance; he was the poor man whose fate Satni had just deplored; his good deeds, thrown into the scales, had outweighed his evil deeds. But the evil deeds of the rich man had outweighed his good deeds, and so divine justice had reversed their conditions. The sumptuous belongings of the rich man had been given to the poor man, and the rich man was condemned to have his eye put out by the opening and shutting of the door. After visiting the abode of the *Manes* they returned to the light by a different road, and Satni marvelled more than ever at the superhuman powers of his son.

The boy was twelve years old when a stranger arrived at the court, with much parade, with a message from the King of Ethiopia to the Pharaoh Ousimarês. He carried a sealed letter on his body, and he challenged them to read it on him without breaking the seal or unfolding the sheet: "If there is no scribe or learned man capable of doing it I will take the humiliation of Egypt to the land of the negroes, my country." Pharaoh sent for Satni-Khâmoîs, the most celebrated of his magicians, and repeated to him the terms of the challenge. Satni was in despair, but, ashamed to confess himself conquered before the battle, he asked for a week's delay, in order to make his preparations. He returned home stupefied, went to bed without taking the

trouble to undress, and the ministrations of his wife, Mehîtouôskhît, could not bring him out of his stupor. In the end, however, he confided the cause of his distress to Si-Osiri, who laughed in his face. Satni was offended, but his son replied: "I laugh to see you lying on the ground, your heart cast down, for such a piece of nonsense. Arise, my father Satni, I will read the letter from Ethiopia without opening it, and find what is written upon it without breaking the seal." When Satni heard these words he arose suddenly: "What proof will you give me that you are telling the truth, oh, my son Si-Osiri?" And Si-Osiri rejoined: "My father Satni, go to the cellars of your house, and every scroll that you take from the case I will tell you what scroll it is, from the place where I now am on the upper storey, without having seen it." He did as he had promised, and Satni, comforted, hastened to announce the good news to the Pharaoh. On the morning of the day appointed for the trial Ousimarês solemnly assembled the great men of the kingdom, summoned the messenger, and confronted him with Si-Osiri: "Woe, thou wicked Ethiopian!" exclaimed the child; "may Amon, your god, smite you! You have come up to Egypt, the beautiful pool of Osiris, the throne of Harmakhis, the beautiful horizon of the good spirit, saying: 'I will take its humiliation to the land of the negroes!' But I am going to recite to you the words that Amon, your god, dictated to you, the words written in the letter; do not attempt to deny them before Pharaoh, your sovereign!" The messenger touched the ground with his forehead, swore not to prevaricate in anything, and then, in the presence of the king and of all the people, Si-Osiri began to recite what was in the sealed letter.

The story which is grafted on to the first one is entirely new, and seems at first to have nothing in common with it. In the reign of Manakhphrês Siamon, an Ethiopian

sorcerer of great power, Horus, son of the negress, had made a litter of wax with four runners. By means of a magic formula he had endowed his puppets with life, and had then enjoined them to go to Egypt, and bring the Pharaoh to Meroë; there they gave him 500 blows of the stick before the Viceroy of Ethiopia, and had then brought him back to his palace, running all the way, after only six hours' absence. The next morning Pharaoh, much afflicted, complained to the persons of his court, exhibited his bruised back, and, when they had sufficiently wondered at it, he commanded them to reveal the cause. One of them, Horus, son of Panashi, a scribe renowned among his contemporaries, stated the cause without the slightest hesitation. "Sire," he said, "these are the sorceries of the Ethiopians; by the breath of thy nostrils I will arrange matters so that the wretches shall soon go to the chamber of torture and execution." "Very well," replied Siamon, "but make haste, and take care that I do not spend another night in the land of the negroes." Horus, son of Panashi, then armed his master with a cuirass of amulets, entered the temple of Hermopolis, and implored Thot to teach him how to save Pharaoh from the sorceries. Thot appeared to him in a dream, and indicated the place in which he had hidden the most efficacious of his books of magic. The litter and its runners, however, returned during the king's sleep, but, repulsed by the power of the amulets, they retraced their steps empty-handed to him who had breathed life into them. Horus, son of Panashi, encouraged by this result, determined to use Thot's book, and, without delay, to play off on his adversaries the same trick. He, too, modelled a litter and runners in wax, sent them to the Viceroy of Ethiopia, and, when they had delivered him into his power, he thrashed him soundly, giving him 500 blows of the stick, the same number as Siamon had received. Horus, son of the

negress, guessed from this vigorous reply that his colleague had entered into the campaign, but he felt too weak to triumph over such a strong adversary. He had recourse to his mother, the negress, who was more skilful than he was, and he told her of his intention to go to Egypt in disguise, and try and surprise Horus, son of Panashi. He was unmasked immediately on his arrival, and was about to succumb when his mother came to his rescue in an air-ship; she was conquered in her turn, but Horus, son of Panashi, was too generous, and spared both their lives on condition that they would exile themselves from Egypt for 1,500 years. So far, Si-Osiri had confined himself to take the messenger for witness as to the veracity of his words. Suddenly he left off reading, and, addressing Ousimarês, said: "He who is before you is Horus, son of the negress, the man whose story I have read to you, and who returns to Egypt after the fifteen centuries have passed, to try and humiliate you. I am Horus, son of Panashi. Foreseeing that at this time there would be no scribe in Egypt capable of resisting him, I begged Osiris to let me come forth to the world again; I have done so as the supposed son of Satni-Khâmoîs." By a last effort of magic he lighted a brazier in the centre of the courtyard, and burned Horus, son of the negress, in it, after which he swooned, and was seen no more.

Such is the novel. If we desire to analyze it, it may be easily divided into two distinct tales. The second, which treats of the struggle of the two sorcerers, contains the ordinary incidents of such combats in the *Arabian Nights:* the abduction of the hero or heroine, and their return to the place they were taken from in a few hours, the statuettes animated by magic arts, the defeat of Moghrebin, and the intervention of his mother, the destruction of the miscreant by fire, after which the good genius disappears, or dies, exhausted by his victory.

The first tale is a sort of new version of the parable of Lazarus and of the wicked rich man, serving as a setting to a sketch of heathen revelation. The episode of a descent into Hades of a living person was old among the Egyptians, and a story, too briefly told by Herodotus, had already applied it to the fabulous Rhampsinitus.[1] Griffith has confined himself to translating his manuscript, without trying to distinguish the ideas that form its woof. They are mostly of native growth, but Græco-Roman Egypt had been subjected to so many foreign influences that the Egyptian appearance may, in places, hide some foundation of foreign ideas. We may perhaps find some day a residue of Hellenic or Jewish ideas in the second tale of Satni-Khâmoîs.

[1] *Herodotus*, II, cxxii.

AMENÒTHÊS SON OF PAAPIS, A STATUE FROM KARNAK IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM.

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XXV

HOW AN EGYPTIAN STATESMAN BECAME A GOD

About the middle of the fifteenth century B.C., in the reign of Thoutmôsis III, a certain scribe of lowly birth, who had settled in the city of Athribis in the Delta, had a son named Amenôthês. We do not know by what strokes of fortune the child emerged from the obscure rank to which he belonged by birth, and gradually rose to the highest places in the state; he only appears on the monuments after he had become old, and was in possession of Amenôthês III's entire confidence. He held the administration of justice and of the army in his hands, and only the king and the members of the royal family were greater than he. He reorganized the finances, which had suffered from the neglect of the ministers who preceded him. He restored order in military affairs, increased the fleet, built temples, presided over the works of his master, and it was he, perhaps, who erected the celebrated Colossi of Memnon at Thebes. He advanced so high in favour that his master authorized him to consecrate statues to himself in the sanctuary of Amon, lord of Karnak. We possess four of these, each representing him in different attitudes. One that has just been brought to light by Legrain, ranks as a masterpiece of Theban sculpture. It represents him with his face worn by age, and the inscription informs us of the good opinion he had of himself. "I came to thee," he said to Amon, "to beseech thee in thy temple, for thou art lord of what there is under heaven,

thou art the god of human beings: what there is in heaven invokes thy magnificence, and thou hearest that appeal, thou art the Sun-god incomparable. Thou grantest to me to be among the elect who act in accordance with the truth, and I am a just man, I commit no sin. . . . I do not take him who lives by his toil to labour in the public works; when a man is summoned before me, I listen to what he has to say, I do not yield, I lend myself to no falsehood which would lead to despoiling another of his property. It is my virtue that justifies the honours bestowed on me, and which is clear to the sight of all; has any one ever been seen who is supplicated as I am on account of the vastness of the property that has come to me, which testifies that I am just in my old age? I have attained the age of eighty in the favour of the king, and I shall live to be a hundred and ten!"

It is not known if he lived so long, and it is scarcely probable, but posterity reserved privileges for him superior even to those bestowed on him by his contemporaries. The statues of him seen in many places in the temple, the panegyrical inscriptions on most of them, accounts of him transmitted orally, all circumstances, indeed, contributed to perpetuate his memory, not only with the priests or the educated classes, but also with the common people of Thebes. At that time magic was one of the most respected of the sciences, and no one was considered perfect if he did not combine the reputation of a skilled sorcerer with his abilities as statesman or administrator. One of the sons of Ramses II, who filled the place of regent with distinction for more than twenty years in the last half of his father's reign, owed the fact that he was not forgotten almost immediately after his death to his reputation as a sorcerer. The magician Khâmoîs saved the memory of the regent Khâmoîs, and kept it fresh until the first century of the

Roman Empire.[1] Amenôthês similarly escaped oblivion, thanks to the fame he acquired through his talent as a magician. Did he actually write books of magic? A long magic writing is found in certain papyri, and the copyists attribute its authorship to him. As a matter of fact it is pure nonsense to us, but the Egyptians thought it very fine and felt profound admiration for the presumed author. It was not given to everybody to find words which compelled gods to submit to the human will, and it was said that the formulas of Amenôthês had never failed in their effect; the name of Amenôthês was, therefore, inscribed in the registers of the temples by the side of those of Imouthes, of Didoufhor and of the magicians whom Hermes, the thrice great, had most generally favoured with his inspirations. He became the hero of a large number of legends, which were passed from mouth to mouth, the greater number of which are lost. One alone remains in two versions to show us what the others were like.

Manetho, the national historian, inserted it in his chronicles. He related that the Pharaoh Amenôphis, desiring to see the gods face to face, as his predecessor Hôros had done, applied to the most celebrated seer of his day, Amenôphis or Amenôthês, son of Paapis. He revealed to him that he would be happy and would make Egypt happy if he delivered the land from the impure strangers encamped there. Pharaoh assembled them to the number of 80,000, first in the stone-pits of Tourah, and then in the ruins of Avaris, which had been deserted since the expulsion of the Shepherds. He thus drew down unprecedented misfortunes on himself and his kingdom. The seer had, in fact, dissimulated a portion of the divine will; the Impure would summon the exiled Shepherds to their aid, and together they would occupy Egypt for thirteen years, at the end of which period

[1] Cf. Chapter XXIV.

they would be conquered. Feeling that the accomplishment of fate was imminent, he informed the sovereign in writing, and killed himself. Things happened as he had predicted. The Impure, allied with the Shepherds, took possession of the whole of Egypt, and Pharaoh, having taken refuge in Ethiopia, did not reconquer his kingdom until thirteen years had passed. Manetho confused this Egyptian tale with the Hebraic traditions, and attached the adventures of Amenôphis, son of Paapis, to the narrative of the Exodus. A Greek papyrus of the Ptolemaic epoch has preserved the prophecy in a form nearer the Egyptian original. We read there that Amenôphis was a potter renowned for his wisdom. One day a spirit from on high entered into him and he uttered a long oration in which he predicted all sorts of evils to Egypt, followed by a time of prosperity, the like of which had never been seen since the time of Osiris and of Isis. The king, Amenôphis, to whom this was told, wished to hear it from the mouth of the seer himself, who repeated the words, and then fell down dead. It is the same plot as Manetho used but freer, and unconnected with the history of the Hebrews.

The statues set up in the temples in honour of kings or individuals, according to Egyptian belief, were not inanimate images solely commissioned to eternize the features of this or that person. They were imperishable bodies to which a soul, or at least a *double*, was attached. When they were put into their place, the priest held a service over them, by virtue of which a particle of the life of the donor was infused into them, and never more abandoned them. They were metamorphosed into prophetic idols to whom recourse was had to learn the future, and they were worshipped in a fashion that brought them very near to the divine idols. Those whose portraits they represented, if they did not become immortals of high rank, at least left humanity to join

AMENÔTHÊS' ORACLE IN THE TEMPLE OF PHTAH AT KARNAK.

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the company of the gods. Amenôthês, son of Paapis, belonged in his lifetime to the class above the human, and in the inscription I have translated he boasts of it as a privilege accorded to none but himself. As the centuries progressed, the honours which had been heaped on him, far from falling into desuetude, as is often the case with heroes of that sort, increased out of all proportion. Did he really found the Chapel of Hathor, now called Deir el Medineh? It was so believed in the Thebes of the Ptolemies, and he was associated with the sacrifices made there to the goddess in concert with other divinities. We do not know why he was associated at the same epoch with the Theban Phtah; but he was installed in his temple and there foretold the future. From this time, then, he was fully a god, and not one of the least among those revered at Thebes. Like Amon, like Khonsou, like Maout, he had two sanctuaries at his disposal, one at Karnak in the town of the living where his *double* and his living statues resided, the other in the necropolis where his dead statue received the honours due to the souls of the dead. It was to Karnak that people went to consult his oracle. The priests, after interrogating his image, replied for him, and the wondering believers did not omit to engrave some votive picture or inscription in sign of gratitude on one of the non-decorated outer walls. Like Amon, Amenôthês, son of Paapis, had his devotees in the ruined Thebes of the last Ptolemies, and of the earliest Roman Emperors.

It is not a usual circumstance for a simple mortal, even though he be a king's minister, to become a god. In the whole of Egyptian antiquity we find only two or three to whom it happened. The example of Amenôthês, however, is sufficient to prove that the Egyptians did not believe it impossible for man to manufacture gods. The case of the Pharaohs does not apply, for in their eyes the Pharaohs were not actual men; they were rather

gods incarnated in human bodies, the direct descendants of Horus, Râ, or Amon; and when they died, by a law of nature they returned to their primitive condition. For an Amenôthês, son of Paapis, or for any other individual, not of the royal blood, things were very different. In that case the subject to be made divine was an actual man, in the birth of whom no divinity had had even the smallest part.

Material for a divine soul had to be extracted from a common soul, and the process is not easy to explain. It was accomplished, however, and seemed to be connected in a sufficiently direct manner with the ideas held about the man and his after life on the one hand, and those held about the gods and their nature on the other. Man has no right to immortality, and the part of him that survives, called soul or *double*, is only perpetuated on condition of being continually nourished and refreshed. Supported by the worship of posterity, it can postpone infinitely the moment of annihilation. The gods themselves, so to speak, are only sublimated men: their substance is finer, their virtues stronger, their sensations keener, and their existence more prolonged, but they are subject to human infirmities, to disease, to old age and to death. Amon was dead, Râ was dead, Phtah was dead, Osiris was dead; but they had been brought back to conscious life by the magical conjurations of their children and their wives, and provided that the usual liturgies were observed with regard to them, there was no reason why they should not persist from century to century. The difference, then, between humanity and divinity was not a difference in essence but of degree in essence, and there was nothing to prevent the elements of humanity being sufficiently strengthened to become identical with those of divinity.

It was known that men by means of formulas and magic could command gods, and impose on them the

domination of their creatures.[1] Let us imagine the *double* of one of those magicians transported into Hades, and there preserving his skill. As he had done on earth, he would compel the gods to obey him blindly, and, if he so pleased, would declare his will to mortals with an authority that could not be distinguished from that of the gods. If posterity continued such abundant offerings in his honour that his existence was as assured as that of the gods, there would be no distinction between him and them except that of birth, and in very truth mortals would have fabricated a new immortal. That is what happened in the case of Amenôthês, son of Paapis. His magic gave him power over the gods, and allowed him to realize by their intervention all the miracles they worked themselves. The Pharaoh, Amenôthês III, in erecting numerous statues to him in the temple of Karnak, and in instituting worship of him, guaranteed him the resources necessary to prevent his annihilation after death. It was therefore given to him to practise his prophetic and beneficent virtues long after he had vanished from the earth. The votive offerings lavished on him by the people increased his wealth, and at the same time increased his powers and his chances of immortality. He was prepared to become god by his skill in magic, and by the consecration of his own images; the piety of his devotees progressively completed the metamorphosis, and ended by making him wholly a god.

[1] Cf. Chapter XIV.

XXVI

EGYPTIAN FORMULAS FOR THE PROTECTION OF CHILDREN

In the Egyptian creed the beings we perceive around us are only the smallest part of the inhabitants of the universe. The earth, the waters, the mountains, the woods, the air, are full of forces and persons, who, although usually unfelt and unseen, are not less active among us. The living mingle with them without knowing it, knock up against them, repel them, summon them, sometimes to receive benefits from them, sometimes to undergo their evil influence. Many of them are semi-divinities, or genii, who have never lived in human form; others are disembodied souls, wandering *doubles*, or discontented shades, whose condition beyond the tomb has not preserved any of the advantages they enjoyed in their earthly existence, and whose poverty enrages them against the present generations. They were angry that those who now occupied their places should abandon them, as they themselves had abandoned those who preceded them, and they sought to revenge themselves for their negligence by attacking them without their knowledge. They prowled about the towns and the country day and night, patiently seeking a victim, and, directly they found him, took possession of him by one of the means at their disposal. They beat him with their invisible hands, they made incisions in the chest, they sucked his blood during his sleep, they slipped into him through the ears, nose, or mouth. The greater part of the physical ills commonly called diseases are their work; they must be forced to desist by exorcism, or by

charms, before administering the remedies that annul the effects of their presence, or, better still, their assaults must be prevented by the possession of amulets or formulas which defy their fury. All human beings whose natural weakness more particularly exposes them to their malice, women with child, women after delivery, newborn infants, needed to be specially protected, and it was to provide such with weapons that an unknown scribe wrote down the two collections of incantations of which Erman has just published a translation.[1]

The text has one advantage over the greater number of those we so far possess, in that it brings on the scene the beings against whom the incantations are directed. It shows us the ghosts in action, and we see them in imagination as the Egyptian mothers or nurses described them to children. "Avaunt," said one of them to the spectre, "ye dead man, who comes in the darkness, who enters stealthily, with nose behind, face obverse, avaunt, frustrated of what ye have come for! Avaunt, ye dead woman, who comes in darkness, who enters stealthily, nose behind, face obverse, avaunt, frustrated of what ye have come for! If ye are come to kiss this child, I shall not allow you to kiss it! If ye are come to still its crying, I shall not allow you to still it! If ye are come to injure it, I shall not allow you to injure it! If ye are come to take it away, I shall not allow you to take it from me! I have made for it a charm against you with the lettuce that pricks, with the garlic which is harmful, with honey liked by the living, but hated by the dead, with the bones of the mormyrus, with a bundle of tow, with the backbone of a latus!" Nurses and mothers must often have threatened their refractory children with this horrible phantom, and we must never have had a nurse, or never have heard similar tales

[1] A. Erman, *Zaubersprüche für Mutter und Kind, aus dem Papyros* 3027 *des Berliner Museums.* Berlin. 1901.

when we were little, not to imagine the terror of the unfortunate Egyptian babies who, waking up in the middle of the night, thought they felt some mysterious presence moving in the darkness. It was *it; it* came, gliding noiselessly like a thief, turning aside its face, rendered fleshless by the process of mummification, with the snub nose flattened by the pressure of the wrappings, so as not to betray itself just at first. It stretched its cunning head out to kiss—the Egyptian text says to smell—the unhappy infant, and to suck away its life, or, if it cried, to rock it to the sleep that knows no waking. Maybe, it would take hold of the child with its dry hands, and bruise it, or carry it off to be devoured at leisure in a tomb. The child would die from fright in its bed if it had not confidence in the talisman he wore at his neck, in which some good woman had placed substances, plants, honey, fish-bones, abhorred by evil spirits. We act in the same way in the country districts of France, and if our ghosts possess wicked instincts similar to those of the defunct Egyptians, they are equally subject to the same natural antipathies of which our sorcerers, like those of ancient times, make use to baffle their wicked purposes.

It must be confessed, however, that, to the shame of the Egyptian spectres, they did not confine themselves to working their evil deeds during the night. Spectres of modern times usually vanish or lose their power at cock-crow, but the Egyptian species continued their evil practices in the full light of day. Egyptian theology wished it to be so, for it assigned to the soul, as the height of felicity, the faculty of *leaving at will during the day* the darkness of the tomb; and the wicked soul enjoyed the same privileges as the good and beneficent soul. There was thus no truce in the war waged by the spectres against mankind, and it was as necessary to be on the defensive at midday as at midnight. Every morning

and every evening a formula was repeated over the child which rendered it immune for the twelve hours of light and the twelve hours of darkness. In the former it was the sun, the watchful eye of the world, who was requested to preside over the defence. "Thou arisest, O god Shou; thou arisest, O god Râ! If thou seest the dead man coming against such a one, born of such a one, or the dead woman, the woman harmful wherever she is found, meditating some plot, do not permit her to take the child in her arms." "My master Râ has saved me," the mother then said; "I will not give you, my child, I will not give you to the thief from hell; but the hand drawn on the gem of this ring is a charm for you, and I shall keep you!" In order that the exorcisms should work, it was uttered over an amulet, afterwards fastened round the child's neck. In this case it was the gem of a ring on which a man's hand was engraved; it was threaded on a cord and tied with one knot every morning and one knot every evening, until there were seven knots. In all the museums are scarabs, or disks of hard stone on which an open hand may be seen, the fingers stretched out and held close against each other, but we did not know the meaning of the emblem; we know now that it protected little children against ghosts of dead men and women who walk at midday. The formula repeated in the evening in tying the knot differed from the other only in a few words; instead of addressing the rising sun, the sun which sets in the country of Life was invoked.[1] Like all the customary daily prayers, it ended by becoming so familiar to the Egyptians that they came to repeat it without attaching precise meaning to each word. Provided that the sound remained the same, they troubled

[1] "The Country of Life" was an euphemism for the West, the region to which the dead repaired when they left their earthly existence.

little to repeat the exact terms. Thus the text is very corrupt, and Erman would not have been able wholly to restore it had it not been transcribed four times following in his manuscript. How many of our popular formulas have become mere incomprehensible jargon by the same process of deformation!

Some children were in greater danger than others, and required a more careful protection if they were to be put out of reach of harm. It is known what a horror the population of many nomes had of men or animals of a red colour. They cut their throats, or burned them, in order to turn aside the wrath of the Osirian gods. Even where the hatred was less violent they were considered different from other individuals of the race; was not Set-Typhon, the murderer of Osiris, red-haired! If, then, a child was born with red hair, or if he had a red-haired mother, special precaution was taken to prevent Typhon seizing him as his property, or the spectres, Typhon's subjects, laying hand on his person. Then the "formula of the red-haired woman who had given birth to a form" had to be repeated. The scribe did not dare to say "who had given birth to *a child*," for a Typhonian being might issue from a Typhonian mother, and the new-born infant be only a *form* of the cursed one. They also tried to procure him the support of the gods hostile to those whose mark he bore, Isis and Nephthys, the two sisters of Osiris. "Greeting to you, Isis has twisted, Nephthys has smoothed the sacred thread with the seven knots with which I protect thee, O healthy child of such a one, so that you may be healthy and prosperous, so that you may be in favour with all the gods and all the goddesses, so that every foe, male or female, who attacks you, may be defeated, so that the mouth of any one who makes incantations against you may be closed, as the lips of the seventy-seven asses which are at the lake of Dasdes were sealed; I know them, I know their

names, but he who does not know them, and who wishes to injure this child, may he suffer by them, and that swiftly." The amulet itself had to be made of seven round porphyry beads, of seven gold beads, of seven sprigs of flax twisted by two sisters who are mothers, of whom one rolled and the other smoothed. A charm of seven knots must be made of the whole, over which the prayer was repeated four times, and then it was tied round the child's neck. The two Osirian goddesses were summoned to the help of the Typhonian baby, and they were represented at the time of the manufacture of the amulet by two sisters, both mothers. They prepared for the little mortal the same charm that had been invented for the young Horus when he was pursued by Typhon, and henceforth neither phantoms nor enchanters would have any power over him. Not only were their lips sealed like those of the seventy-seven asses, agents of the evil spirit that the Sun conquered every day when he traversed the lake of Dasdes where they dwelt; but if they attempted in spite of all to injure the child, the asses would turn against them and tear them to pieces. If after that any accident happened to the child, magic must be despaired of.

All the passages in the collection are not as clear as those of which I have just given the text and a brief commentary. Sometimes lacunæ occur, which we cannot fill up in a satisfactory fashion; sometimes the ideas and allusions are very obscure and puzzling. In many cases the uncertainty which Erman has not been able to avoid is due to the fact that for the explaining of the text he has depended solely on the text itself; he has not sought the meaning in traditions or in foreign superstitions. I think that in such matters comparison with what has been elsewhere observed is the surest method of arriving at a definitive explanation. All ancient peoples conceived the relations between man and the invisible

world in almost the same way, and the conclusions they deduced from their concepts have led to the same practices. It is scarcely necessary to recall with what tenacity they have been preserved down to our time. Examples may still be found in many parts of France or Germany, the equivalents of which are described in the old books that come to us from Egypt or Chaldæa. When the papyri contain formulas and rites that seem incomprehensible, it is always worth while to see if the study of modern superstitions would not help us out of the difficulty; very often, here as elsewhere, the present would complete the past, and allow us to interpret the latter with certainty.

XXVII

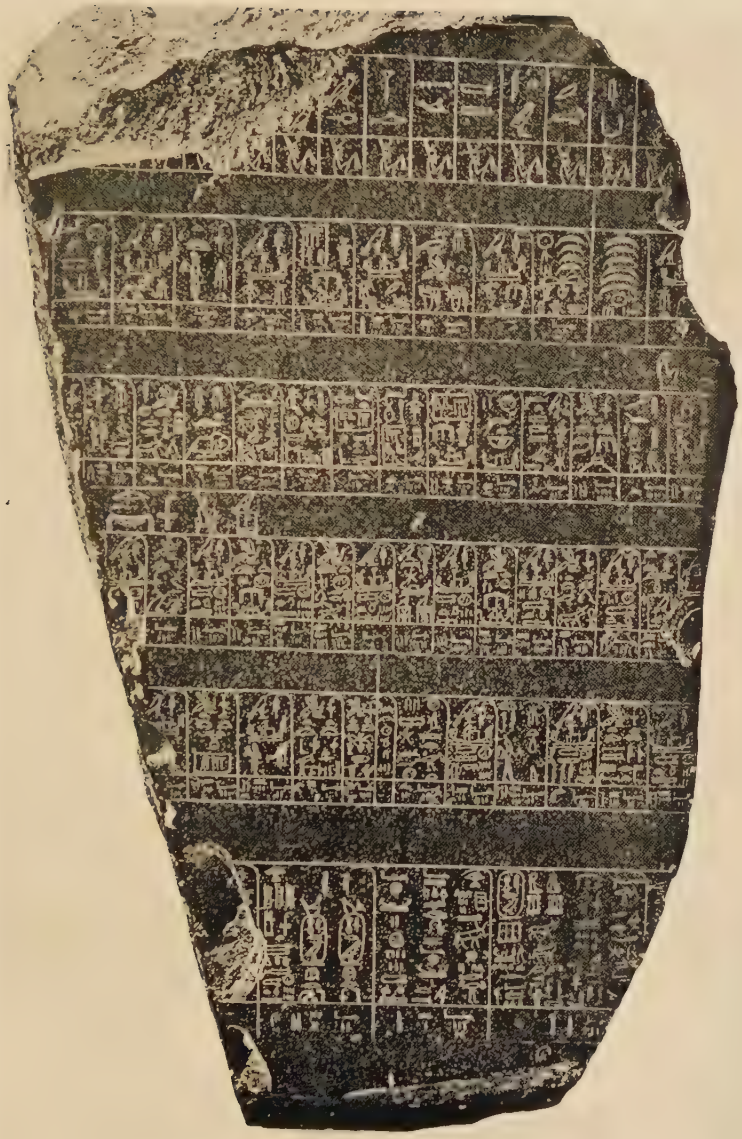
CONCERNING A FRAGMENT OF OLD EGYPTIAN ANNALS

When for the first time we go over the interminable list of semi-barbarous names with which the canon of the Egyptian kings commences, the Menes, Athôtis, Miebaïs, Semempses, we ask ourselves what documents the scribes who drew it up possessed, and if they did not invent the beginnings of their national history. The length of the reigns attributed to the early Pharaohs, and the nature of the events supposed to have happened in their time, confirm that impression. Menes was torn to pieces by a hippopotamus, Athôtis built the palace of Memphis and wrote works on anatomy. There was a famine under Ouenephes, a plague under Semempses, and the Nile flowed with honey for eleven days under Neferkeres, and Sesôchris was of remarkable stature, five cubits in height and three hands in breadth. There is nothing there calculated to inspire confidence, and we naturally say that the early Egyptian Dynasties have decidedly little connection with authentic history.

The discoveries of these last years prove that we are wrong to judge so. Not only did the old Pharaohs exist, but they have left monuments, and it is in accordance with the monuments that the most ancient annalists compiled the lists that the scribes of the epoch of the Ramses and of the Greek epoch, Manetho like the rest, have transmitted to us in so incomplete a fashion. According to a custom that then prevailed in the East, in order to distinguish the years of a sovereign one from the other, they were marked by the mention of one of the principal events which occurred in them. The nations on the

banks of the Euphrates dated official acts from the year in which Boursin, the king, destroyed the town of Ourbilloum, or that in which Sinmouballît cleaned out and enlarged the royal canal. Similarly we find in Egypt, under the Pharaoh Boêthos, a *year of fighting and conquering the peoples of the North*, and under Semempses *a year of following the procession of Horus* and his boat. Such a method is not entirely unknown in our day. In the lives of the peasants a hailstorm that damaged the crops, a flood, the death of a horse or a cow, the fall of a tree, become landmarks of which they make a sufficient chronology for their family. Confusion would, however, soon enter the memories of each generation, becoming inextricable as time went on, if they had not carefully classified the appellations given to the years during the reigns. Both the Egyptian and Chaldæan scribes were accustomed to keep registers in which they were collected, and inscribed them in the same order as they occurred. The registers, deposited in the libraries of temples and palaces, in time constituted real annals in which with a little attention we could learn not only the names of the Pharaohs and their successors, but the number of years and even of the months and days they had been on the throne, with a summary indication of a portion of the events that had happened in their time. They were copied on papyrus, stone or brick, and notwithstanding errors and lacunæ in the oldest parts, we must admit that they offer valuable aid to students endeavouring to reconstruct the far-off past of Egypt or Chaldæa.

Only one of those which existed in Egypt has come down to us, and it is in a wretched state of preservation. It is a fragment of black granite, which strayed to Sicily no one knows how or at what period, and is now in the Palermo Museum. Its inscriptions were published in 1896 by Pellegrini, the Italian Egyptologist, and at once roused general curiosity. The nature of the document



One of the Faces of the Palermo Stone, a Fragment of Egyptian Annals

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it bore was not defined, however, until 1901;[1] quite recently Schaefer has made a complete translation, which makes it accessible not only to expert Egyptologists, but to historians of antiquity.[2] The beginning and the end have disappeared, and no existing line is complete. There are at first a series of very short groups, ranged one after another in juxtaposed rectangles. They are not the birth names of the Pharaohs, but the names given them on enthronement, their *double names*, like those found some years ago at Sakkarah and near Abydos, a canon of the sovereigns special perhaps to Lower Egypt.[3] It seems that only the forenames of those survived, and that nothing was known of them except that they had lived. They are followed by other personages, about whom there are definite facts, mention of years, indication of their mother, the height attained by the Nile at each of its inundations. Even if the monument were less damaged should we actually have the sum total of the years of their reigns? It is very doubtful, and if only fortune favours us in our excavations, we shall bring to light inscriptions which will oblige us to enlarge the list. The same barrenness is to be found in the lines in which the princes of the IIIrd Dynasty are enumerated, but when we reach the IVth the information becomes fuller. Unfortunately it is half destroyed, and we only have a small portion of what concerned the first and last prince of the family: the builders of the three great pyramids, Cheops, Chephrên, and Mycerinus are lost in the lacunæ. The Pharaohs who form the first half of

[1] Maspero, in the *Revue Critique*, 1901, Vol. li, p. 384.

[2] H. Schaefer: "Ein Bruchstück altægyptischer Annalen," taken from the *Memoirs of the Berlin Academy of Sciences*, 1902.

[3] The determinatives that accompany these names represent the king *wearing the crown of Lower Egypt*. I have said elsewhere that that was not a sufficient reason. The names inscribed on the *Tables of Abydos* are all determined by the image of the king *wearing the crown of Upper Egypt;* no one has concluded that they were kings of Upper Egypt only, and, in fact, they reigned over both Egypts united together.

the Vth Dynasty have met with better fortune; if the whole tale of their years is not preserved, the information about those of which the text is intact is so full that their deeds live again before our eyes.

And what are the incidents which the chronicler has chosen to register? First he records the chief episodes in the sovereign's life. His first year, that of his accession, derived its name from the ceremonies usual on such an occasion, and was called *the year of his rising to be king of Upper and Lower Egypt*. The monarch bound together the two lotus stems which represent the two halves of the kingdom, and four times in succession he ran round the temple which sheltered the god from whom he was deemed to hold his crown. Other years derive their titles from festivals that he had to celebrate periodically, the procession in which the boat of Horus, the *Shomsou Horou*, represented the course of the bull Apis, the anniversary of the massacre of the tribes of the Libyan desert, the Anou, at the time of the Osirian wars. Some years commemorate the foundation of a temple or of a funerary chapel, or of some religious ceremony, the institution of the sacrifice, and the donation of a fief to one of the gods. Elsewhere maritime expeditions or wars are mentioned. We learn thus that in the last years of his life Sahourî imported large quantities of myrrh, gold, and rare woods from the land of Pouanît, or that the king Sanofroui defeated the negroes and brought back 7,000 prisoners from the campaign, 4,000 men and 3,000 women, with 20,000 head of cattle, and so forth. Fiscal operations are not forgotten in these lists, and they supplied significant names: *Years of the statistical return of oxen*, or *Years of the statistical return of cattle and of gold*, or again, *Years of the statistical return of gold and of the fields*. It is known that the Egyptian administration, from the very earliest times, was carried on by well-adjusted and complicated machinery. Egyptologists are surprised to

note the regularity with which these statistical returns recur at fixed intervals. The *Palermo Stone* shows that under the Pharaohs of the IIIrd Dynasty they were made every two years. One year is celebrated because two towns were founded or colonized; another because statues were erected to the gods or to deified kings. In short, if fortune gave us a perfect exemplar of one of these records we should find in it not only the complete history of Archaic Egypt, but also the most important part of that history for its contemporaries.

Schaefer thinks that the *Palermo Stone* dates from the Vth Dynasty, and I believe he is right. The composition of the document, fragments of which it gives us, must be placed at the beginning of the fourth millenary B.C. Egypt had her ancient history at the time when her kings were building the Pyramids, and was arranging her records and placing them in their proper setting. No one will dispute that legend played a part therein, but it must also be admitted that, taking it altogether, the sources whence they are derived are excellent; they were partly of the kind that were dug out of the earth a few years ago, and they deserve the same favour. However, the annals of the *Palermo Stone* are certainly not the first that were written, and if we study them carefully we seem to discover traces of more than one hand. I am ready to recognize at least two distinct documents in it, one of which was composed under the IVth Dynasty, and the other, comprising the first, if not in its entirety, at least in its essential elements, would be of the middle or end of the Vth Dynasty. Those are questions for thorough examination and discussion by experts. What may be stated here is that the chroniclers were not reduced to dip into their imaginations to reconstruct the annals of the early Dynasties. They possessed properly classified lists of authentic facts, thanks to which they could accurately relate the great deeds of their oldest kings.

XXVIII

MUMMIES OF ANIMALS IN ANCIENT EGYPT

It would be a very difficult matter to explain why the Egyptians mummified their corpses; but when once done, they were so pleased with the result that they pursued the practice with everything that afforded material. They mummified their domestic animals, their oxen, their dogs, their cats, their gazelles, birds of the poultry-yard, birds of prey, sparrow-hawks by twenties, ibises by the hundred, innumerable eagles, countless vultures, without mentioning birds of less pretension; then they came down to fish, serpents, lizards, even insects, the grasshopper as well as the beetle. And, like men, these creatures had their cemeteries in which they lay properly buried side by side, the cats at Stabl-Antar and at Bubastis, the dogs at Siout, the fish at Esneh, the gazelles and sparrow-hawks at Kom-Ombo, the monkeys at Thebes and at Tounah, the ibises near Abydos, the oxen in most places, but by preference at Sakkarah and Thebes. Some are put straight into the sand without other accoutrements than the bare wrappings; others in long narrow rush baskets; some are subtly hidden at the bottom of painted earthen pots; others again have a complete funerary equipment, stone sarcophagi, beautifully decorated wooden coffins, pasteboard boxes, jewels, amulets, statuettes destined to perform the *corvées* of the other world in their stead. Like men, Egyptian animals had their ranks, from the vulgar herd of proletariat cats and dogs to the aristocracy of the hermetical

THE MUMMY OF A HAWK IN ITS COFFIN.

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ibises and the bulls of Apis, who were gods already in their lifetime, and who became gods in a much higher degree after their death. The common grave was good enough for the vulgar herd; the Apis of Memphis, the Mnevis of Heliopolis, the Bacchis of Erment, the ram of Mendes required a tomb or a chamber each, and their funerals sometimes rivalled in magnificence those of the Pharaohs.

In recent times their mummies have been carefully sought, most often for the sake of the chemical manure to be derived from them, and hundreds of thousands have been exported to Europe. Some of their cemeteries are now empty, and I found it difficult to procure twenty intact examples when Dr. Lortet wanted some to study scientifically, and determine the species.[1] He was interesting himself in a counter proof of the Darwinian law. If changes in the morphology and inner structure of living organisms correspond with changes in the climatic conditions of their native places, it is indubitably proved that in districts where the climate has undergone no change for many thousands of years, vertebrates have always remained the same. From a very remote epoch, between the oolitic and the cretaceous period, when the waters of Central Africa began to flow towards the Mediterranean, the climate of Egypt does not appear to have undergone any sensible change. Even without going back to the geological ages, from the time when the Egyptians began to build, it is evident from the scenes of familiar life engraved on the monuments that the valley presented the same conditions of climate then as now. Do the bas-reliefs and the corpses afford us means of discovering if any modification has occurred in the organism of the ancient vertebrates which

[1] Lortet and Gaillard: "La Faune Momifiée de l'Ancienne Égypte," First Series, 1903. (Extract from Vol. viii of the *Archives of the Natural History Museum at Lyons.*)

distinguishes them from their fellows of modern times? The reply of the documents is what it must be; the species of modern Egypt are identical with those of Pharaonic Egypt, at least those whose bones or mummies are found in the old cemeteries. The difference between the fauna of to-day and that of the past is not morphological but historical. Many new kinds were introduced into the country after the Arab conquest, while many others became rare or disappeared; those that have persisted through everything have not changed.

Two or three points of great importance for general history have resulted from the analyses of Lortet and his collaborator, Gaillard. The Egyptian bas-reliefs show us the existence of two bovine species, one of which has short and the other long horns; the latter is the only species of which there are mummies in the cemeteries; Apis and Mnevis, and the sacred bulls of Memphis and Heliopolis belong to it. Now, this long-horned race, which appears on the monuments and which is beginning to be disinterred from the dust of the hypogeums, is declared by Lortet and Gaillard to be none other than the African zebu, the *Bos Africanus*, large herds of which freely roam the plains of the Upper Nile. There are no reasons for believing that it is of Asiatic origin, nor that it came from India in the train of some emigrant tribe in prehistoric times. It must have had its origin in the central parts of Africa, and then, perhaps, with the races of men whence the Egyptians descend, have come down along the valley to the portion of it that formed historic Egypt, just like the hippopotamus and the crocodile, which are regarded by all as African species. In that environment of fixed stability it acquired special characteristics in perfect accord with the conditions and climate, and it kept them such as they are so long as fortuitous circumstances did not com-

promise its reproduction. After the Arab conquest frequent murrains destroyed it, and a short-horned race was imported from Syria; it is only in our day, and in order to repair the damage done to the new race by other murrains, that expert Egyptian agriculturists have brought individuals of the old race still to be found in the Soudan to the Saîd and the Delta. The two species of sheep represented on the monuments, and of which the cemeteries restore the skeletons to us, have a similar history; they are purely African in origin and analogies. The more intimate our knowledge of the past becomes, the more the hypothesis that the races of men and of animals that peopled Egypt are of an Asiatic origin must be abandoned; we come to find both men and animals more and more African.

In the course of his studies of these mummies Lortet has discovered details which will surprise and amuse Egyptologists. One mummy, which comes from Abousir, seemed to be the remains of a superb bull, nearly seven feet long and more than three feet broad. The wrappings were of fine linen tied with cords of palm-fibre and narrow list; it had a brownish coating, which is only dry natron, a magnificently horned head standing out from the whole. When unrolled, the animal changed, or rather became decomposed, into many animals. It was artificial, and made up of a large number of odd pieces tied together; there were the remains of seven males, some very old, and among them four skulls with toothless jaws, and atrophied by the action of time. A second mummy of similar origin comprised the remains of five animals, among them a calf hardly two and a half years old, and an old ox of gigantic size. A third had two heads, and most of those containing a whole animal had also the residue of several other skeletons. To explain this curious collection of waste material, Lortet very appropriately remembered the curious passage in

which Herodotus relates how the fellaheen of his time threw their cows when they died into the Nile, but buried the bulls in the suburbs of their villages, letting one or two horns stick out to mark the presence of the corpses. After a certain time had elapsed and putrefaction had done its work, a boat arrived which took the bones to the island of Prosôpitis to bury them in a fixed place. This narrative explains why the tombs of Abousir yield so many incomplete animals. The priests of Memphis acted like those of Prosôpitis, but when the collectors reached the end of their voyage what they delivered to the embalmers was only a cargo of fleshless carcases, parts of which had probably been left in their first burying-ground, and the rest had fallen to pieces in the accidents of travel. The whole was divided into several lots, out of which was formed the same number of mummies, apparently perfect but in reality only a collection of relics; they were careful to choose for the head the best-shaped skull and that adorned with the finest horns. A fine mummy from Abousir, arranged in the form of a she-goat, only concealed a few fragments of a he-goat, the *Hircus mambricus,* lost in a profusion of bones, limbs, vertebræ, and bony dermal scales of a large crocodile; it had all been plentifully covered with tar so that the fragments adhered together.

Quadrupeds, birds, fishes abound in oddities which still await explanation; many details concerning human mummies are still obscure, and the study of them has been going on for many years, while the examination of the mummies of animals almost begins with Lortet and his collaborators. We must not, then, be surprised if the principle of the practice is as yet uncertain, and if we can only put forth conjectures as to the motives that urged the Egyptians to embalm certain kinds of animals. First, we should note that the custom did not spread until late, probably about the time of the Persian

conquest. Until then mummification was an honour reserved for a few individuals in each species possessing a supernatural character. It was not for all bulls, but only for those on whom marks betraying divinity were discerned, and who had been enthroned with ceremony as being the god himself, the Apis of Memphis, the Mnevis of Heliopolis, the Bacchis of Erment. Their corpses were preserved not exactly as bulls, but rather as gods incarnated in a bull. A god, like men, was composed of a body and of a *double* or soul, whatever might be the conception that was held of the soul. The god, once dead to the earthly life, would not have participated in the joys of the life beyond had he not been treated in the same way as men, and as gods in human shape; in order that the soul and the *double* should not be annihilated, the casing in which they had existed in the world must not be allowed to perish. The mummy of the sacred ox was the necessary support of the god who had inhabited it, and the rites of embalmment were the needful preliminaries of immortality. Apis, Mnevis, Bacchis, prepared with the prescribed ceremonies, were identified with Osiris, and passed into the condition of Osiris-Apis, Osiris-Mnevis, Osiris-Bacchis. It was the same with others, and the goose of Amon, the fish of Hathor, the ibis of Thot, the cat of Bastît, had as a principle no other reason for their mummification, except that they had provided Amon, Hathor, Thot, and Bastît with the form in which those divinities had walked the earth among their faithful believers.

That was the beginning of the custom, and there it seems to have remained for a long time. But in the course of the ages, the veneration given to the individual creature chosen by the god to incorporate one of his *doubles* extended to all his fellows, and the people of Bubastis instead of worshipping the few cats which represented the goddess in the temple of the town,

honoured all cats; the god of the nome ceased to be a special cat and became the cat species in general. A similar evolution taking place in other quarters, holiness and its privileges gradually invested all the bulls in the nomes which had worshipped a bull, all the ibises in the nomes which had worshipped an ibis, all the falcons, all the monkeys, all the serpents, all the fishes, all the gazelles, all the geese in the nomes where a falcon, a monkey, a serpent, a fish, a gazelle, a particular goose was worshipped. Painful conflicts resulted between custom and faith when the chief utility of the race was its suitability for food. If all oxen were more or less imbued with divinity, could they still be eaten? Certain nomes resigned themselves to total abstinence, and those Egyptians who sent their oxen to the slaughter-house were regarded as impure. It was in those cases that the pious acted as Herodotus described, and gathered the bones from everywhere in order to give them a burial suited to divine dignity. Cemeteries for animals were instituted, and increased at the time when Egypt, gradually degenerating by contact with Western civilizations, by reaction against them, exaggerated the tendencies of its own civilization, and passed from the worship of a few animals to that of the whole species. I regard it as a relatively late development of an ancient doctrine, but my opinion is open to doubt. Lortet has not finished his researches, and the book before us is only the beginning of an important work; perhaps the material he collects will provide us with the means of verifying the hypothesis and changing it into a fact.

XXIX

THE FORTUNE OF AN EGYPTIAN GOD THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

When King Ramses III was tired of power he philosophically resolved to profit by the old age that had come upon him, and in the thirty-second year of his reign associated with himself on the throne his eldest son, named Ramses like himself. He crowned him with due ceremony before the assembled army, nobility and clergy in the temple of Amon at Thebes. When the new sovereign had been presented to his people, public and private life continued the even tenor of their ways. Ramses IV ruled, Ramses III assisted him with advice, but otherwise reposed from the cares of office. Finding himself with leisure, a circumstance that probably had not happened since the distant day when his father Setnakhîti had entrusted the regency to him, he used it to dictate to his scribes a sort of political testament destined to give the best idea of himself to future generations. As if by a miracle, one of the official copies of this veracious act has escaped destruction, and after remaining in the hands of a certain Harris, English Consul at Alexandria, for more than a quarter of a century, it was purchased, printed in facsimile, published and translated, by the directors of the British Museum. It ends with a brief narrative of the exploits of Ramses III; it also contains lengthy lists and magnificent descriptions of the things given by the sovereign to the gods. It is he who makes use of the term "given," and we can believe it if we please, but as a matter of fact these

alleged gifts were, in many cases, simple confirmation of donations made by his predecessors of the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties. However that may be, we have an authentic statement of the wealth of the clergy in the thirty-second year of Ramses III; the document is unique in its kind up to the present time.

The terms are sometimes a little vague, and we must not expect to find the detailed statistics contained in the *Polyptic of Irminon*, for example; precision in detail was scarcely the strong point of a Pharaoh when composing panegyrics. Besides, if the authors had desired to include the dimensions of each domain, with the names of the farmers, tenants, husbandmen, slaves who worked on it, a whole library, not a single papyrus roll, would have been required. They state what belongs to the gods of the three chief cities, Thebes, Heliopolis and Memphis, then to those of the lesser towns, men, gardens, corn-lands, cattle, boats, market-towns and villages. Although indicated generally and in lump sums, the information furnished by the Harris papyrus enables us to imagine quite well the extent and nature of the sacerdotal wealth. It would be too long and tedious a business to transcribe the portions which apply to each sanctuary; it will be sufficient to extract what concerns Amon of Thebes, the most honoured and most wealthy of the gods of Egypt. He possessed 5,164 divine statues; 81,322 vassals, servants and slaves; 421,262 head of cattle, large and small; 433 gardens and orchards; about 60,000 acres of corn-land; 83 ships; 46 building yards; 65 cities, market-towns and villages, seven of which were in Asia. And that was not all; during the thirty-two years of his reign he had received as votive gifts or offerings vast quantities of gold, silver and copper; 3,722 pieces of material, tens of thousands of bushels of corn; 289,530 birds, besides large quantities of thread, flax, oil, wine and incense.

These things represent tributes or dues over and above the ordinary revenue from the landed estate. Amon was then a very great personage, the greatest in Egypt after the king. He dominated at least a tenth, perhaps an eighth of the valley, and, like all mortmains, manifested a tendency to increase rather than to diminish.

Most modern historians, remembering that a hundred or a hundred and fifty years after this Ramses, the High Priest of Amon proclaimed himself king, concluded that the revolution which substituted a theocracy for the military authority of the Ramses, was favoured, if not wholly brought about, by the enrichment of the priesthood to the detriment of the dynasty. Their idea has lately been disputed by Erman.[1] He does not consider the figures of the Harris papyrus as convincing as they seemed to his predecessors. According to him, even if we strain the calculation, Amon's domain would not occupy more than a sixth, at most, of the territory of Egypt proper, not more, probably, than a tenth; would that be likely to destroy Pharaoh's power? It would be the same with the vassal population; reckon it as high as you like, it would not at most attain a hundredth part of the total population of Egypt. The dues spread over thirty-two years would leave only a very small amount for each. In short, Amon was certainly very wealthy, but not sufficiently so to overshadow the authority of the sovereigns. If the Ramses disappeared, and yielded their place to the priesthood, their fall should not be ascribed solely to the power that the wealth of the god gave their adversaries; other factors intervened. Erman came to the conclusion that the plan on which the history of that epoch has been written, ought to undergo much modification, and although the concise manner in which

[1] A. Erman: "Zur Erklaerung des Papyrus Harris." Extract from the *Sitzungsbericht* of the Berlin Academy, 1903, No. lxxxi, pp. 456–474.

he conducts the discussion lends a great weight to his opinion, I doubt if it would be wise to admit it without reserve. I do not know if others have regarded the enrichment of Amon as the unique determining cause of the ruin of the Ramses; for my part I have for a long time shown other reasons, equally cogent, which caused the direct line of the great Ramses to be replaced by a family of pontiff sovereigns. It would be a great undertaking to set them forth in full, but it is quite easy to note them briefly.

First, the Harris papyrus only shows the apanage of the god about the end of the reign of Ramses III, at a time when the treasury of the Pharaohs was regularly fed by tribute from Syria. In the course of the following century the kings gradually abandoned those distant provinces, and their treasuries became impoverished; Egypt alone had to supply resources which had formerly been derived partly from Egypt and partly from foreign lands. During that period Amon's treasury did not suffer in the same proportion as the royal treasury; it lost the revenue of a few Syrian towns, but that was no great matter in his affairs taken as a whole, and as, on the other hand, he received donations from Egyptian territory at each new reign, we shall probably be underestimating rather than overestimating the facts, if we suppose that, so far as he was concerned, the gains compensated for the losses. If he merely remained stationary, while royalty fell back and lost power, the priesthood would grow in power, or rather, the difference between his wealth and that of Pharaoh being lessened, his influence would have greater weight in the destinies of the country. The priesthood was thus encouraged to demand the inheritance in favour of its supreme head. Until then, in fact, the high priest had been chosen and nominated by the king; from the time of Ramses III he was always chosen in the same family, and the son suc-

ceeded his father on the pontifical throne. From that time events marched quickly. The Theban mortmain was doubled with a veritable seignorial fief, which his masters increased by marriages with the heirs of neighbouring fiefs, by continual bequests from one branch of the family to the other, by the placing of cadets of each generation at the head of the clergy of certain secondary towns. The official protocol of the offices filled by their wives shows that a century or a century and a half after Ramses III, almost the whole of the Thebaid, about the third of the Egyptian territory, was in the hands of the High Priest of Amon and of his family. He ruled the larger number of the towns and nomes, from Assouan to Siout and beyond, under the king, and those which did not come directly under his power were dependent on him by virtue of the functions he fulfilled at court. He commanded the armies, administered the finances, governed the southern countries and was Viceroy of Ethiopia. His authority was at that time set on sufficiently complex foundations. It resulted in some slight degree from the civil and military offices with which he was invested. It rested on the large number of fiefs of which he was hereditary lord, and which represented the apanage of his family. It rested lastly on the revenues and lands which formed the patrimony proper of Amonrâ.

We have no means of knowing the proportions assumed by each of those elements of his influence, nor if his family possessions were larger than the mortmain of the god; together they procured him a situation that caused the Ramses to succumb before him. The day he ascended the throne he was already the owner of the valley from the confluence of the Blue Nile to the environs of Siout; further north his property was too thinly scattered for him to have the upper hand, and a family rose up at Tanis which, supported by the popu-

lous cities of the Delta, compelled the Thebans to take an oath of vassalage to it. Egypt was thenceforth divided into two unequal parts, of which the southern formed a principality ruled nominally by Amon, but actually by the descendants of his prophets. If the wealth of the god was not the unique cause, it was at least the chief instrument: without the resources it afforded to the high priests they would not have succeeded so quickly in claiming the inheritance, then in acquiring the personal property which, added to the divine property, soon gave them superiority over the Pharaohs. The Harris papyrus is a valuable document of ancient Egypt. It gives a detailed inventory of Amon's possessions at the critical period of his career, and so enables us to calculate with sufficient likelihood the power possessed by his representatives, and to bring to light one of the means used by them to turn the military fief of Thebes into a theocratic principality.

XXX

THE PALACE OF AN EGYPTIAN PHARAOH AT THEBES

We know in detail the habitations of the Egyptian gods and how they lived in them; gigantic, innumerable temples are there to tell us, some so well preserved in the essential parts that one or two days' work would almost suffice to prepare them for the services, others dismantled or in ruins, yet not so much so that we cannot with a little trouble restore the plan. The gods, indeed, exacted *everlasting dwellings*, and the Pharaohs, solicitous to please them, bestowed on them the most durable material, limestone, sandstone, granite, alabaster; they reserved wood and dry bricks for themselves, and for twenty temples that have been preserved, we count hardly two or three royal palaces, for they are so seriously damaged that their plan is not very clear. One of them, a little less of a fragment than the others, is in course of being excavated at Thebes, on the left bank of the river, at the south of Medinet-Habou. It was explored for the first time in the winter of 1888–9 by Grébaut, then from 1900 the methodical clearing out was undertaken by an Englishman, Mr. Newbury, at the expense of R. de P. Tytus, an American. Now, after three years, many of the buildings of which it consisted have been dug out and its plan can be clearly distinguished.[1] The few tourists whom curiosity takes there can study at their ease the favourite

[1] "A preliminary report on the re-excavation of the palace of Amenhetep III," by Robb de Peyser Tytus. 1903.

residence of Amenôthês III, one of the most illustrious sovereigns of the XVIIIth Dynasty, and they can freely walk through the most private apartments, even those in which the queen shut herself up with the ladies of her suite.

The buildings rose from alluvial earth covered by sand, but which was then well watered, and allowed the laying out of beautiful gardens on the edge of the desert. Towards the east could be seen the steep slopes and the peaked mountains of Libya, towards the west and south the fields and groves of the Theban plain; towards the north Amenôthês III saw the masonry of the funerary temple he was building, and above the line of the cornices the heads of the two colossi erected by his minister, Amenôthês, son of Hapouî, to his glory.[1] The chapels of his predecessors retreated one behind the other to the entrance of the valley which leads to the tombs of the kings, and beyond the Nile, its feet bathed in the eddies of the stream, the Thebes of the living extended as far as the eye could reach; Louxor and its sanctuary faintly outlined, Ashirou with its high grey ramparts, Karnak with its silhouette indented with obelisks, closed the horizon. The Pharaoh watched over the turbulent city to which he was sufficiently near to reach it in an hour if his presence was required, and sufficiently far to escape the smells and noise of the streets. A little town had arisen round him, a town of luxury and official ceremonies, in which each of the great officers of the crown possessed their lodging, where picked artisans made the things required by the court, goldsmiths skilled in melting and chasing the gold of Syria or Ethiopia, engravers on fine stones, glass-makers, enamellers, embroiderers, weavers. The remains of the quarters in which they lived have been brought to light, and here and there the sites of their workshops may be recognized. Scoriæ

[1] Cf. Chapter XXV.

of coloured pastes and enamels mark the place of the glass-makers, as the fellaheen of the district well know; they provide themselves with whole or broken objects which they sell to strangers. Amenôthês III had a passion for jewels, and for pottery in blue or polychrome enamel. The pieces so much admired by us for their bright tones, brilliant glaze, purity, elegance of shape, and delicacy of workmanship, have come for years from the ruins of his villa; there are cups in the shape of the calyx of a full-blown lotus flower, drinking vessels which simulate a pond teeming with aquatic plants and peopled with fishes, collyrium pots, ampullas, flower vases, amulets, round or long beads for necklaces and bracelets, plain rings, and rings with gems. Some are mere rubbish and rough fragments, but if these are so beautiful, we ask what the perfect pieces must have been like in their first freshness.

The palace itself is rectangular in shape. It was surrounded by a wall of medium thickness, pierced by doors at rare and irregular intervals. The outer side of the wall is a blind, undecorated façade. Beyond it came a veritable labyrinth of narrow courtyards, pillared halls, small chambers, garrets all communicating with one another, and here and there ending in blind alleys. The surface thus covered measures rather more than four acres. The remains of the walls are rarely higher than about five feet, in more than one place only the levellings are left, or even only the trenches hollowed for the foundations. The thickness varied from a little over a foot and a half to a little over three feet, according to the size of the rooms, and they were about eighteen feet high. The whole was of unbaked bricks, some of which had received the impression of the two cartouches of the king. The floor was of beaten clay, which had become as hard as stone. The walls were covered with a rough coat of mud, like that everywhere employed in the

villages. The ceilings were of two slightly different kinds. In the smaller rooms and in the corridors small beams of palm or acacia wood were thrown across from wall to wall, heavy palm fibre mats were placed above, covered with a thick layer of beaten earth. A more complicated method was used for the halls. A series of beams, such as I have just described, was placed on the wooden architraves which connected the pillars, and they were fastened by means of joists firmly joined above; then the sunk panels were filled in with soft clay, so that a heavy, stiff covering was obtained with plenty of resisting power. The fragments of ceilings which lie scattered among the ruins, and the still standing bases of walls bear traces of bright, cheerful paintings of the same type as those we admire in the tombs and temples. Vultures with outspread wings, and flocks of geese or ducks, framed in many-coloured curved or spiral lines, soar on the ceilings. Figures of women dance on the walls, and the pavements, similar to those in the palaces of El-Amarna,[1] seem to be pools of water filled with aquatic plants or marshes with grazing oxen. Fish pursue each other under the waters, birds sport among the lotus flowers, and captives bound in uncomfortable positions line the banks.

Nothing in the aspect of the place authorizes us to conjecture exactly how the family and their servants distributed themselves through the palace, but we can distinguish the grand apartments from those used in everyday life. Two oblong, rectangular walls, supported by two parallel lines of columns, were evidently used as guard-rooms; there the crowd of courtiers and officers of the crown assembled, and on audience or festival days hierarchically took up their positions, each according to his rank. Foreign ambassadors waited there until the moment of offering the gifts or tributes of

[1] Cf. Chapter VII.

their masters; generals, on their return from a successful expedition, received there the reward of their victory. Important persons of Thebes and of the whole of Egypt paid homage there to Pharaoh with due eloquence and genuflexion. The semi-barbarous pomp of the Egyptian court pervaded the place with its contrasts of extreme refinement and African barbarity. It was displayed in garments of almost transparent lawn, and in skins of animals, in paint, in tattooing, in flowers in profusion, in strong perfumes on heads and bodies; perhaps solemn banquets were given there, and bestial feasting succeeded the interminable palavers in which sovereign and subjects exchanged the most extravagant compliments, like the negro or Malgache chiefs of our day. An antechamber of modest dimensions led to the private cabinet of Amenôthês III. Persons admitted to the honour of the royal presence suddenly saw before them, framed by two columns of painted wood, the dais on which the *Majesty of the living Horus* deigned to reveal himself to them, and, set off against the semi-darkness, the luminous figure of Pharaoh. It appeared to them like a sacred image, in the stiff attitude of sovereignty, immovable, the eyes fixed, symbolical diadems on the forehead, the sceptre and anserated cross in the hands, all shining with gold and enamel. They had to cover their eyes as if unable to endure the brightness of the divine countenance, then to throw themselves flat on the ground and *smelling at the earth*, to wait until the idol spoke to them. The postures varied according to their rank, and according to the degree of favour desirable to show them. Some were left prostrated, nose against the ground; others remained kneeling, others again stood, but bent in two; some enjoyed the privilege of standing up straight with only the head slightly bent. Like the religious services, the royal receptions were a sort of ballet accompanied with words, each act of which

was regulated with an attention to detail enough to have plunged a Byzantine master of the ceremonies into despair. Persons entered amidst singing, and left amidst shouts accompanied by the sound of timbrels, and the conversation which occurred at the interview had to be spoken in rhythm and with carefully studied intonations. A *voice in perfect tune* was required for addressing the lords of the earth, just as for addressing the lords of heaven.

The bathrooms were numerous, as beseemed a prince who was half a god, and whose sacerdotal functions imposed strict cleanliness. Three of them still contained, when they were excavated, the slabs of stone on which the bather crouched or lay in order to be dried and massaged, and the pipes which brought the water. A few bedrooms were near at hand, with the platform on which the bed stood. Other rooms, smaller and quite bare, seem to have belonged to the servants. Nothing has yet shown us where the kitchens were, but so much still remains to be excavated that there is every chance of seeing them rise up out of the earth during one of the next campaigns. It will be the same with the store-houses, arsenals, granaries, chapels, necessary adjuncts of every royal or princely villa. The tombs of El-Amarna show us what intense life went on there. The artist has drawn there the palace built by the fanatic Khouniatonou, son of Amenôthês III, and the people of his court, almost on the plan and with the decoration of the palace of Medinet-Habou. In the hall, Pharaoh and his family are receiving some high functionary; the guard watches at the doors, and chamberlains introduce the personage, while troops of slaves bring refreshments and the customary gifts. A priest is busily celebrating a ceremony of votive offerings in one of the chapels. A maid-servant tucks herself into bed in a little room. Scribes or inferior employés take their meals in their

own rooms. A dancing-girl rehearses her steps in a retired corner of the palace, her companions accompanying her on the guitar, and they are all preparing to shine at the fête in the evening. These scenes need only be transported to Medinet-Habou to repeople the palace, and to behold it as it was in the days of its splendour. Indeed, the care with which the Egyptian artists represented all the episodes of domestic life is carried so far, that we may sometimes read above the figures the most characteristic of the conversations they held; the echo of their talk reaches us faint and broken through the distance of time. In going through the rooms we instinctively restore the furniture to its place, the beds, with lion's head and feet, piled with their red mattresses, the arm-chairs, the small tables, the variegated boxes, the perfume and kohol pots, all that belongs to the world of Egyptian coquetry. It would not surprise us to meet in some retired corner the sleeping maid-servant, or the dancing-girl rehearsing her steps.

XXXI

AN EGYPTIAN BOOK OF PROPHECIES

Like the Hebrews, the Egyptians had their holy prophets, whose predictions circulated from mouth to mouth, were then written down, and copied through long ages in fragments more or less changed from the original, and, lastly, became classical texts read and commented on in the schools. Chance has preserved little of these interesting works, and that little is not always easy to understand. The one, the fragments of which Lange has just analyzed,[1] is rendered very obscure by the lacunæ which occur in every line of the text. It fills one of the papyri sold by Anastasi to the Leyden Museum; it was paraphrased in German by Lauth more than thirty years ago, and I expounded it at the *École des Hautes-Études*, but these various attempts did not secure for it the attention it deserves. Now, again, Lange gives only a summary interpretation, translating the phrases which seem to him most clear, and indicating the probable meaning of the others, intending to prove his assertions in a memoir to appear shortly. He will have plenty to do to explain the detail; so far, however, he has defined the framework and indicated the plan with sufficient clarity to enable us to form an opinion on the value of the work.

The prophet was named Apouî; we are not told if it was his vocation to predict the future, or if the divine spirit

[1] H. O. Lange: "Prophezeiungen eines Ægyptischen Weisen aus dem Papyrus I, 344, in Leiden," in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, XXVII, 1903.

seized him by chance, as it did Amenôphis,[1] the potter, for the beginning of the volume has disappeared. When the text becomes fairly coherent, the hero is standing before Pharaoh. He is speaking as beseems a prophet, and his whole discourse is of the disasters that are about to fall on Egypt. Family ties will be broken, society will be overturned, dejection will lay hold of all the people. "It is in vain that the Nile will overflow, the fields will no longer be cultivated by its aid; each man will say: 'What is the use of it? Do we not know what is going to happen to the land?' The women will be barren, for Khnoumou, the god of birth, will not help them because of the condition of Egypt. People of lowly rank will become the possessors of all the valuables, so that he who lacked the wherewithal to procure himself a pair of sandals will be the owner of granaries full of grain. Terrible epidemics will break out which will attack all classes alike. The plague will lay hold of Egypt, there will be bloodshed everywhere; the rich will lament, the poor will rejoice, and all the cities will say: 'Let us drive out the powerful from among us.' The expulsion will not take place without resistance, and civil war will desolate the valley; the rivers will be turned into blood, and, although ye will not like it, ye will have to drink of it, and thirst after water." The barbarians of the desert will profit by the general weakness to invade the rich black earth they have so long desired; they will massacre the brave people who resist them, and the slaves, being no more in bondage, will supplant their masters. "They will hang gold, lapis-lazuli, silver, malachite, cornelian round the necks of their wives, while princesses will be thrown into the street, and high-born dames will say: 'If only we had something to eat!'" And everything that exists will be destroyed; there will be no more taxes, no more hierarchy, no more privileges.

[1] Cf. Chapter XXV.

"The son of some one of standing will no longer be preferred to him who is the son of one of no rank," and "the very animals will weep, the cattle will lament for the wretched condition of the country." The temples will no longer be respected; the holy things will be desecrated by sacrilegious hands. "The books of the sanctuary will be taken away, and the mysterious shrines will be unveiled; the magic charms will be revealed; the archives will be opened, and the titles to property be stolen." Violence will prevail everywhere. "Woe to me, on account of the triumph of evil!"

So far, royalty was spared, and it might be hoped that Pharaoh would succeed in restoring peace to his kingdom; but he is attacked in his turn, and his impotence consummates the ruin of the classes which depended on him. "Behold, the rich man sleeps without having been able to quench his thirst, while he who was reduced to beg a little sour wine is now the owner of well-filled jars. The owner of fine stuffs has now only rags, but he for whom none wove is possessor of fine muslins. He who could not build for himself the poorest sort of boat is the master of granaries full of grain, and he who possessed granaries has not even a boat. He who lacked water-melons now possesses them, and those who had them are now empty as air. He who lacked bread has now a granary, and his larder is furnished with what lately belonged to another. He who had his head shaved, and lacked perfumed essences, is now rich in pots of sweet-smelling myrrh." All the contrasts that wide knowledge of Egyptian society and its manners could suggest to a clever writer, abound in the following pages. We see pass over them in succession the beggar-woman who had no other mirror than the water, and who now paints her eyes before a beautiful disk of polished metal; the poor devils who formerly could not obtain a pair of oxen for their plough suddenly find themselves possessors of a

whole herd; the workman without one slave is the master of hundreds of serfs; the rich man of former days is in these unhappy times compelled to sit as a parasite at the table of a man who was formerly poor, and is now promoted to be rich in his turn. For those who can read the original, it is clear that that portion of the prophecy was in a very elaborate style. Alliteration abounds, and every sentence moves to a fairly regular rhythm; in more than one case I should even say that there were assonances, if our ignorance of the exact pronunciation did not compel me to step warily. It is certain that the brilliancy of expression, and the sonority of the elocution, concealed the poverty and banality of the matter from the auditors. Now we are most struck by all that is commonplace in the inspiration of the prophet, and fail to understand what were the qualities that justified his success. The text, robbed of what assured it its literary value, and stripped of its prophetic importance, has only one sort of interest for us: it reveals to us numerous details of the life of the time that the sculptured monuments fail to give.

Like most of his kind, however, the prophet was too prudent to leave his hearers or readers with an impression of terror, or even of sadness. After enumerating at length the misfortunes of his people, he had to promise them at equal length a triumphant return of prosperity. Following the particular rhetorical form, a sovereign raised up by God will suddenly appear, and "will bring fresh water for the burning flames. It is said he is the shepherd of all men, who has no evil in his heart, and when his flock goes astray, spends the day in seeking it." He restores peace, and under his beneficent influence social life flourishes again, marriages again become fruitful, safety reigns on all the highways. Egypt, having recovered her warlike power, the races who surround her, Bedouins, Negroes, Libyans, again submit to her yoke.

In that portion of the manuscript the lacunæ are so considerable that the text cannot be restored. We can scarcely deduce the series of ideas from the fragments of phrases we decipher, we feel them rather.

It is, however, clear that the dominating idea is that of the good shepherd; the prophet draws an ideal portrait of him, and liberally endows him with the virtues that the Egyptians exacted of the model Pharaoh. He must be both administrator and general, in order to enrich his people by the arts of war as well as by those of peace. For the Egyptian, happiness consists in not working himself, or at least in doing as little work as possible, and in enjoying the material comfort to which his fortune gives him a right. Delicate fare, fine clothes, precious jewels, a house cool in summer and warm in winter, a garden with an artificial lake to which he repairs to breathe "the soft wind of the north," songs, dances, a harem, are the things he craves. The king predicted by the prophet will ensure his subjects this lazy, sensual existence until the day comes when death exiles them to the domain of Osiris; in his wars he will gain what is required to spare them the need to work, gold, silver, perfumes, stuffs, and, above all, male and female slaves who will dig the ground, practise trades, recruit the army, will be the producers of their luxuries and the instruments of their pleasures.

The themes chosen are not of a high order, and their treatment, at least to us, does not compensate for the banality of the inspiration. Apouî does not appear to great advantage if compared with some of the Hebrew prophets. It must not, however, be hastily concluded that the prophetic literature of Egypt was always so poor in quality and sentiment. All who took up prophesying, either professionally or as amateurs, were not necessarily men of genius; for a few Isaiahs, how many poor rhetoricians there were among the Hebrews! Apouî

certainly knew all the threads, and must have successfully manipulated them, since his book was copied long after his day, but we no longer appreciate the turns of his language, and, when we study ancient Egypt, matter interests us more than form, and with him the matter is mediocre. What gives him worth in our eyes is the fact that, so far, he is the first to show us a fragment of what was a branch of Egyptian literature. We knew that the Pharaohs had a priesthood specially charged to inform them of the will of the gods; were its members always professionals, who uttered the oracles in few words, without any pretension to literary style, or were there some among them who prided themselves on their fine language? We now know that prophecy on occasion had a literary form among the Egyptians, as among the Semites; it was so under the XIIth Dynasty, to which Apouî is said to have belonged, and it was doubtless so under earlier Dynasties. We hope some day to find other and better works of a similar sort, which may worthily stand beside the great Hebrew prophecies.

XXXII

THE EGYPTIAN ORIGIN OF THE ATTIC DIONYSUS

THE Athenians knew that Dionysus came to them from abroad, but otherwise had only confused ideas about his origin. Foucart has just discovered it in Egypt, in the Osiris of the Infernal Regions.[1] It is not his first attempt at such researches, for ten years ago he showed in what close relations the Eleusinian mysteries stood to the religion of Egypt.[2] The thesis he there laid down caused more astonishment than approbation in the classical world. The Hellenists of the present day often treat the East as the Hellenes did in old days. The latter knew, associated with and ruled Egyptians, Chaldæans, Assyrians, and Phœnicians for centuries, and could have given us exact information about them; but to do that they would have had to learn barbarous tongues, to have consulted books written in complicated characters, to have deciphered inscriptions, in fact, to have taken a great deal of trouble. They preferred to make their inquiries of the dragomans, and to beg tales of them, rounding off what they thus learned with inventions of their own brains. If, perchance, a native, Manetho or Berosus, tried to correct them, they did not take the trouble to copy their works and read them. The Hellenists have behaved in the same way. Ancient tradition showed them the part that the East

[1] "Le Culte de Dionysos en Attique," par P. Foucart, Member of the Institute. (Extract from the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, Vol. xxxvii. 1904.)

[2] Cf. Chapter VI.

had had in the formation of Greece, and Egypt and Assyria were at hand with documents which would enable them to judge of the authenticity of those traditions, but it would have been necessary to free themselves from the classical routine and to venture among hieroglyphics and cuneiforms. Many are now bold enough to do so, and both they and the cause of learning reap the benefit. It is M. Foucart's merit to have prepared the way, and those who follow the plan he has traced will have every chance of success.

Everything he demonstrates is not equally convincing, and for a variety of reasons. Dionysus is a complex god in whom several gods of differing origins are mingled. The legends of him in the various districts of Greece are involved and entangled in each other; the meaning of certain ceremonies or certain names has become changed or lost with the passage of time, and ordinary people as well as students, no longer understanding them, have lent them fantastic explanations. Further, it happens that, with very few exceptions, the sacred emblems and the formulas of prayer which might have revealed origins were destroyed at the time of the extinction of paganism. Most of the characteristic ceremonies were performed in profound mystery by a small number of persons, under oath to reveal nothing, and it would have been sacrilege to repeat even the most insignificant detail. The only things on which modern students can base their opinions are fragments of inscriptions, scattered allusions and discussions in the ancient writers, glosses borrowed from older scholars by scholiasts of a later epoch who did not wholly understand the texts they transcribed. It is not easy to find one's way among this doubtful information, and to distinguish the truth. It is possibly to be discovered at points very distant in time, and the interpretation of a myth will be found to have varied considerably between

the fifth century before and the second century after Christ. It seems that Dionysus would have appeared in the lesser mysteries not only as the protector of agriculture, but as the sovereign of the Infernal Regions. In that double quality he corresponded to the Egyptian Osiris, but our information on the point is so scanty that we cannot do more than conjecture. Similarly, the legend that ascribes the discovery of vine culture and the making of wine to Dionysus reminds us that the Egyptians gave the honour of those inventions to Osiris; but it is only a subordinate feature with the Egyptians, whereas in Greece Dionysus soon came to preside, pre-eminent and unique, over wine. If the worship had not more completely preserved more essential characteristics, it would be almost impossible to justify the identity in origin of Dionysus and Osiris. The rites of the festivals, especially those of the Anthestêria, are the only things that still prove it.

The Anthestêria were the most ancient and the most solemn of the festivals of Dionysus, and were, besides, common to all the Ionians; they comprised almost incoherent extremes of joy and sadness, "as if Shrove Tuesday and All Saints' Day were mingled together." It began on the 11th of the month Anthestêrion, by the *opening of the jars* which contained the new wine. The jars uncorked, the next day, the 12th, the rustics took the unfermented grape juice to the town; from their chariots they apostrophized the passers-by, who returned their jests with interest. In each house the head of the family invited his relatives to a banquet in which three-year-old children crowned with flowers took part for the first time; even the slaves shared in the general jubilation, and received their portion of wine. Meanwhile, by invitation of the priest, a group of citizens assembled at the temple; they brought provisions in a basket, and an earthen jar holding more than three quarts of wine.

Each sat down alone at his table, and the sacred hero having proclaimed the laws of the meeting, at a signal of the trumpet they attacked their repast. The first to empty his pitcher received a skin of wine as a prize from the archon-king who presided over the festival. The drinkers did not afterwards consecrate the wreaths they had worn during the feast in the temples, but placed them on their jars and delivered them to the priestess in the sanctuary of Limnæ, and the losers poured the wine left over as a libation. That was the visible and popular part of the festival. The fundamental rites were celebrated in the sanctuary of the Priest of Dionysus without profane witnesses. That sanctuary was the oldest and most revered of any in Athens, and was only opened on the 12th Anthestêrion; the doors were then unclosed before the *queen*, the wife of the archon-king, and before her fourteen companions. A sacred herald, probably he of Eleusis, assisted the queen when she exacted an oath from her followers to reveal nothing of what would be done, said, or seen; then he allowed her to enter the cell, where no other accompanied her. When she came out she was formally married to the god, and the mystic marriage was consummated the night after in a special building, the Boucolion, which had been the residence of the archon-king in the heroic ages. The statue of the god repaired to the nuptial house, where it stayed until the morrow, after which it returned to the sanctuary, and the doors closed behind it until the 12th Anthestêrion of the next year. The festival concluded on the 13th with a veritable funeral offering, in which neither priest nor magistrate intervened. During the night each family put a new saucepan on the fire and cooked in it without meat a mixture of flour and all sorts of grain. No one ate of it, but it was offered for the dead before Hermes, the conductor of souls, and before Dionysus, the two divinities of the Infernal Regions. The Anthestêria,

begun noisily in drunken revels, ended silently in solemn mourning.

Those mysteries, so sacred to the ancients, would be incomprehensible to us if certain details did not reveal their purpose and analogy. The queen's companions were fourteen in number, and offered sacrifices to Dionysus on fourteen altars, with other ceremonies not less secret than the rest. The ceremonial commemorated both the number of murderers who, according to the Cretan legend, massacred Dionysus, and the number of pieces into which they divided the corpse. Foucart rightly mentions the Egyptian legend in which Typhon, having assassinated Osiris, tore his victim into fourteen pieces, which he scattered among the nomes. Isis collected them, put them together, and from their union drew her Osiris, whom she resuscitated. The passion and resurrection of Osiris took place every year in all the temples of Egypt, at the festivals of the month of Kihak. The sisters Isis and Nephthys, assisted by Horus and Anubis, made in fourteen moulds the fourteen pieces of which the divine body had been reconstructed, and then combined them into a perfect statue. They then endowed the statue with life, and rising from its funeral couch, it became again the god himself. Osiris, thus called into being, took up all his functions again, even to uniting himself with Isis, a circumstance Foucart has perhaps not quite sufficiently demonstrated, and was replaced in his tomb by another image for use at the festival of the following year. Our knowledge of the ceremonies of the Anthestêria scarcely permits us to doubt that the Egyptian Osiris was the original of the Attic Dionysus. We have in both cases the resurrection of a god who had been treacherously mutilated. The number of pieces is the same, and the march of events identical: just as Isis sought everywhere for the remains of Osiris, so Demeter never rested till she had

gathered together those of Dionysus, and only after she had restored the body did the god come again into existence. The mysteries of the 12th Anthestêrion exactly reproduced the principal features of the Egyptian legend and the practices to which it gave rise. The queen and her companions entered the temple where the statue had rested since the preceding year, and pretended to search for the fourteen pieces of the god; then the queen alone put them together, and having formed a new image she took it in her arms, and carried it into the sanctuary in order to bring it to life. We do not know what deeds she performed, or what formulas she used, but their result was immediately manifest. Dionysus rose out of the darkness, alive, young, and vigorous, and went to the Boucolion to contract marriage with the wife of the archon-king. The next day he returned to his temple to die and to be resolved again into his fourteen pieces, and then he fell back into the solitude of his tomb. The placing of the saucepans on the fire, the cooking and offering of various grains and of flour, clearly point to the funeral signification of the rites with which the Anthestêria concluded. Families took advantage of the moment when the sanctuary closed on the inanimate god to entrust him to take to their dead relatives the nourishment of which they imagined they would have need.

The Egyptian style of these ideas did not fail to strike those students who knew something of the researches of Egyptologists, and the proof would be absolute if our knowledge of the ancients was as connected and coordinate as Foucart presents it. Unfortunately it is so isolated and disjointed that many Hellenists will be inclined to ask if Foucart has not in all good faith himself introduced what seems to him the Egyptian element in the festival of Dionysus, based on his opinion that Greece has borrowed much from Egypt. In order that his ideas should be credited by Hellenists, he must

wait until the progress of Egyptian studies and the excavations on Hellenic soil have banished the distrust that has so long prevailed in their minds. Perhaps it will not be as long as he fears. Crete has arisen at the extremity of the Ægean Sea with its brilliant civilization; it leaves the domain of fable to which modern critics relegated it, for the reality of history. As its monuments are revealed to us, we see how strongly they betray the influence of the East, that of Egypt and Chaldæa. It was no empty boast of the Theban Pharaohs of the XVIIIth Dynasty when they assumed the title of the masters of the Very Green islands; their ships landed there, and if the supremacy they exercised was slight and unstable, it did not the less exist.[1] There is little likelihood that the ruins have in store for us documents that will give us information concerning the reflux of ideas and rites from the Delta to the Archipelago and the continent of Europe. But as soon as the material facts of the commercial and political relations are demonstrated to the Hellenists, spiritual relations will follow of themselves, and the traditions of Egyptian colonies or of religious borrowings that they have hitherto so decidedly put aside, will have credence in their eyes as they have long had in ours.

[1] Cf. Chapter V.

XXXIII

A NEW TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE THEBAN KINGS

It will soon be four years since Theodore Davis, an American travelling in Egypt, asked and obtained permission to explore the valley of the kings at Thebes. He undertook the task in no egotistical spirit; he paid the workmen and made the excavations, but we retain all that he found, except a few duplicate pieces which we presented to him by way of souvenir. And it is a great merit on his part to be contented with so little, for the plan of campaign elaborated there at the beginning of the operations by the director-general and by Mr. Carter, chief inspector of the Saîd, results every winter in important finds. At the very beginning, in 1903, the tomb of Thoutmôsis IV was discovered, with its marvellous embroideries, blue pottery, pieces of painted wood or of statues, his state chariot with the chased seat. In 1904 Queen Hatshopsouîtou rendered up her three fine limestone sarcophagi. It is now the turn of Iouîya, father of one of the most famous princesses of the XVIIIth Dynasty, Tîyi, wife of Amenôthês III, and mother of Amenôthês IV. The former tombs had been repeatedly rifled and plundered by a band of negroes under the XIXth and XXth Dynasties; the quantity of fragments found there which we regard as wealth, are merely what those old robbers left behind. The tomb just discovered, however, was violated with discretion by persons who almost possessed respect for the dead, and who were in too great a hurry to despoil it

thoroughly; if they broke open the coffins and took the jewels from the mummies, they did not touch the equipment.

The architects did not greatly exert their imaginations when drawing up their plans, and the work did not make a very big hole in the royal treasury. They chose a site sufficiently removed from those reserved by the four Thoutmôsis for their resting-places; it was situated near the spot where one of the ravines that furrow the eastern slope of the hill joins the central wady. They hollowed out a staircase of about thirty steps which runs at first open to the sky, and then plunges into the rock, and leads to a narrow door just high enough for a man of medium height to enter without knocking his forehead against the lintel. It leads scarcely into a chamber, but rather into a rectangular cavity, roughly hollowed out in the rock, ill-quarried, low-ceilinged, unornamented either by sculpture or painting, hardly capable of holding the coffins and the rest of the funerary gear. The last of the Egyptians to visit it had, in withdrawing, filled up the portion of the staircase which lay level with the ground, then the water which flows in torrents through the ravine on stormy days had carried down to the embankment so compact a bed of loose pebbles and sand that the workmen's pickaxes had difficulty in breaking it up. Mr. Quibell, who had just succeeded Mr. Carter in the superintendence of the works, managed to pierce it, and had already got at the upper steps when his professional duty sending him to show the Temple of Edfou to the Duke of Connaught, he was deprived of the pleasure of opening the tomb with Mr. Davis. It seemed that the thieves, after despoiling the mummy, felt some qualms of conscience at carrying off in addition to the jewels, certain objects easy of transport, for there were found on the steps a scarab in green stone, pieces of an alabaster vase, the painted and gilded

One of the Chairs in Davis's Tomb, with its Cushion.

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yoke of a chariot, a walking-stick with a gilded knob, a large roll of illuminated papyrus; a parcel of onions and of dried herbs had been carelessly thrown on to a bench at the left of the staircase. On February 12th, in the evening, the door appeared half hidden under the dust; on the 13th, in the morning, it was completely laid open to view, and the wall which enclosed it was visible in its full height. The bricks had kept the coating of fine clay which the masons had given it on the evening of the funeral, and the exact impress of the seals placed on it by the guardians of the necropolis, a jackal couchant, and underneath three rows of kneeling prisoners, their arms bound behind their backs. The thieves had destroyed the two or three upper courses in order to enter by the opening, and there could be seen in confusion at the end a heap of dark objects, relieved here and there with gold at points where they caught the light.

Nothing is rarer now in the Theban necropolis than virgin tombs; I have only found one in eleven years, that of Sannotmou, and it belonged to people of the poorer class. The tomb we are considering sheltered persons of very high rank, and it was so filled up from floor to ceiling that at first sight it seemed untouched; but on closer inspection the action of the malefactors became evident. The large black and gilded coffin of the upper row was yawning open, the panels warped, the boards disjointed, the cover fallen on one side, the mummy reduced to a bundle of torn rags; but the rest of the objects remained as they had been arranged during the ceremony of the interment. The space between the top of the brick wall and the lintel of the door is narrow enough, but there is no slit behind which an archæologist suspects he may find something new or unknown too small for him to get through. He undergoes much discomfort, but he manages to squeeze through, and once he has set

foot in the chamber seems to have left behind him all the centuries that have elapsed since the dead man was alive; the mummy has just descended to the vault, the celebrant performs the last rites, the acolytes finish placing the furniture and the offerings. Its whole appearance would almost lead us to mistake it for that of Maiharpiriou;[1] it suggests the epoch of Thoutmôsis IV or Amenôthês III, and the first impression is justified by a reading of the inscriptions. On a wooden arm-chair there is mention of the Princess Sîtamanou, daughter of Amenôthês III, then on a phial the cartouche of Amenôthês himself, and elsewhere on coffins, boxes, statuettes, vases, with the most unexpected variants in the spelling, two names, almost famous, those of the lady Touîyou and of her husband, *the hereditary prince, the first among the friends of the sovereign, he whom the lord king, the divine father made great, loved by his master Iouîya.* Fortune, which often betrays us, has this time deigned to shower its favours on Mr. Davis; it has led him to the house of the father of the queen Tîyi, about whose origin students have held so many strange opinions. Many things in her funeral trousseau were given her by the members of her family, children, sons-in-law, grandchildren; Pharaoh himself must have seen them to decide if they were worthy of being offered to a person who stood so near him, and our hands in touching them are perhaps the first to efface the traces of his.

The thieves made a clear place near the foot of the coffin in order to carry on their depredations more conveniently, and at the south of the chamber the ground is visible on a surface of two or three square feet. We know both from the texts and the pictured representations that

[1] A tomb not far from this one discovered by M. Loret in 1899. Maiharpiriou—*the lion on the fields of battle*—was the son of a Pharaoh of the XVIIIth Dynasty, probably Thoutmôsis III, and of a black princess. The complete equipment of his tomb is now in the Cairo Museum.

the *statues of the double*, the mummies, the chests, the sarcophagi, all the funerary gear had to be placed on the ground itself or on the solid stone; it ought to rest on sand, but the tombs to which we have usually had access were in such confusion that it was impossible for us to determine to what point the prescriptions of the ritual had been observed. Here the bed of sand exists as it had been prepared by the workmen of the necropolis, and it held all the objects. They present an incredible variety, and we might say that they multiplied before our eyes as our candles lighting the chamber caused them to rise up out of the gloom. Two draped, wooden rectangles leaned against the wall, probably two of the low frames consecrated to *Osiris Vegetating*. The form of a large mummified Osiris was drawn on the stuff, face uncovered, arms free, diadem on brow, and was then filled in with the seed of barley or corn, which was gently watered until the grain began to sprout. When the stalk was a few inches high it was laid down flat and the whole enveloped in wrappings. It was an allegorical definition of the destinies of the soul; man would grow as did the buried grain, and from his death arose another life as vigorous and fruitful as the first. An arm-chair in dark wood, ornamented with reliefs and gilded inscriptions leaned against the wall between the beds, *respondents* worked with gold or silver wire were piled up in a corner; the tomb must have contained an extraordinary amount of goldsmiths' work for the thieves to have left so much behind. The statuettes are without a scratch, the chests are intact, and that the colours are dulled is due to the slight veil of dust spread over them by the passage of time. They soon become bright again when it is carefully wiped off. The northern part is less piled up with rubbish, and the wealth is equally great: we found the arm-chair inscribed with the name of Sîtamanou, little figures, boxes for *respondents*,

perfume-pots, all sorts of provisions, jars full of essences for the ritual, weapons. At the end against the wall was a chariot with its pole, its axle, its wheels, its harness, and, if it resists the action of the air, the Cairo museum will at last possess what exists nowhere else, a whole chariot ready for the horses to be yoked to it.

Much time must elapse before we shall know exactly what unsuspected marvels the ingenious packing of the tomb still hides; the removal of the treasures and the methodical inventory are to be begun at once. Messrs. Quibell and Weigall, the inspectors of the service, will share their task with Malvezzi, Ayrton, and Parabeni, who will kindly leave their own excavations to lend us a helping hand; they will measure the objects one after the other, number them, photograph them, pack them, and Mr. Lindon Smith will copy in water-colour those of which the colours are in most danger of fading. Mr. Davis will take the most fragile on board his dahabieh in order to save them from the jolting of a railway journey, the others will be put into cases and entrusted to the Saîd express. In three weeks Iouîya will arrive at Cairo with all of her trousseau that the thieves of old consented to leave her. Objects arranged in museums bear the same relation to those that remain in their legitimate places as the most skilfully stuffed animal bears to the creature who has just died, and whose limbs are still filled with the last breaths of life. To remove them from the spot where their contemporaries had placed them is almost to inflict on them a second death, and to break the bonds that the first had respected with the world to which they belonged. I should have liked to keep the hypogeum of Iouîya just at it was at the moment of its discovery, but it would have meant leaving it the prey of evil chances. Everything would have conspired to hasten its destruction or its spoliation, the indiscreet curiosity of tourists, the cupidity of the Arabs, the unscrupulous covetousness

A Girl's Chariot in Davis's Tomb.

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of amateur collectors, and the beasts of the field would not be more merciful than men. One of the vases we uncorked contained thick oil, another almost liquid honey, which still preserved its scent. If it had been left without its cover on one of the steps of the staircase, near the entrance of the corridor, a marauding wasp, having strayed into the Valley of the Kings, would have hovered gluttonously round the jar. We should have had to send it away by flapping a handkerchief to prevent it taking a portion of the honey gathered by ancient bees from the flowers of the Theban meadows more than three thousand years ago.

XXXIV

THE OASIS OF AMMON

THE Oasis of Ammon was familiar to many of us in our childhood. Alexander went there to hold consultation with the god, and returned a god himself. Some say two crows, others, two serpents, put him in the right road just as he had lost it, and guided him within sight of the mystic city. On his arrival, Ammon went to salute him, borne in his sarcophagus on the shoulders of the priests, and uttered the deceptive speech in the course of which he called him his son. He promised him dominion over the universe, and proclaimed that victory would be true to his flag until the end. The Oasis was far off, and Alexander said little of what he saw and heard there. The world never knew in detail what happened in that corner of the desert; it believed what the witnesses of the interview consented to tell, or did not believe it, and it did not laugh more than was seemly when told that the hero had a god for his father. The reputation of Olympias suffered somewhat from the revelation, but that would not have made any great matter; to have been the object of a divine caprice was not without glory, and as Philip was no longer there to protest, no one thought of raising a voice on his behalf. The oracle benefited by the adventure; it remained the fashion for several centuries, and even when it had lost prestige with the pious, its name was not effaced from the memory of new generations. Quintus Curtius and Plutarch aiding, French school-boys continued to take interest in it; in accordance with the syllabuses, pupils of

French schools were taught the part it played in the history of Alexander.

They would have been much embarrassed had they been asked to point out the exact site, or if the ruins of the temple in which Ammon had dwelt still existed. The Oasis is not easy of access, and since the oracle of Ammon became dumb has rarely been visited by travellers. It would not take long to enumerate the Europeans who have been there since the beginning of the nineteenth century, and if we put together all the weeks that they spent there we should not get a complete year. Steindorff and his companions[1] stayed there only twenty-one days, from December 19, 1899, to January 8, 1900. The people there are not hospitable to strangers. They are divided into five or six clans, each of about twenty families, and have for centuries formed almost a close community, having no relations of consequence with the outer world. They are divided into two political and religious factions, into two *çofs*, who usually live in a state of churlish truce, and who only keep up the relations strictly necessary for government and commerce. They intermarry but little, yet scarcely a generation passes without a civil war, which is fiercely waged for months together, and only ceases through general exhaustion. The last was in 1896, and it was one of the most ferocious. We are assured that 160 combatants were left on the field, and that the losses would have been heavier still had not Senoussi sheikhs come from Djarboub and intervened to bring about peace. Since that time the Egyptian police has maintained order, and the Oasis is quietly gaining strength for fresh conflicts. Its population is a little under 6,000; as the men outnumber the women, there is very little polygamy. They speak a corrupted Berber dialect, interspersed with Arab words.

[1] S. Steindorff: *Durch die Libysche Wüste zur Amonsoase.* Leipzig. 1904.

There is scarcely any trade, and less industry. Caravans import tobacco, sugar, powder, arms, a few European cotton goods, and a little jewellery at irregular intervals; the rest is made on the spot by the women, or the artisans of the bazaar. Dates and olives are the chief wealth of the people; not only do they form their food, but every year about twelve tons are exported to Egypt and Syria. With the produce of the sales they pay the tribute, and procure the few luxuries to be found among them.

It was almost the same in the time of the Pharaonic rule. The Theban kings of the XVIIIth or XIXth Dynasty were probably the first to take firm possession of the Oasis. They installed their god Amonrâ there, and built him a chapel, in which he was enthroned, if not with all the pomp, at least with all the rites to which he was accustomed in his native land. Neighbouring Libyan tribes, already partly imbued with Egyptian civilization, did not renounce their national religion for him, but they frequented his services and did him homage. One of his attributes especially struck their imagination, the skill with which he foresaw the future and unveiled it for those who questioned him according to the prescribed ceremonial. His statue spoke in the darkness of the sanctuary; it replied to the questions asked of it by a movement of the head, and when two scrolls, each containing a different solution of the same question, were placed in his hands, it kept hold of that which it considered to have value, and let the other drop.[1] The Libyan divinities were less expert or less refined in manner; their believers no longer applied to them in serious circumstances, but were accustomed to seek the advice of the foreigner. They reverently resorted to him from every corner of the desert, and his fame soon reaching the coast, was spread among the

[1] Cf. Chapter XVIII.

peoples dwelling on the shores of the Mediterranean. When the Dorians colonized Cyrene about the middle of the seventh century B.C. they soon learned the existence of the oracle, and hastened to consult it; then continental Greece, informed of it by colonial Greece, began to send embassies to the oracle in difficult conjunctures. From the sixth to the fourth century B.C. two African oracles divided the honours; each had zealous partisans, who quarrelled unceasingly, and belittled the power of the rival for the glorification of their own god. The oracle of Bouto, in the Delta, was upheld by the Ionians, and the Asiatics grouped round Naucratis; it seemed to prevail until Egypt was conquered by the Persians. The oracle of Ammon prevailed with the Cyreneans, and through them with Hellas proper, but it did not attain the supremacy until the beginning of the fifth century, when the decadence of Naucratis had weakened the element which upheld the cause of the gods of Bouto in the world.

The Oasis, enriched by the continually increasing gifts of the pilgrims, became an actual state, bound to Egypt by ties more or less loose, according to the epoch. It had its hereditary princes, whose suzerainty extended, perhaps, over some of the smaller neighbouring oases, that of Gara, for example. The oldest of them known to us is Etearchos—perhaps the Egyptian name Teharkou in Greek dress—who lived in the time of Herodotus, and narrated very curious things about the peoples of the African desert. The inscriptions copied by Steindorff reveal the existence less than a century after him of three of his successors: Raudîtneb, whose son Setertas was the vassal of the Pharaoh Hakoris of the XXIVth Dynasty, and lastly Ounamounou, who was a dependent of Nectanebo I, of the XXXth Dynasty. They found the temples in a bad state, and, if they did not entirely rebuild them, they at least

restored them, and decorated them with very fair bas-reliefs. But it was all new when the Macedonians went to Egypt; the ruins we find there to-day doubtless belong to the buildings that Alexander saw when he consulted the god. They are purely Egyptian in style, with no trace of Greek influence. They resemble the small Theban temples, with a cell flanked by two secondary pieces for the goddess-wife and the god-son; perhaps it comprised a hypostyle hall, a pronaos and a pylon, but those elements have disappeared, or travellers have been unable to find any trace of them. The divinities there are those of the Theban Ennead, Amonrâ, his wife, Maout, Shou, and Tafnouît with the lioness's head, Gabou, the earth, Nouît, the heaven. The formulas which cover the walls are borrowed from the oldest books in the world, those the text of which is engraved in the vaults of the Pyramids, and the composition of which had already been long finished when Menes, the first king, ascended the throne. The chambers in which we read them are those in which funerary worship was rendered to the prince as to the dead forms of Amonrâ. When Alexander dismounted before the door of the sanctuary, he found himself in actual Egypt, and the description given by historians of his entry is of a purely Egyptian ceremony. The divine emblem emerged from his naos to receive him, and spoke to him as he was accustomed to speak to his Pharaohs: "Come, son of my loins, who loves me so that I give thee the royalty of Râ, and the royalty of Horus." To these commonplace salutations he added the sacramental promises: "I give thee valiance, I give thee to hold all countries and all religions under thy feet; I give thee to strike all the peoples united together with thy arm." The litany may be prolonged at will, and if these are not the terms of the discourse heard by Alexander, they certainly give the sense of it; the meaning it pleased him to attribute to them

for the realization of his projects of universal power are well known.

I do not know if the excavations will ever permit us to determine the exact spot where the conqueror and the god so politely contemplated each other face to face. It would seem that in a country so cut off from the rest of humanity the monuments of the past would be likely to be more completely preserved than elsewhere; even if whole buildings are no longer to be found, we ought to find the pieces of which they were formed scattered over the ground. But the inhabitants of Siouah have succeeded in almost entirely destroying their temples. They have not torn them down in order to make huts of the fragments, as is so often the case on the banks of the Nile; but they regard them as the work of magicians who once ruled the ancient world, and the eagerness manifested by Europeans in exploring the ruins confirms them in their belief. The blocks covered with strange pictures are not what they seem to be; they are so many ingots of pure gold, disguised by the virtue of a very ancient spell, and he who knows how to remove the spell would grow as rich as he pleased. As soon as a piece of a wall or an isolated stone is seen sticking out of the ground, and yields a metallic sound when knocked, the people of the Oasis break it into small pieces in hope of exorcising the spell; although they are always disappointed, they are never tired of trying again. During the excavations this year, they were seen hovering about with their hammers, and however carefully they are watched it is to be feared that they will soon destroy the pillars and the pieces of walls recently brought to light. The spot is too long a journey through the desert from Cairo for it to be protected in any efficient manner, and the documents it conceals are virtually at the mercy of a handful of greedy and superstitious savages.

XXXV

ON THE REPRODUCTION OF EGYPTIAN BAS-RELIEFS [1]

MANY artists are inclined to believe that it is easy to make good copies of the Egyptian bas-reliefs. The particular method of presenting figures of men and animals must of course be carefully studied if they are to be accurately transcribed, but, taken all together, they seem to present simple lines, empty surfaces, cleanly cut silhouettes, unsymmetrical and awkward action : it only needs a little attention and a vast deal of patience. The copyist after making his sketch works it over in the details, carefully accentuating all that constitutes the special characteristics of Egyptian art in his eyes, the eyes and chest full front, the face and torso in profile, the arms and legs alike without apparent distinction between the right and left, the gait heavy, the gesture angular. Most often he is satisfied with the result, and is pleased with himself for having grasped the physiognomy of his model. Some, however, lose that illusion as they proceed, and before they have finished perceive that, where they thought to make a faithful copy, they have only produced a caricature.

The peculiar properties of the bas-reliefs are soon revealed to any one who examines them with close attention, and he then almost despairs of ever reproducing them adequately by ordinary means. The line which encircles the bodies with so precise a contour is

[1] *Die Mastaba des Gem-ni-kai.* Edited, in collaboration with A. E. P. Weigall, by Friedrich-Wilhelm von Bissing. Berlin, 1905.

not stiff and inflexible in its whole length as it appears at a first glance, but it undulates, swells out, tapers off, sinks down according to the structure of the limbs it bounds, and the action that animates them. The flat parts it defines contain not only a summary indication of the anatomy and of the flesh surfaces, but the place of the muscles is marked by such minute excrescences and hollows that we marvel how the ancient sculptor could produce them with the rude tools at his disposal. It required the suppleness of the white limestone of Tourah to enable them to work in a relief some ten-thousandth part of an inch high, a thing the modern pen, pencil, or brush is impotent to transcribe exactly on paper. Prisse d'Avennes, in his *History of Egyptian Art*, has sometimes very happily imitated the suppleness and elegance of the general form; he almost always suppressed the work of the chisel between the enveloping lines and the slight and transparent shadows which resulted from them. Lepsius, or rather Weidenbach who drew for Lepsius, did even less than Prisse d'Avennes. By observing and sketching the walls of the tombs of Memphis he evolved for himself an Egyptian style of agreeable aspect and correct proportions which honestly corresponded with the average human and animal types most frequently used near the Pyramids. He guilelessly employed them through the enormous volumes of the *Denkmaeler*, without paying any heed to the innumerable varieties of execution offered by the monuments at successive periods of their history, and even at the same epoch in different localities. His so-called facsimiles, to speak the truth, are merely groups of patterns in which the individual characteristics of each piece has disappeared. The archæological detail is scrupulously registered, as well as the modifications that arise in costume, armament, furniture, domestic or industrial implements; but everything connected with

artistic detail is wanting, and we cannot distinguish from the touch what belongs to the most ancient epochs, or to the Saîd age. It can be easily imagined how this has misled students who tried to appreciate Egyptian art by what they could learn of it without leaving their own rooms, and then set to work to write its history. It has spoiled the judgment of two or three generations; they attributed the monotony they found in the reproductions to the originals, and for half a century Egypt was convicted of possessing a fixed art lacking personal inspiration or variety of handling.

Present day Egyptologists have means at their command which brings the reality much closer to them. Bissing has made use of heliogravure for his reproductions of some of the tombs of Sakkarah, and if he found the work rather expensive, the faithfulness of the pictures is so striking that the extra cost is amply repaid. I do not mean that it is absolutely perfect, nor that fault is not to be found in certain places. The tint employed is sometimes rather dark, and the printing-off heavy; here and there the ink has thickened the figures, and blurred the contours. Those faults are almost inevitable in books that are not exclusively *éditions de luxe*, and intended only for collectors; they are rare in the copy I have before me, and do not perhaps exist in other copies. In any case, taken as a whole, the volume is excellent, and those who look through it will almost feel that they have the document itself in front of them. They will find not only the general outline of figures and objects, but all the most delicate marks of the chisel with the play of light and shade due to them. Each of the men, and of the animals, perhaps in a higher degree, has its peculiar physiognomy which is stated in a few rapid strokes. We see in one of the pictures tame hyænas, who are being fattened up with food apparently little to their liking: they are

bound, lying on their backs, their four legs in the air; their attitude is always the same, but the manner in which they accept their portion differs everywhere. Elsewhere ducks and geese undergo a similar trial, and they walk about to recover their equilibrium. The sculptor well knew the peculiarities of each sex, and we can still distinguish his geese and his ganders by the carriage of the head or the shape of the body; they express their feelings, and their joy at having done with the uncomfortable business by wagging the tail, by grimaces, undulations of the neck, holding out the beak and ruffling the feathers. In every plate we find varieties of pose, of figures, of human or animal expression that the pencil failed to reproduce, but which the sun has fixed on the film that transferred them to the copper; and the copper has delivered them to the paper just as the stone received them from the hands of the skilful workman five thousand years ago. It is almost the wall itself which is before us, with its records passing before our eyes; it is all there with the pictures, the grain of the limestone, the polishings of the chisel, the sculptor's corrections, and also his faults where, distracted probably by the conversation of one of his companions, he let the chisel slip or gave too hard a blow with the hammer. Any one who has been in the studio of a modern craftsman and watched him at work, will at once discern the hand of the ancient sculptor in the heliogravure, as in the stone.

The superiority of the new method is especially seen in the large figures. Bissing has divided over Plates XX and XXI the full-length portrait of Kemnikaî. I am sorry that the *format* of the volume did not permit him to give the whole figure in one plate, because the effect would then have been more striking. But the heliogravure, even so divided, gives a totally different impression from an ordinary drawing. Kemnikaî is

standing, the legs a little apart, the body in repose; he holds his long staff of authority obliquely, the point against the ground and the right hand open on the knob, while the left hand firmly grasps the centre. He looks straight before him at a scene of cultivation which is destroyed, but which we can easily reconstruct in imagination, ploughing, sowing, harvest, transport and threshing of the grain: his wife, a little figure behind him, accompanies him, and according to custom puts her arm round his leg. Any one who has looked through an illustrated book on Egypt knows the *motif*, but what they do not suspect, at least if they have not lived in the country, is the manner, delicate and strong at the same time, in which the artists of Memphis treated it. Bissing's two plates will teach them, if they take the trouble to examine them carefully; the silhouette is surrounded with one line drawn on the stone with a sureness and also with a freedom of touch that never fails for a moment. The old sculptor has imperceptibly raised the background all along the line in order to accentuate the relief, but it is so subtly done that great attention is required to discover it. The figure, although applied almost flat on the stone, is by that means placed in a sort of atmosphere which gives more roundness to the contours than would have been thought possible with a relief so low as that of the Egyptians. The interior detail presents a combination of sharp and modelled lines, almost indiscernible, that facsimiles in drawing usually neglect; the shapes of the individual elements of the face, the eyes, nose, mouth, chin, are brought out by means of sharp edges, but the suppleness of the muscles and flesh is expressed by soft strokes running one into the other which correct any hardness there may be in the design. A technique, full of both strength and delicacy, appears everywhere on the chest, arms, and legs, surprising to those who make the ac-

A Bas-relief in the Tomb of Kemnikaî at Sakkarah.

(*From Bissing's "Der Mastaba der Gemnikai." By kind permission of Professor Bissing and of Herr Arthur Glaue, Berlin.*)

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quaintance of the originals of Egyptian art only after being familiar with them in the ordinary collections of prints and engravings.

Bissing intends to make similar reproductions of several of the tombs of Sakkarah. When he has finished his work archæologists and historians will owe him much; but artists will owe him more, for he will have supplied them with accurate documents in which they can study almost as if at first hand the bas-reliefs of the tombs, so important a branch of sculpture in the time of the Pyramids. The acquisition of complete mastabas by the museums, like that installed in the Louvre in 1904, provided them with a first point of vantage, but the mastaba, valuable as it is, did not reveal the wealth of *motifs*, and the variety of workmanship to be found in the necropolises of Memphis. If religious dogma compelled its contemporaries to decorate their funerary chapels in a manner always identical in regard to its principal lines, it left them free to combine and develop the themes according to taste and to the space to be filled. In every generation there were at least a dozen independent studios, each with its own teaching, methods, and way of handling the subjects. Books like that of Bissing and of others who will follow his example, help us to realize those personal traditions. Such volumes will aid in removing the prejudice that prevents many who are interested in antiquity from allowing Egyptian art its just value.

XXXVI

THE TREASURE OF TOUKH-EL-GARMOUS

A DONKEY beaten by its fellah was trotting past the ruins of Toukh-el-Garmous. He hit against a large vase buried in the dust and smashed it with the blow. A few pieces of gold thrown up from the *débris* danced merrily in the sun. The fellah, seeing them, blessed Allah, and dismounted. The ass shook his ears, stretched his neck, snorted, and then seeing nothing to eat in the neighbourhood, half drowsed, his eye dimmed with a distant vision of fresh water, green clover, and chopped straw. But the fellah wasted no time in idle reverie, and disinterred handfuls of wonderful things, chased dishes and vases, chafing-dishes, censers, necklaces and bracelets, gold and silver coins, a complete treasury. He made a rapid calculation that by the tariff at which tourists purchased antiquities there would be over £1,200, and he resolved that no one besides himself should reap the benefit. He distributed the objects about his person in the mysterious pockets hidden in the folds of the peasants' cloaks, and spurred his donkey along the road to the village looking as if nothing had happened. The ruins had seemed deserted, but the most desolate corners of Egypt are continually haunted by prying eyes which nothing escapes. When the man entered his house, his right-hand neighbour already knew of the find, his left-hand neighbour was not ignorant of it, and both claimed their share of the prize. A quarrel ensued. The affair was noised abroad,

A Silver Bowl and a Rhyton from the Find of Toukh-el-Garmous.

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the local inspector, Mohammed Effendi Châbân, warned by the ghafir of the place, carried off half of the jewels; Mr. Carter, inspector-in-chief of the province, seized the remainder; and that is how a donkey's kick and the quarrel of three fellahs enriched our museum with invaluable metal-work.

The collection falls into two series, one Egyptian in conception and execution, the other Greek. The Egyptian objects number about twenty, and are mostly in silver, and were probably the property of a god or of some private individual of wealth. We have not been able to make a complete inventory. The metal is so much corroded that many of the objects can neither be cleaned nor separated. Some of the conglomerations of fragments resisted all our attempts at separation, and we do not yet know if they represent several pieces or only one. Others have been separated, and although encrusted with the oxide in places, it is quite possible to distinguish the decoration. It is very rich and of a type already familiar to us elsewhere; there are, for instance, half-a-dozen deep cups, the bulging part decorated with long petals planted in a central rosette, like the fine vases discovered at Thmuis thirty years ago by Emile Brugsch and exhibited in one of the rooms of the Cairo Museum. Ten cups show Egyptian *motifs*, allied here and there to Greek ones; at least once the acanthus is joined with the usual blossoms. The composition varies greatly; on some it is lighter and more restrained, on others heavier and of a less sure taste. It must be admitted, however, that the composition is generally admirable, and justifies the reputation the Egyptian metal-workers hold among us for their skill, chiefly on the faith of reproductions. Nothing is finer than two little incense-burners we have been able to restore. The lower portion, the altar, is round, fluted lengthways, and set on three feet of a lion or on three fore-parts of a

female sphinx. The covers are egg-shaped domes surmounted by a cock. One of them is divided into two series of open flowers alternating with buds; the upper part is ornamented with lotus sepals, and the incense-smoke escapes through the openings between the lotuses. The cover of the second has two bands, one of winged monsters with lions' bodies, the other of grimacing masks borrowed from the god Bîsou; above them two garlands of flowers surround the dome, skilfully pierced to let the smoke escape.

The Greek series comprises only a few silver pieces, but among them is one masterpiece. It is a rhyton, a drinking-horn, the point of which is plunged into the front part of a griffin's body. The monster's right paw is stretched out, the left is bent under him, both wings are spread, and the neck is inflated with vigorous action; the boldness of the design is only surpassed by the delicacy of its execution. The gold jewellery is of equally fine workmanship. The pieces are few in number, but in such good preservation, and so clean, that we can appreciate their delicacy. In general aspect and in the detail there is a resemblance to the admirable jewels of the fourth century which were discovered in Southern Russia; if we did not know their Egyptian origin we should be tempted to believe that these specimens came from some Crimean tomb. The chain is a supple, solid curb, ending in heads of Persian griffins. The two pairs of bracelets are each of a different model. In one, the circle is a twisted braid of two strands, the extremities of which are also formed of two griffins' heads. In the other, it is a plain ring ending in two busts of female sphinxes, the paws stretched out, the wings folded behind the head; the hair is dressed in the same way as it is on the medals of several queens of the Ptolemy family. The fifth bracelet is a serpent, a coiled uraeus with head erect and inflated neck, and has no value be-

A Gold Bracelet from the Find of Toukh el Garmous.

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yond the metal; but the sixth is one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, piece of its kind which has been dug out of the ground these last years. The circle is of solid gold, flat on the inner, rounded on the outer side. It is ornamented on the front with a large filigree knot composed of spirals and flowerets of charming fancy. A tiny figure of a naked Eros rises in high relief in the middle of the flowers between the folds of the knot; his little wings flutter at each side of his head, and he brandishes a patera in his right hand. We might try to describe the *motif* exactly, and make an inventory of its elements, but what words can scarcely depict, the goldsmith's art has perfectly interpreted. Only a photograph enlarged to twice the size of the original could reproduce its grace of form and wealth of ornament.

It is evident that the owner of so many different objects hid them in an earthen vessel under the ground in order to ward off troublesome questions. Did he do it at the time of a foreign invasion or of a civil war? All the gold coins we found, to the number of 108, and the silver ones we have cleaned, are of the time of Ptolemy, son of Lagos, and show as date of the interment the last years of his reign, or the first years of his successor Ptolemy Philadelphus. At that period there were neither invasions nor rebellions which would have troubled the centre of the Delta and have compelled the inhabitants hurriedly to conceal their valuables. It would not be the same if we went on two or three generations, under Ptolemy IV or Ptolemy V, for the revolt of Lycopolis, which is referred to in the *Rosetta Stone*, would have been a sufficient reason. But the nature of the objects so safely stowed away suggests a different solution. Some are personal jewels, bracelets or chains, others are incomplete objects which might have belonged to a private house or a temple, some belong to the things used in

religious ceremonials, others are amulets or little gold images of Egyptian gods; it is neither wholly a god's credence-table, nor a private individual's jewel-box, but a little of each. In addition, the greater part of the coins are as fresh as if they had just come from the mint, and cannot have been much in circulation before they were buried. Those circumstances lead me to suspect that the last owner had perhaps no very authentic rights to the possession of the treasure. There was robbery in Grecian Egypt as well as in Pharaonic Egypt, and if the inhabitants of Thebes felt no remorse in despoiling the dead in their cemeteries, Pharaohs included,[1] the people of the Delta had no scruples in plundering the living. The contents of the jar look to me like the booty a professional thief might accumulate in the exercise of his calling. After many successful depredations on the property of his neighbours, he wished to hide the wealth, the exhibition of which would have compromised him, indeed, he would have acted in precisely the same way as the fellah of our day who buries his guineas. Five times out of ten the treasure thus hidden is lost for the owner's heirs. As he has not more confidence in his own people than in strangers, he keeps his secret as long as he feels in health, and only reveals it to his wife and children when he is on the point of death; often when the end comes suddenly, leisure or strength is lacking, and he passes away without revealing the hiding-place of the treasure. They search for it as best they can, but, lacking the necessary information, they rarely succeed in finding it. The earth faithfully keeps it, and sometimes centuries pass before a chance brings it to light.

It remains for us to clean and to show to advantage the objects it has yielded to us. The task will not be easy, and in more than one case our efforts will not be

[1] Cf. Chapter XXXIII.

successful. Silver, unlike gold, does not resist time; it changes by contact with nitrous dust, and when the oxide bites deeply it is all up with it. We know several pieces that would perish if we touched them; we must leave them as they are and let them end by destroying themselves. The greater part will be better able to bear the particular trials they will have to undergo, but I cannot affirm that they will have recovered their pristine splendour even in one or two years. The general mass, however, will be in a sufficiently good condition to enable visitors to the museum to judge the quality of the work, unhampered in their study by earthy gangues, or thick coats of oxide.

XXXVII

A NEW TREATISE ON EGYPTIAN MEDICINE

Medical books are numerous in Egypt. Greek and Latin authors affirmed it, and later times have proved the truth of their declarations. There are fragments of several medical treatises at Berlin, London, Paris, more than one complete manuscript at Leipzig, and the University of California has just acquired another. While Professor Reisner was carrying on excavations on its behalf, at the expense of Mrs. Hearst, near Deir-Ballas, during the early months of 1901, he had the opportunity of doing a service to one of the landowners of the village: he authorized him to take, without cost, the *sebakh*, the nitrous earth used for manuring the land, from the little mounds lately excavated. The fellah, wishing to show his gratitude, remembered that two years before he had found an earthen pot, and in the pot a large papyrus roll. He wrapped it in a fold of his turban, and, having brought it to the Americans, accepted the modest price they offered him without bargaining, as he would have been certain to do had he not been bound by gratitude. The papyrus did not long remain useless in its purchaser's hands; it was unrolled, photographed, reproduced in phototype, and the reproduction, provided with a short introduction and a copious index of words used in the text, was sold.[1] The method of publication is almost

[1] George A. Reisner: *The Hearst Medical Papyrus*, hieratic text in seventeen facsimile Plates in collotype, with Introduction and Vocabulary (part of the University of California publications, *Egyptian Archæology*, Vol. i). Leipzig, 1905.

the same as that employed by Ebers, and I do not know a better. The document is now accessible to Egyptologists; it is for them to study it and translate it without delay for the benefit of historians of medicine.

It will be understood that a substance as fragile as papyrus is not improved by being jolted for several miles in the folds of a turban. The last three pages, which were on the outer side, and formed, as it were, the cover of the roll, suffered severely during the journey from the Arab village to the American camp. Further, the manuscript had been torn about the middle by one of its ancient owners; all the first pages are missing, as well as a good third of the lines on the first of those preserved to us. Only a half of the contents has reached us, but the damage is less serious than might at first be imagined. It did not contain a continuous treatise on fixed points of medicine; all the way through the chapters are arranged almost without method, and are sufficiently independent, so that knowledge of one is not indispensable for understanding the others. Instructions for the massage of painful places follow recipes for purgatives, then come remedies to try in cases of fracture, abscesses or inflamed pimples, maladies of the stomach, heart, or bladder, wounds on the toes or hands, everywhere interspersed with prayers and incantations. Diseases, as we know, were caused by the anger of a god, or by the presence in the suffering limbs of one or more evil beings, genii, spectres, ghouls, vampires, spirits of the dead. Remedies could cure or mitigate the outward ills, but the disease itself could not be cured as long as the evil spirit remained an inmate of the body; only incantations could expel it, and the doctor would have been of little use to his patients if he had not proved as expert in exorcisms as in formulas of pharmacy. The pages that have disappeared can scarcely have differed greatly from the pages saved, and certainly included the same proportion

of auxiliary magic as of medicaments. We have possibly missed some prescriptions so far unknown, the eccentric composition of which would have shown us once again the infinite resources of the Egyptian doctors for relieving their patients. But it is unlikely that we have lost any exposition of general theories, which would tell us their ideas concerning the human body and its constitution, or concerning the nature of the diseases which prevailed on the banks of the Nile.

The writing is of the same type as that of the Ebers Papyrus, but it is more rapid, and less well formed; it seems to me characteristic of the later rather than of the earlier time of the XVIIIth Dynasty. The manuscript probably belonged to a doctor established in the small, ancient town to which Deir-Ballas has succeeded, but it does not contain the original work of the man who wrote it. Like all the medical papyri that have come down to us, it is a copy of an older copy, and the composition of the text goes back to distant historical epochs. The greater number of the diseases and prescriptions are already mentioned in the Ebers Papyrus; but the classification often differs, and the composition is not always the same. There is a community of sources in the works, but the compilers to whom we owe them did not think themselves obliged to reproduce servilely the documents before them. The analysis of the Ebers Papyrus and of the Reisner Papyrus tends to prove that there were, at a fairly early period in Egypt, a quantity of aphorisms, or of empirical prescriptions, in favour with the priests of the temple and with the ordinary people. The elements were gradually grouped together, and in the end formed repertories of somewhat local interest, which were identical, if not in form, at least in matter. Their composition or invention was attributed sometimes to the gods, sometimes to the oldest dynasties of kings, and that origin gave them universal authority. The reper-

tories of different districts were combined, and collections like the Berlin Papyrus, the Ebers Papyrus, and the Hearst Papyrus, were the result of the juxtaposition. They were veritable medical *compendiums* for the use of doctors who added notes of their own here and there. One of the owners of the Ebers Papyrus had occasion to try several of his most advantageous prescriptions on his patients, and when they were successful he wrote *good* in the margin by each, for the instruction of his successors and the edification of posterity.

It is difficult to discover exactly of what the greater part of the medicaments consisted. The names of plants, minerals, animals, natural or manufactured objects, that enter into their composition, can seldom be identified with the substances they signify, and in many cases, if we could transliterate the Egyptian terms, we are incapable of translating them. When by chance we know all the ingredients, the formula generally belongs to the category of what we call old wives' remedies. There figure in them milk, saliva, urine, excrements, worms, insects, horn, gall, the whole contents of popular pharmacy. As a matter of fact, the Greek and Roman physicians, and the physicians of the Middle Ages, used no other, and it would be easy to turn the medley into ridicule, but in many cases there was a serious reason for the use of the substances, and the prescriptions, which seem so grotesque to us, cured the patient. It is certainly less disagreeable to apply ammonia, or medicaments made with ammonia, where the Egyptians prescribed urine, or the excrements of certain animals, but the results were the same, and the ammonia imprisoned in those repugnant substances acted in exactly the same manner as if it had been chemically prepared; it may be that, mingled with organic substances, its action was less harsh than it is in the case of the pure ammonia of our laboratories. At first experiments were made with

anything that came to hand, then, in time, what had not produced good results was eliminated, and only what seemed to have accomplished a cure was retained. The strictly empirical selection left a residue of remedies for each disease, nearly equal in value, so that they were used in turn until one of them produced the desired effect. If we examine the ingredients, we find that all contain a more or less considerable quantity of some active element that modern physicians often recommend in similar cases. At base it was a sole remedy that the Egyptians administered, disguised through various vehicles, when they desired to try wholly different remedies. Their combinations, which put forward the same elements as those used by our practitioners, must, in many cases, have been equally successful. There, as in so many points, the progress of modern science consists rather in simplifying the drugs of the ancient pharmacopœia, and in making them less repugnant, than in substituting new ones.

However extraordinary it appears, we should resign ourselves to believing that this strange science was serious, and that it worked efficaciously. As neither the climate of the country nor the conditions of life there have changed since the most distant epochs, we can easily judge by the diseases that prevail now what were those of former ages. Ophthalmia, dysentery, affections of the chest and stomach, are all mentioned in Reisner's Papyrus, but it is not easy to fit the modern term to the ancient one. The doctors have not always perceived the unity of the disease under the different accidents by which it manifests itself, according to the temperament of the patient, and very often individual variations, or successive periods of one disease, are regarded as independent maladies. On the other hand, they confuse in one concept diseases which our contemporaries have learned carefully to separate. Thus they had two or

three names where we have only one, or only one where we have two or three. We must therefore be content to follow their example, and not insist on exactly defining the nature of the disease for which they prescribe. Reisner has been careful not to venture on such difficult ground, and neither in his *Introduction* nor in his *Vocabulary* has he risked translating the Egyptian terms by precise equivalents in English, or in any other modern tongue, and no one will blame him. He could not do alone what requires the co-operation of at least two persons, an Egyptologist and a physician who is past master in the science of the ancients.

XXXVIII

THE COW OF DEÎR EL-BAHARÎ

For about five months there has been nothing talked of in Egypt but a marvellous cow, the like of which has never before been seen. She is of a rare colour, of perfect purity of form, intelligent expression, graceful, and an excellent milker to boot. She was a native of Thebes, but has just been brought to Cairo, where she has been the rage for six weeks. She is of yellow sandstone, is named Hathor, and is more than 3000 years old, a very respectable age even for an Egyptian cow.

Naville discovered her at Deîr El-Baharî, February 7, 1906, in the course of the excavations he has directed for three years for the *Egypt Exploration Fund*. The workmen had just finished removing the *débris* from one of the mounds which separate the ruined pyramid of Montouhotpou V from the trenches dug by Mariette along the mountain, when at two o'clock in the afternoon a heap of sand fell down, and revealed a construction of wrought stone. Informed by the reis, he went immediately to the spot, and saw the beginning of a vault; a cow's head was outlined beneath in the gloom, and looked out curiously through the opening. A few hours' work sufficed to bring the monument to view. It was a low construction built in a hollow of the rock with slabs of sculptured and painted sandstone. The semicircular ceiling did not present the usual regular vault with converging keystones and surfaces; it was composed of a double row of bent blocks cut in quarters of a circle and buttressed one

THE SHRINE AND COW *in situ* AT DEÎR EL BAHARÎ.

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against the other at their upper end. It was painted dark blue, with yellow, five-pointed stars scattered over it to represent the sky. The three vertical partitions were decorated with religious scenes. At the end Thoutmôsis III was praying before the Theban Amon, and on the sides, before Hathor, woman and cow. My first impulse was to leave it as it was at the place where Naville had dug it out, but it would have put too great a temptation in the way of dealers in antiquities. Doubtless the cow was too heavy for them to have removed as a whole, but it would not have been difficult for them to detach the head and to carry it off in the night in spite of the vigilance of the ghafirs, or, indeed, with their complicity. There are always unscrupulous collectors ready to pay a high price for a stolen object provided they thought it had artistic or archæological value, and with the honest brokers of Louxor the certainty of gaining hundreds of pounds compensates largely for the petty annoyance of paying a few piastres by way of fine, or of undergoing a week's imprisonment if they are caught in the act. The only efficient way of saving the monument was to send it to Cairo. I entrusted the work to M. Baraize, one of our engineers, who carried it out extremely well; in less than three weeks the chapel was pulled to pieces, the cow packed, and the cases transported by railway. The chapel is now rebuilt in one of the rooms of the Cairo Museum, but the goddess is not shut up as she was at Thebes. She stands at the entrance, the body in the full light, the hinder-part slightly under the vault; she comes forth from her house and shows the whole of herself to visitors, from the snout to the end of the tail.

She presents a strange mixture of mystical convention and living reality. She is identical with the cows so often drawn in the tombs of Memphis or in the temples of Thebes. She has a small head, a narrow chest, thin shoulders, a long saddle-back, long thin legs, sinewy

thighs, prominent haunches, and somewhat slightly-developed udders. Her coat is red brown, darker on the back, lighter, of a fawn-colour almost becoming white, under the belly; it is speckled with black spots, like flowers with four petals, which we should consider artificial, if there were not animals of Soudanese origin in the Egyptian herds of to-day that show similar markings. The characteristic features are so precisely accentuated that the race is not to be ignored: it is one of the Africans recently studied by Lortet,[1] and has nothing in common with the Asiatic ox to which our European species are allied. As she is no ordinary creature, but a goddess of good family, she is adorned with emblems suitable to her dignity. A solar disk shines between the horns, flanked by two ostrich plumes. To right and left of her fore-part a tuft of aquatic plants grow out of the plinth, beautiful lotuses, the open flowers and buds of which are bent above the back of her neck and support her head-dress. Two human figures lean against her. The first stands in front of the group, his back against her chest, his head under hers. The face is mutilated, but from the uræus of the crown and the stiff petticoat which falls in a triangle over the knees, we guess the Pharaoh; his flesh is black and his hands are extended in an attitude of submission, as if avowing himself the humble servant of Hathor. The second personage is also a Pharaoh, but his flesh is of the natural colour and he wears no clothes; kneeling under the animal's belly, he presses the teat and eternally drinks the divine milk. If we may believe the cartouche engraved between the lotuses, the two figures, the black and the red, would be the same sovereign, Amenôthês II of the XVIIIth Dynasty. But in many cases the testimony of the name is insufficient when it is isolated, and here it is weakened by the inscriptions on the walls. We have stated that the chapel

[1] Cf. Chapter XXVIII.

was built by Thoutmôsis III; we see him accompanied by his wives and two of his daughters. It would be strange if the cow that he twice worships on the bas-reliefs was not the one we possess. It is quite likely that Amenôthês II inscribed his name over the group which belonged to his father.

The various elements were not arranged according to the personal taste of the sculptor; the place of each was designed in advance by the exigencies of the religious dogma. Hathor, the lady of the heaven, was also, by an association of ideas easily justifiable, the queen of the dead, and without her aid there was risk of missing happiness in the future life. She appeared before the souls when escaping from the tomb after the funeral; they took their way towards the west in order to enter the other world. Her form on that occasion varied according to the district. In the north the people conceived her as one of the fine sycamores that grow in the sand on the borders of the Libyan desert, green and thick from the hidden waters sent by the infiltrations of the Nile. The mysterious path that leads to the west brought the *doubles* to its feet; as soon as they appear, the divine soul living in the trunk comes wholly or half out of it, and offers them water in a vase, and bread on a dish. If they accept her gifts, and they can scarcely refuse them, they are at once recognized as her vassals, and are no more permitted to return to the living, but the realms of the world beyond are open to them. In the Saîd, Hathor was a cow. She lived in a green marsh situated on the lower slopes of the Libyan mountains; each time a *double* came there she stretched her head from between the lotuses and demanded its homage; when it was accorded her, she offered him her teat, the milk from which impregnated him with eternal youth. The 186th chapter of the *Book of the Dead*,[1] a great favourite

[1] *Das Thebanische Todtenbuch*, ed. Naville, Vol. i.

with pious folk under the Second Theban Empire, initiates us into that mystery, and the vignette that precedes it gives a sketch of the scene as the Egyptians conceived it: the yellow or red slopes of the mountains, the tufts of aquatic plants, the cow in conference with the defunct. The artist who executed our group had only to interpret the vignette by means of the material proper to the sculptor. He reduced the marsh to two small tufts of lotuses, which frame the fore-part of the figure. He expressed the two moments of the mystic act by the pose of the two royal figures, and by the choice of their attributes. The first wears the costume of the Pharaohs, and has black flesh, and upright under the animal's snout, faces the spectators. Amenôthês II has only just declared his oath of allegiance; he is still, as his colour indicates, the slave of death, but the goddess has received him as one of her own, and presents him to the whole world as her son. That formality accomplished, he slips through the lotuses, kneels down, crushes the udder in his hands, and puts his lips to it. That is the final rite of the adoption. As he swallowed the first draughts of milk, life flowed into him, and so the artist has represented him naked like a new-born infant, and with flesh of a pink colour to denote the living.

Monuments on the subject of adoption and divine nourishment are not as rare as people were pleased to say they were at the time of this discovery. The Cairo Museum possesses three that have been known for a long time. Two of them are mutilated, and only fragments remain, but the third, which is devoted to the memory of the scribe Psammetichus, is rightly considered one of the masterpieces of Saîd art. It is half life-size, and the scribe only figures on it once, in front of the breast. The execution is of unimaginable excellence; the artist has manipulated the green basalt with as much ease and precision as if it had been soft Tourah limestone; the relief

THE SHRINE AND COW IN THE MUSEUM AT CAIRO.

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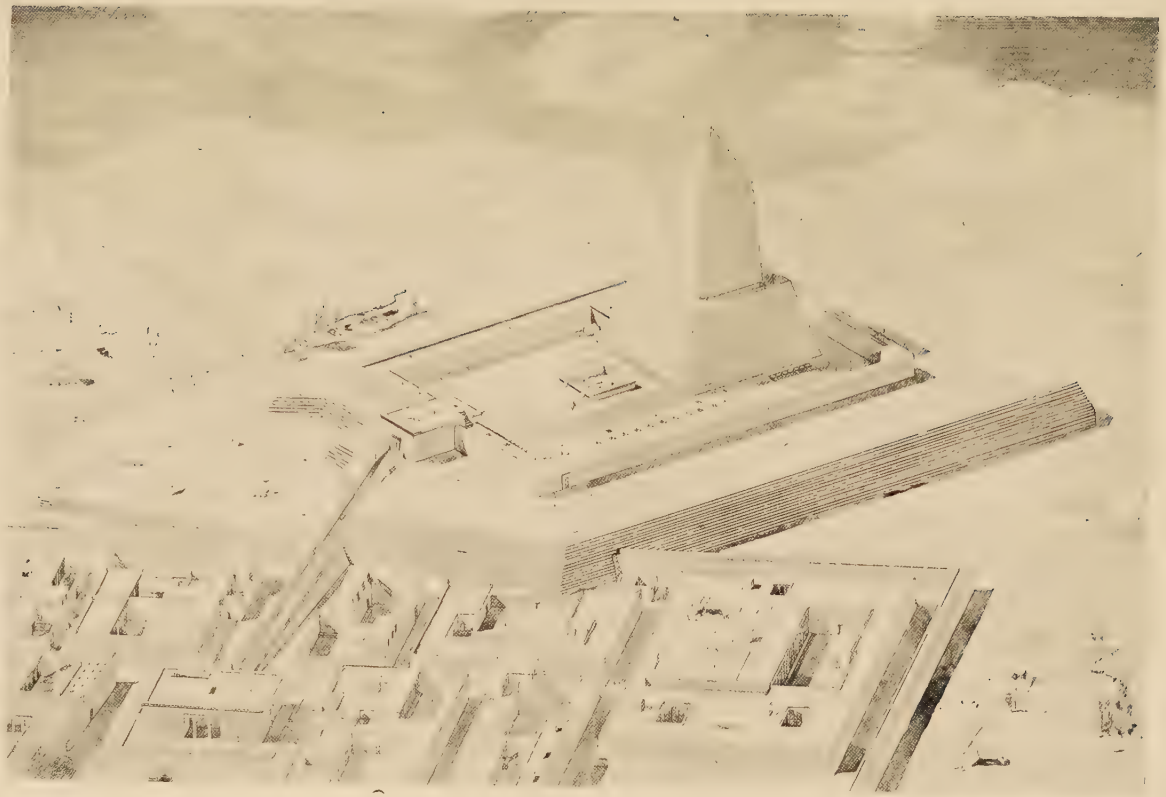
of the body is delicate, the expression of the heads of charming gentleness and serenity, and the piece deserves all the praise it has received. But it loses very much when confronted with that of Amenôthês II. It is of the Memphian school, and, like nearly all the products of that school, the form has something forced and impersonal. Hathor is there an artificial cow, of the type of the half-abstract Egyptian cows which, in the eyes of the Memphians, incarnates the ideal of the terrestrial or divine cow; it is a studio work, the faultless rendering of an ordinary pattern by a master craftsman. The new Hathor, on the contrary, if conventional in many of the details, is nearer nature than her Memphian sister. The royal studios of Thebes, whence she came, like all those of Egypt, were blindly obedient to the decrees of religion, and were forbidden to modify in any way the types formed in the course of ages to express visibly the concepts of popular tradition or of theology; but they tried to keep the expression as near the living reality as the rites permitted. The artist who modelled Hathor has preserved the grouping of the parts and the arrangement of the emblems, but it is an individual cow, reproduced probably from an animal chosen from the sacred herd, and not an imaginary cow set up after a former model. Take away in imagination—and it will not be very difficult—the mythological apparatus with which the artist was compelled to surround her, the high head-dress, the tufts of lotus, the two figures of Pharaoh, and what remains is a good motherly creature, gentle, strong, vigorous, real. Look at the healthy leanness of the flanks, and at the delicate head; the nostrils palpitate under the breath that inflates them, the cheeks tremble, the eyes look into the distance before them with a dreamy, honest expression. Neither Greece nor Rome has produced anything like it; we must go to the great sculptors of animals of our own day to find an equally realistic piece of work.

XXXIX

THE TEMPLES OF THE SUN IN ARCHAIC EGYPT

More than forty years ago E. de Rougé noticed a strange hieroglyph in the inscriptions of the Memphian age, a truncated pyramid surmounted by an obelisk: a solar disk accompanied it, which sometimes seemed to be balanced on the point of the obelisk, but more often was more safely placed by one of its sides. The group designated a temple of the Sun consecrated by the reigning Pharaoh in his royal city. Exalted personages boasted of holding the priesthood there, but is it to be believed that the artist reproduced the figure of the sanctuary with scrupulous exactitude? and that there really were truncated pyramids with obelisks coming out of them near the ordinary pyramids? or was it the artificial union of elements dissociated in reality? and did the obelisk stand in front of its piece of pyramid instead of on it? One winter's day in 1898 when Bissing was showing Dorpfeld the necropolis of Abousir the idea came to him that an excavation made deep down through one of the Tells which border the plain might furnish a solution of the problem. He could not carry on the work on the ground as well as the work in the study imposed on him by his collaboration in our *General Catalogue*. So he gave the money, and entrusted the execution to some of his fellow-countrymen, Schaefer, Thiersch, Rubensohn, and Borchardt. It meant three campaigns between 1898 and 1901, and then, as he had undertaken the expenses of the excavations, he was equally prepared to undertake those of the printing.



THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT ABOUSIR FROM BORCHARDT'S RESTORATION.

(From Bissing's "Das Re-Heiligtum des Königs Ne-Woser-Re." By kind permission of Professor Bissing and of Herr Arthur Glaue, Berlin.)

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The first volume has appeared: it contains the history of the discovery, the shifting of the ruins, the discussion on the facts brought to light, and the various attempts at restoration;[1] it is edited by Borchardt, who is an architect by profession, and no one of us was better equipped by his special studies to treat the technical questions which arose in the course of the excavation.

And first, we must state once again that the engravers have faithfully copied the objects they perceived around them: the obelisk was on the pyramid and not by its side. The Temple of Abousir was built on a platform of dried bricks, which protected it from inundations, and which reached to the first portions of the desert. It consisted of a rectangular court, the great axis of which runs from east to west, and the four sides of which are enclosed by a thick brick wall. The pyramid which partly covered the western half of the surface thus determined was not a classical pyramid like those of Gizeh, but a solid block with its outer sides very near the perpendicular, similar to those of the pyramid of Meydoum. It measures about 108 feet at the top by 138 at the base; three of its sides are bare, without decoration or openings; on the fourth and south side a door gave access to the staircase which leads to the platform. There the obelisk rises, or rather the brick facsimile of an immense stone raised in form of a curtailed obelisk: it was about 111 feet high. The enclosure in front of the two superimposed masses was bordered with chambers in which provisions were stored, and in which the officiating priests lived with the material required for the services. At the western extremity, near the foot of the pyramid, an immense alabaster table for the votive offerings spread over the ground in a sort of small square courtyard, enclosed by low walls; the libations were

[1] *Das Rê-Heiligthum des Kœnigs Ne-woser-rê (Rathures)*. Edited by W. von Bissing. Vol. i. *Der Bau*, by L. Borchardt. Berlin, 1905.

poured there, and the viands, bread, vegetables, and fruits which formed the material of the daily offering were heaped up on it. The entrance door opened on to the middle of the east front. This is only a very summary description : plans and drawings are necessary for all who would understand the disposition of the parts in detail. What I have said is sufficient to prove how greatly the edifice differs from the temples to which the ruins of Theban Egypt have accustomed us. The Chaldæan *Ziggourat* presents something of the same appearance, and if we desire an analogy in the modern world we may point to the mosques of Touloun or of Hakem, with their minarets and their courtyards surrounded by arcades; in both cases, however, the resemblance is remote, and it is wiser not to push the comparison too far.

A slope enclosed between two parapets formed communication with the royal city. Pharaoh could pass from his palace to the temple at any hour without having more than a furlong to travel. The god, so the inscriptions inform us, was Râ, the living Sun, the primitive ancestor of the sovereigns of Egypt, the shining disk that they hastened to rejoin after their death, and on whose boat they ventured into the darkness of the night. The obelisk served for sanctuary and idol at the same time, and the pyramid formed a plinth of dimensions suitable to its size. We are so accustomed to consider the Egyptian gods as beings of flesh and blood, with the body of a man or an animal, that when we find one of them in the guise of an inanimate object, a stone or a tree, we receive a shock of surprise. We cannot doubt, however, that here the obelisk was the god himself, and the obelisk, in its turn, appeared to be the culminating point of the unhewn stone worshipped in very ancient temples. The old religions of Egypt before the time of the Pharaohs are as if hidden from our eyes by the excrescences of the more matured rites derived from

them in the course of ages, and it is no easy matter for us to unravel their meaning and semblance in those earlier times. The obelisks placed in pairs at the doors of the Theban temples express among other ideas the concepts of generative power and fertility, which had belonged to the raised stones from which they partly emanated. They, in their turn, had acquired those virtues for having formerly represented the shining sun, but by what means had the souls of the ancients come to see any similitude between two objects so dissimilar as a block of unhewn stone and a globe of fire? It was not accurately known under the Vth Dynasty when king Naousirrîya built the temple of Abousir, and new dogmas had gradually grown over the old ones and supplanted them. It was not only the stone-sun that was worshipped in its temple, it was the sun-star independent of the stone, the master of heaven and earth, who vanished in the evening to rise again anew in the morning, and with whom the Pharaoh was associated in its triumphal progress.

Can we be more exact and state what was the particular nature of the sun worshipped here? Yes, we can, thanks to an unexpected discovery made by Borchardt outside the temple along the south façade. He found there a heap of small pieces of what seemed part of a wall, bent, curved downwards, raised up, crossed athwart each other, and it required no small ingenuity to distinguish the parts of an enormous boat. And, strange as it may seem, the Memphian architects had constructed a boat of bricks, about ninety-six feet long, and Borchardt was right in recognizing it as the image of one of the Boats of the Sun. Râ, sailing on the celestial Nile required a change of vessel at least twice during the twenty-four hours; in the morning, in leaving the night, he sailed aboard the Manazît, in the evening he was transported on to the Samaktît. Borchardt, knowing the rules of

divine etiquette, as we all do, sought a second similar boat on the other side of the temple, and not finding it was a little disappointed. Afterwards he asked himself whether the construction represented the Manazît or the Samaktît, but he did not venture to decide the question he had himself propounded. I think he might have done so without rashness. The temple is situated on the left bank of the Nile, the one where the sun sets. When the god reached there after finishing his day's course it was time to leave the morning boat and embark on that of the evening. Need it be doubted that the little brick construction was the Samaktît, the evening boat, which awaited Râ? It results then, I think, that the temple was consecrated more particularly to the setting sun, and there were edifices built on the same plan in the Memphian necropolis by the Pharaohs of the Vth and VIth Dynasties. We shall not be astonished if we remember that their royal towns were always in the neighbourhood of their funerary pyramids; from the terraces of their palaces they could see the triangular outline of the tomb in which they would ultimately rest. Sons of Râ, and, like him, destined by the mystery of their origin to vanish into the depths of the West, it was natural that they should consecrate the principal temples of their earthly residence to Râ, their father, and to Râ, dying or dead, already master of the West.

Once again Egypt is revealed to us as the land of the improbable. Familiar as we were with the paradoxical turn of her thoughts and actions, could we have believed her capable of constructing so rapid and light a thing as a boat in heavy bricks, and anchoring it motionless in the sand of the desert? But even there she shows herself consistent, and with pitiless logic develops a principle she had put forth in very ancient times. The clear intuition she then had of the unceasing destruction of beings and things led her by reaction to seek means of

escaping annihilation. She dried and then mummified the bodies, she replaced the perishable offerings of meat or bread by offerings in wood or stone; in order to sustain his soul she attributed to the dead multiple bodies of granite or limestone that slaves like their masters served and fed with alabaster geese and loaves! Why, then, should she not assign the god imperishable boats of brick instead of boats of acacia wood that a very few centuries would reduce to dust? It was not the only advantage to be derived. Pharaoh dead, his town was quickly depopulated, and soon only the families vowed to the worship remained; next, for lack of resources, the worship would stop or only be celebrated at long intervals. The material wore out, and the wooden boat kept in the sanctuary for Râ's use fell to pieces; then the brick boat took its place and continued its functions as long as a piece of the wall lasted. That is one of the things, and not one of the least, that we have learned from the excavations at Abousir: Bissing will teach us more in his second volume.

XL

CONCERNING A RECENT DISCOVERY OF EGYPTIAN GOLDSMITHS' WORK

REPRESENTATIONS of valuable metal-work and jewellery are often found on the Egyptian bas-reliefs in the ruined temples, as well as in the tombs. Judged by our modern standard, the vases, perhaps, seem of odd shape, and show signs of doubtful taste in a certain superfluity of curve. But it must be acknowledged that the majority are pure in outline, and the decorative designs almost faultless in their grace and simplicity. The bulging part of the vases is adorned with flowers, or geometrical designs, while bands of plants, fish, birds, animals, and human figures in various attitudes, encircle the neck. The handles are of divers shapes, each unique in its way, and always beautiful. One is formed by a large lotus flower, which grows out of the side, and clings with drooping head to the lip of the vase; another, by the figures of two Asiatics, or negroes, who lean back on either side, supporting the weight of the projecting rim; another, by a fox, which climbs up the top of the vase in order to escape the pursuit of invisible hounds; another, by a goat standing on its hind-legs, its head bent over the rim, as if inhaling with dilated nostrils the fumes of the wine within. Inscriptions are engraved above the objects, with details of their dimensions, which are often extensive, and of the metals, gold, silver, electro, and bronze, either enamelled or plain. The weight of each article is considerable, and the value of the

material alone, as a rule, equals, if it does not exceed, the artistic value of the object.

Such fine vases are now rarely to be found. The crucible has devoured almost all the treasures of the past, and the little that has escaped destruction only faintly shadows forth the splendid pieces that must have once existed. We have the flat cups from Thoutiî at the Louvre, the copper-gilt goblets from the tomb of Rakhmirîya, the silver vessels at Cairo, the discovery at Tmaî-el-Amdîd, and also the treasure found at Toukh-el-Garmous, which probably belongs to the Saîd and Ptolemaic period, and appears to have come under Greek influence.[1]

In the Tells of Bubastis articles were found which date back to the latter part of the XIXth Dynasty. They were first brought to light by workmen employed in repairing the railroad. The site is rich in antiquities, and, when properly worked, produces marvellous results. One man turned up, one after the other, two vases in perfect preservation, one gold, the other silver, and also a quantity of silver jewellery, which he endeavoured to hide under the embankment with the aid of one of his comrades. They carried it away during the night, and sold it to a dealer, who immediately informed one of his correspondents at Cairo. We should most certainly have lost sight of the treasure but for the promptness of one of our watchmen, who, witnessing the theft, but lacking power to intervene, hastened with the information to the local inspector, Mohammed Effendi Châbân, and to Mr. Edgar, inspector-in-chief of the Delta. The booty was taken from the receiver of stolen goods, and a law-suit followed, which resulted in our favour. The possession of the vases was granted to us, and the two workmen sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

At the same time, Edgar continued investigations at

[1] Cf. Chapter XXXVI.

the site of discovery, and soon more objects were revealed. It seems that they were formerly encased in a large clay jar baked hard by the sun, which had either cracked under the accumulated weight of the *débris,* or been smashed by a workman's pickaxe. The contents were widely scattered, and only those that had been at the bottom remained, jammed together by outside pressure into a compact casing of metal and hardened earth. In spite of very great care, the treasure could not be preserved in its entirety, and some pieces came into the hands of an antiquary at Cairo, a gold strainer, the neck of a finely chased gold vase, the fragments of three or four silver dishes, and five or six polished silver vases. Fortunately, the greater part fell to our share, and is now exhibited in our cases: two gold pots and a gold cup in perfect preservation, half-a-dozen polished silver bowls broken into small pieces, of which only two were in a fit condition to be repaired, a silver pitcher, with gold handle and ornamentation, two beautiful gold and lapis-lazuli bracelets, two gold necklaces set with precious stones, a bar of solid silver, a few chased and twisted silver leaves, probably detached from some object destroyed, a few silver earrings and bracelets, and a whole shopful of jewellery of inferior workmanship, having nothing in common with that of the two gold bracelets and the metal-work.

The collection was, in fact, composed of the mixed products of many different periods. The silver bracelets and earrings were of the type found in the last years of the Roman Empire, or in the first of the Arabian domination. The earrings are plain rings, slightly oval in shape, with a pendant of grain seeds strung together at the bottom in threes or fours, or else placed in alternate ones and twos. The bracelets consist of a round bar, cut straight and ornamented at either end by coarsely incised checker-work, and finished by two parallel lines.

In contrast to these, the gold and lapis-lazuli bracelets bear the title of Ramses II, while the gold cups and some of the goblets belonged either to Queen Taouosrît, great-granddaughter of Ramses II, or to officers of her household. The articles on which no inscription was to be found resembled those so closely, that they doubtless belonged to the same period, and probably came from the same workshop.

Twenty centuries, more or less, elapse between the two series, and it would be in vain to look for the causes which brought them together, if the circumstances of their discovery did not furnish us with a solution of the problem. The ancient Egyptian goldsmith, like his brother of earlier times, supplied himself with stores of jewels and vases, picked up in the ruined villages by fellahs in search of *sebakh*. They were bought by weight, and, while a few of the best-preserved specimens were spared for future sale if the opportunity occurred, the rest were broken up, and the pieces utilized in a form more likely to meet the needs of current demand. It is evident that this treasure, recently thrown by chance across our path, formed part of the stock belonging to a goldsmith in a small town. The vases and the gold jewellery must have been procured from the fellahs for the purpose of selling them to some collector of gold plate, but he had already broken up and melted down the silver dishes and vases in order to recast them into earrings and bracelets. Judging by these specimens, the goldsmith was not remarkably skilled in his profession, and his customers decidedly not of exacting dispositions. Perhaps he lived in a quarter occupied by unpretentious people, who did not indulge in elaborate ornaments, or, more probably, Bubastis was already a decaying town, abandoned by the bulk of its wealthy population. The goldsmith was probably killed, and his house destroyed, in one of the wars which shed the blood of Egypt at the

commencement of the Arabian conquest. The shop, with its treasures, was hidden beneath the subsidence of the crumbling walls, and remained from that day until this, inviolate and undisturbed.

The bracelets belonging to Ramses II are certainly marvels of technique, but we possess superior specimens in our museum among the collections from Thebes and Dahchour. The skill of the Egyptian goldsmith has been revealed to us by such innumerable examples that it no longer succeeds in rousing our astonishment. All that is really novel to us in the Bubastis collection is what it has to teach us concerning the metal-work of the age of the Ramses.

Only a short time ago, the question was still debated if the infinite variety of vases depicted on the monuments were of authentic origin, and if many of them had existed anywhere except in the imagination of the artists commissioned to decorate the temples or tombs. It seemed almost impossible that such prolific invention and ingenuity of design could have been realized in metal at so early a date. It is now no longer doubted that all the varieties portrayed were actually in existence. Drawings, and many of them, would be required if I could hope to demonstrate the remarkable combinations of delicacy and strength to be found in these gold vases; words by themselves are powerless to give any idea of the reality. I must, however, try to describe, as briefly as possible, the silver vase which is considered the most valuable specimen in the collection. It does not measure, perhaps, more than nine inches in height, and its shape is one of the most familiar. I do not know anything better to compare it with than an ordinary kettle of medium size, without spout or cover. It is made of solid silver, which long interment has covered with a coating of earth and bluish oxide; and, unluckily, it was broken on one side by a workman's axe at the moment of dis-

covery. The bowl is separated from the neck by a horizontal line of hieroglyphics, expressing messages of cheer to the owner's *double* for a joyous existence in this world and the next. The smooth surface is relieved by an embossed design, which gives free rein to the play of light and shadow. The rim of the neck has a garniture of light gold, and below are four bands of human figures, flowers, and animals, much of the detail of which is obscured by dirt and oxide. Such features, however, are by no means unique, and the chief novelty lies in the handle, which was designed by the sculptor in a most artistic manner. A goat, attracted by the fumes which rose from the liquid within, had climbed the rise of the vase, and, driven by an impulse of greediness, stands on her hind-legs, with her head and fore-feet resting on the gold rim. The action, cautious and fearless at the same time, the extension of the spine and hind-quarters, and the greedy expression of the head and muzzle, are remarkable for their fidelity to nature, and show an accuracy of execution equal to the power of invention. Seldom has a master craftsman worked in gold with a more certain hand. It is a work for all time.

Moreover, it is typically Egyptian, without any trace of foreign influence. For some years we have been anxious to discover how much Egypt owed to the contact of neighbouring countries. The Chaldæans, the Assyrians, the tribes of Asia Minor, the Greeks, each predominated in their turn, and it seems more than possible that Egypt, torn between their rival claims, might have lost all traces of her originality. As a matter of fact, things happened in the ancient world much as they do to-day. Nations exchanged their artistic inspirations, their methods of labour, and their industrial products, and, guided by the hands of chance, each imposed his ways upon the others during several generations. The countries of the old East, each in their turn, felt the

influence of Chaldæa, of Egypt, of Mycenæ, of Assyria, and each left traces of those diverse modes, in greater or less proportion, according to the vitality of their peculiar genius. Like her contemporaries, Egypt underwent those influences, but with the power of absorption native to her, she neutralized the effect by a speedy process of assimilation and elimination. Ramses III, after continual siege of the Syrian fortresses, desired to have one built on the banks of the Nile, and the *Pavilion* at Medinet-Habou was designed on the same lines. His experiment does not, however, seem to have modified the tendencies of the national architecture, and his example produced no further imitations. That which is true in a great art like architecture is not less apparent in industrial arts, such as jewellery or metal-work. The spoil brought home from many distant expeditions contained thousands of specimens of a workmanship rare and novel on the banks of the Nile. The Egyptians copied those works, and drew inspiration from them, but as soon as the first interest was evaporated they returned to the traditional models. The few decorative *motifs* that endured conformed to the customs of native art, and, before a couple of generations had passed away, they could not be distinguished from those of purely Egyptian design.

XLI

THE TOMB OF QUEEN TÎYI

Two years ago, in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes, Theodore Davis found a family of mummies lying peacefully at rest, surrounded by their funerary equipment. They were the father and mother of Queen Tîyi.[1] This year he forced an entrance into the tomb of the queen herself. It is situated at the corner of the ravine leading to Setouî I. The site is completely hidden by layers of gravel and loose stones, and there is nothing to indicate the presence of a tomb. Mr. Davis, however, still faithful to his principle of leaving no corner unexplored, no matter how discouraging in aspect, determined to pursue his investigations, and good fortune again rewarded the inquiring spirit which presides over his researches. After some days of hard work, the regular rectangle of a pit was discernible upon the soil, then two or three steps appeared, followed by a staircase open to the sky, a door, a narrow passage, and a wall of rockwork and beaten earth. The seals affixed by the guardians, more than thirty centuries before, were still intact on the lime-wash. They were broken on the 6th of January, and, that obstacle removed, Mr. Davis threw himself with renewed energy against a loosely piled barrier of ashlars. Two panels of gilded wood,

[1] Cf. Chapter XXXIII. The end of the present chapter has been rewritten in order to embody the results of Dr. Elliot Smith's researches, and the conjectures which they call forth.

tarnished and worm-eaten, lay stretched across the entrance; he would probably have broken them in moving them. He preferred to avoid them, and to creep down by the wall on the right, with his back to the roof, his knees, and the front of his body, towards the angles of the stones. When he reached the bottom, he found that a fall of earth must have occurred at the moment of the last obsequies; the outermost portions of the *débris*, falling into the chamber, filled it almost to the centre of the vault.

A wire connected with the generating station that supplied electric light to the royal syringes, had been brought into the tomb, and, at the first ray that shone forth, reflections of sparkling gold responded in every direction. Mr. Davis might have thought himself transported to one of the marvellous treasure caves of the *Arabian Nights*. Gold shone on the ground, gold on the walls, gold in the furthest corner where the coffin leant up against the side, gold bright and polished as if it had just come freshly beaten from the goldsmith's hands, gold half-veiled by, and striving to free itself from, the dust of time. It seemed as if all the gold of ancient Egypt glittered and gleamed in that narrow space. The two native workmen who accompanied Mr. Davis, to render service in case of need, could scarcely believe their eyes. They soon whispered a couple of words to their comrades, and the news, flying from mouth to mouth, speedily crossed the mountains which divide Bibân-el-molouk from Deîr El-Baharî. It increased in magnitude as it spread over the desert from Assassif to Gournah, and from Gournah to Louxor. The ingots of gold multiplied, the urns overflowed with heavy coins, and the plaques and the vases, the arms, and the massive statues had reached such alarming numbers by nightfall, that it was necessary to give notice to the police to prevent danger of an assault.

But looked at closely the result was sufficiently mediocre. The coffin, which had appeared at first sight to be a gold shell inlaid with enamel and precious stones, proved on further investigation to be only covered with gold-leaf, and the so-called enamels turned out to be nothing more than coloured pebbles and paste of tinted glass. The sledge on which the mummy had been carried, although made as usual of wood, and coated with stucco, was decorated with some fine bas-reliefs, and a thin layer of gold-leaf. It had been disconnected for introduction into the tomb, and the panels and supports carelessly deposited on the first clear space available, the boards in the centre of the vault, the supports propped against the wall. Separated thus, they presented an extensive glittering surface, but the metal had actually very little value. The object was, however, unique in its kind, and would have made an interesting addition to our museum if we had succeeded in transporting it as it was, and in setting it up again there. Unfortunately, the paste with which the gold-leaf was attached to the stucco, and the stucco to the wood, had evaporated, and the portions only held together from force of habit. The moment they came in contact with the outer air they were dislodged, and the decorations, coming away in layers, crumbled into dust before the very eyes of the artist who was copying them. Less than a week after their discovery the panels were bare, with the exception of those left undisturbed since the day of the burial.

A picture was represented on one of the panels which might have been borrowed from the tombs at El-Amarna. King Khouniatonou and his mother Tîyi are standing in adoration before their god. A solar disk is suspended above the altar, and shoots forth in all directions rays armed with open hands, some of which play among the offerings, while others hold out the cross

of life to the king and queen. The inscription states that Khouniatonou had built this sledge for his mother, Queen Tîyi, and we should have been assured that the human remains scattered on the ground close by were those of the queen, if a legend engraved on another panel had not attributed the possession to the king; had we strayed into the king's tomb unawares? However, the lines of hieroglyphics traced on the tomb contained the cartouche of the queen, and on a cursory examination the mummy certainly appeared to be that of a woman. It was somewhat scantily swathed in two or three wrappings of linen, fine in texture but very worn. According to the usual custom they had chosen the oldest garments in the wardrobe in which to dress the corpse, and in order to atone in some way for this excessive thrift, had concluded the toilet of the corpse by binding round it a score or so of gold bands in the form of a clumsy sheath. Poverty might be discernible underneath, but above it was luxury incarnate. The mummy had not resisted the slow decay of time, and was nothing more than a residue of fibrous bones and disconnected limbs, to which a little dried flesh still adhered in places. The skull was enclosed in a casing of gold, in the front of which the outline of the royal uræus appeared to project. On further investigation, however, it was proved to be nothing more than gold-leaf cut in the form of a vulture with outspread wings, and bearing in its claws the seal of eternity. It was the head-dress worn by the queen-mothers, but the embalmers, in fitting the body into the coffin, had carelessly adjusted it in a reverse position, with the beak to the nape, and the tail to the face of the mummy. The features had suffered comparatively little, and in spite of the flattening of the nose, might still be clearly distinguished. All the statues and bas-reliefs of the queen attribute to her a prominent mouth and an

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enormous chin. She had inherited those features from her mother, Queen Touîyou: a visit to the museum at Cairo sufficiently proves the fact. That she had also transmitted these features to her son Khouniatonou was proved beyond doubt by the corpse lying at our feet. The comparison of his profile with that of the woman represented in the panels guaranteed that he sprang from the same branch. The type is frequently found among the wandering tribes between the Nile and the Red Sea. If we may judge by appearances we should be justified in supposing that the queen could claim descent, on the maternal side at least, from the ancient Bicharis.

Thieves would certainly not have failed to carry away the gold-leaf, and the mere fact that it still remained in the tomb formed an incontestable proof that it had not been violated. But what had become of the funerary equipment which would have corresponded to so much personal wealth? In her parents' tomb, two years ago, varied possessions were found, arm-chairs, jewel-chests, sandals, statuettes, models of perfume-pots, beds, bolsters, and bundles of dried provisions; a collection numerous enough to fill a whole room in our museum. Neither pictures nor inscriptions were to be found on their walls, but all the necessaries of life which would enable them to exist in comfort in the other world were there in profusion. The queen's tomb was as bare as their own. The partitions were warped and roughly washed with lime, the niche hollowed out awry on the right side, the ceiling cracked and crumbling, and on the ground was the ritual layer of sand. Several earthen pots were scattered about, two or three pretty alabaster horns were placed behind the head, and a dozen amulets of various sorts between the panels. Altogether nearly a hundred articles of slight value were gathered together. Some of them were gifts from Amenôthês III,

and had been used on the queen's toilet table: a malachite kohol bottle, cracked and without the neck, a phial of polished hematite, and a sort of goblet in green breccia. No longer of any use to the living, they were consigned to the companionship of the dead. This was quite in accordance with the usual Egyptian custom of tempering necessary economy with the unbounded extravagance demanded by true piety. After that, no one will be surprised to learn that the rest of the objects consisted of microscopic models of furniture and domestic utensils. Linen-chests in green enamel two or three inches long, miniature boomerangs, knives, mallets, and cups, helped to form a collection of doll's furniture, both amusing and puerile, which provided the *doubles* with the equivalent of their earthly possessions. It made no appreciable difference to the dead, and certainly was less expensive for the living. The four canopic urns were placed together in an alcove on the west, and were made of alabaster and each surmounted by a woman's head, which was immediately recognized as a portrait of the queen—or possibly of the king—not aged as she was at her death, but in the full vigour of life. She was represented with a heavy wig, and without the royal uræus of gilded bronze which she generally wore on the forehead. One of them had a broken nose, crushed probably in some scrimmage. They were evidently the work of a master, and gave the impression of an excellent likeness to the original; the face was long and spare in outline, the eyes slanting slightly towards the temple, the cheeks thin, and the nose straight and narrow. The mouth was firm and the chin determined in form, while the expression of the whole face was obstinate and almost cruel. They were certainly marvellous specimens of sculpture, and if they are authentic portraits of the queen, we can easily realize her strong influence over the good-natured Amenôthês III, and understand how

the daughter of a poor priest became queen of all Egypt.

The contrast is so strong between her position and the sparsity of her burial trousseau, that we are compelled to wonder if Mr. Davis has really discovered the original tomb. I, personally, had my doubts the moment I went down. She died before her son, and the splendour of her coffin shows that she received the pomp and ceremony due to the mother of a reigning monarch. It is probable that she had at Thebes, or possibly at El-Amarna, a tomb worthy of her rank. Ten years after her death, when reaction triumphed and the second or third successor of Khouniatonou restored the worship of Amon, it had been necessary to move the mummy beyond the reach of the hatred of the Theban priests. It had been taken away secretly on the sledge used at the original ceremony, with the image of the accursed king carefully effaced from the surface. The four canopic urns, which ensured the perpetuity of the *double*, were not forgotten. A few trifling objects were also carried away, but the bulk of the equipment was left in the tomb she then abandoned. The removal, rapidly effected without knowledge of the people, was probably carelessly conducted. We are certain that a mistake may have been made, and the remains of some other member of the family confounded with those of the queen. Dr. Elliot Smith made a careful examination of the skull in our museum, and came to the conclusion it was that of a young man of not more than five-and-twenty. It could not be Khouniatonou, as he died at a more mature age, but it might possibly have been one of his sons-in-law, probably he who reigned for a few months under the title of Sâanakhouîtou. We cannot answer for the truth of this hypothesis, but the facts observed by Mr. Davis on his entrance into the tomb testify that the Egyptians who conducted the ceremony

were evidently under the impression they were burying a queen, and most certainly the Queen Tîyi. They placed a woman's head-dress on her head, arranged the canopic urns—hers or those of the king?—in the niche, and pushed the coffin back into a corner. They scattered the toilet articles and miniature possessions on the sand, and closed up the passage with a pile of ashlars. When the last portions of the sledge were brought in, the entrance had already become so narrow that a false step had knocked down some of the stones into the vault. They did not trouble to rectify the mischief, but left the panels lying on the top of the pile. Then they walled up the door and filled in the pit. The hiding-place had been so happily chosen that Queen Tîyi, or her involuntary impersonator, was left undisturbed for more than three thousand years.

XLII

THE PURPOSE OF THE WOODEN TOYS FOUND IN EGYPTIAN TOMBS

THE excavations carried on for nearly four years at Sakkarah by the *Service des Antiquités* have not been much talked about. It is well known that with the method employed the proceedings are slow in execution, and yield, at first, but indifferent results. At any district under process of investigation, whether at Ramesseum, Karnak, or Edfou, we do not limit our aspirations merely to digging sundry holes in the earth, in the hope that chance may reveal some historic document or specimen for our museum. We desire, on the contrary, to examine thoroughly the sites of our operations, to protect them from any return of falling *débris*, to consolidate them as far as possible, and to make them accessible to the public. It is also desired by means of wise restrictions to ensure a lasting preservation for the monuments that have been revealed to us, so that when we have fully rejoiced over their discovery, they may be exposed for centuries to the admiration, or at least to the curiosity of future generations.

In spite of the thick sand-bed found on the east side of the plain between the Greek Serapeum and the Pyramid of Teti, certain indications inclined us to suspect the presence of the tomb of some Heracleopolitan king. The prospect of possibly bringing to light the relics of a Dynasty so far almost unknown, decided us to concentrate our efforts on that end. After ten months of carting away of rubbish and of unprofitable excavations, our

perseverance was rewarded at the place we expected. Quibell, inspector-in-chief of the district, was present at the time of the discovery of the relics and saw them brought to the light of day; they were the remains of Greek, Roman, Copt, and Byzantine sepulchres, rifled by ancient robbers and ransacked by Arabs in search of treasure, but representing, nevertheless, a remarkable collection of mummies and inscriptions.

The tomb of Maroukerês was found there, and the officers of his court had grouped their tombs round his. While waiting for the construction of a passage leading to the king's tomb, we examined the tombs of his courtiers, and judging from their appearance he must have been a poverty-stricken and most ill-paying master. Two of the best-provided tombs were situated against an enormous mastaba in white stone of imposing style, which, bearing the seal of an earlier date, was evidently not of their original property; it had been appropriated to their uses regardless of the curses supposed to descend on the violators of sepulchres. The rest of the court were contented with a simple pit, and a narrow vault without pictures or legends, and walls bare of any decoration except a stela on the false door engraved with their names and titles and the usual inscriptions. The only luxury perceptible, if luxury it could be called, was to be found on the mummies' coffins, or in the burial outfits. Although the mummies wore as usual the painted mask, reported to have been moulded on the features of the living, the wrappings were carelessly bound and made of coarse linen, torn and much stained. The body lay generally on the left side, with the head and neck fitted into the stone or wooden pillow, and the sandals, walking-stick, and weapons of war placed alongside the back or thighs. The coffin was rectangular in shape, and made of wood from Syria or Caramania, and innocent of inscription on the outer side. On the top was the

door with two open eyes through which the *double* is supposed to observe the exterior world. The surface was covered with figures or religious inscriptions, the objects belonging to the burial outfit were drawn on it in their ritual order, and long orations were traced there with black ink in running hieroglyphics.

Some centuries before, under the reign of the kings who built the great pyramids, few inscriptions were to be found in the vault near the sarcophagus. All the pictures of domestic and agricultural life, the instances of sacrifice and the enumerations of offerings together with the prayers, were reserved for the chapel where the ancestor received his descendants, and the priests of his creed. Later, however, the rulers of the Vth and VIth Dynasties, disliking the bareness of their chamber, had introduced, sparsely at first, and afterwards with ostentatious profusion, chapters or even whole books, which were to ensure, while the owner read them, a future of everlasting happiness. The custom became general among the nobles, and then penetrated to the middle classes, and to many kinds of persons in whom the desire for a future existence was not less active than among the wealthy, but whose circumstances forbade the building of a tomb decorated with pictures and prayers. All their supplications had to be represented on the coffin, which was covered with incantations. The personages figuring on the bas-reliefs were transposed into dolls of painted wood, and grouped on the lid of the coffin, they acted the scenes that had been represented on the walls of more ancient tombs.

The toys found by Quibell among the Heracleopolitan remains are, if not the prettiest imaginable, some of the quaintest and most varied. If we do not look too closely, the case in which they are exhibited would not disgrace the window of a toy-shop on Christmas Eve. Unfortunately, on closer inspection, it could be seen that

they had been almost entirely demolished by the white ant, formerly found at Sakkarah. The inside of some of the pieces had been so eaten away, that they crumbled into dust at the slightest touch, others were mere fragments, while the few that remain intact owe their good appearance to some preservative with which they have been saturated. I cannot vouch for their durability, but as long as they last they will not fail to give pleasure to our visitors, to adults even more than to children. One of the most interesting represents a middle-class kitchen of fifty centuries ago. It is shut off from the street by a low wall with a rustic gate near the corner. Square in area, it is divided into almost equal portions. A little yard is in front, and the shed is open so that what is going on inside is exposed to view. The roof is flat and forms a terrace; it is supported by two wooden columns with the capitals in the form of a lotus bud. The shed is arranged as a storehouse, with the stoves and recesses at the back, and some large jars placed here and there. In the front are several receptacles for corn, barley, oil, wine, and water. Three men are busy in the yard killing an ox. The beast lies on its side, and while one man cuts its throat, the other holds a bowl to catch the blood. By the side of the butchers, and right in the doorway, a cook squats on the floor roasting a goose over a brâzier. He fans the flames with one hand and turns the bird on the spit with the other.

It is a festive occasion, but we do not assist at the banquet, we are only present at the concert, which always followed the feast. The master, in miniature, is seen seated on a sort of throne, and a little in front of him a girl with correct draperies sits on a chair at his right. On each side two harpists are playing, and three female musicians squat in front of the group singing and clapping their hands. The dancing girls needed to complete

the programme are doubtless to be found in some neighbouring tomb. Our hero had to be content with a simple vocal and instrumental concert. While he "spends a happy day," his servants are seen toiling in his service. Joiners are sawing beams to shape into furniture and planing the panels for a wooden box. Potters model his household utensils and bake them in the furnace. A procession of yellow-skinned women file past, flanked on each side by a small, dark-coloured boy, bearing the products of their master's eternal domains. Two boats are equipped, and wait his pleasure to go out on the river. One has the mast stepped and a sail hoisted ready to run against the stream with the light north wind. The other carried lowered sails, as if ready to go with the current, and three rowers are stationed on either side. They are most delightful toys, for which our children would be willing to exchange their whole collection of tin soldiers and india-rubber animals.

For the dead, however, they were not meant to serve the purpose of playthings. I do not know if Kanouni and others of his companions, whose property we have appropriated, ever wondered in their youth what would be their fate after death when they lay alone in their coffins in the midst of their miniature possessions. If the rites celebrated over the corpse did not possess the power attributed to them by religion their life beyond the grave would be intense darkness and endless night, the dense, heavy western darkness in which we turn from side to side in half-conscious sleep. Were they actually sovereigns? Could the way in which they would act be imagined? The mummy was taken down to the vault and placed with his face to the east in the coffin at the end of the chamber. The lid was sealed to the murmur of sacred words. The boats, the peasants bearing offerings, tradesmen, the musicians, the slaves, the household stand in a crowd around. The entrance is then

barricaded with a wall that no living hand will again disturb. The workmen return to the surface, and the echo of their voices grows fainter, and then dies away. A rumbling sound is heard, the crash of the stones and sand as they fall into the pit. A few moments more and the "soul" will lie buried under the weight of 120 to 160 feet of *débris* and be lost in the silence of the tomb. Is it for ever? Will the miracles of which the priests have so often spoken come to pass? The believer never doubts that light will burn in answer to his prayer, and that life will be perpetuated beyond the tomb. Human beings and inanimate things would grow to their accustomed size. The pitchers and chests would be filled. The workmen would hurry to their labour, the ox would continue to fall under the butcher's knife, and the goose be carefully basted, and roasted to a turn. Action once started could never cease. By virtue of incantations each act would be indefinitely renewed, the ox and the goose would live again under the servants' care, the supply of fresh water, oils, and delicately-flavoured wines would never fail, neither would the song of the harpist nor the wiles of the favourite slave.

If these are only material joys, and if it seems that in their preparations for future happiness the Egyptians might have imagined pleasures of a more ideal character, it must be remembered that the political constitution of their country made the owners of these magic dolls in their lifetime whether noble, government official, merchant or soldier, subject to those who were wealthier or more powerful than themselves. Their ideal on earth was to possess a home, land, slaves, and concubines, for whom they were indebted to none but themselves. The tomb with its little painted dolls procured the Egyptians a paradise in which their dreams were realized.

It was within the reach of the most humble. The

works need not come from the hand of a great artist, four pieces of painted wood simulated a house suitable enough for the purpose, and the figures only resembled the *cheîk-el-beled* at a long distance. During the early periods of Egyptian civilization, the right to a future life could only be claimed by the extremely wealthy. The lives of many women, children, slaves, and animals had to be sacrificed to accompany the *double* into the other world. The descendants, overcome with grief, but chary of the cost, substituted for these expensive victims statues representing each of them at his craft, the woman grinding the corn, the baker at his kneading-trough, the cellarer sealing up his wine jars, the mourner beating his forehead and cutting his face. Although this substitution assured a great reduction of expense, few of the nobles were in a position to afford the fees demanded by the sculptor, and a further concession was granted by the application of bas-reliefs and painted panels on the walls of the chapel, and thus the future life was made possible for a larger number of persons. The cost of execution was still heavy, however, and in order that the privilege might be further extended, the painted scenes descended from the walls, and were made in common wood, in small size, at a small cost. It is obvious that the more wealthy or more cautious would use both methods. Many mastabas and hypogeums have their bas-reliefs in the chapel and their dolls in the vault. If any harm happened to the first, the others might escape destruction and continue to serve the master. For centuries, however, the majority kept to the dolls, and owed to them the hope and consolation of their old age. Economic evolution here determined religious evolution. The desire to escape annihilation after death lowered the price of the future life, and created a cheap immortality.

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